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Bluebook

FOR MEN

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Exclusive

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Why is the Russian Embassy
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How G.I. Girls on the Loose
Made our Navy Blush!



True
Bluebook Bonus

THE DEADLY BLONDE OF BARRANCA de COBRE

At the end of the trail was a
fortune in stolen diamonds, a
sadistic renegade and a lady on
the lam hungering for revenge!





Here are
3 good reasons

...why I'm glad

I became a **DURACLEAN DEALER**

Raising a family and educating children takes money—a dependable, steady income. Too few jobs offer security and a chance for advancement to let one face the future with confidence. That's why so many men are going into a business of their own. All around us are local merchants and servicemen making a good living in respectable businesses where they hold a franchise. The big questions are "What is left to go into?—Which business will bring profitable volume?—Which one requires only a modest investment?" Many have found the answers in DURACLEAN.

EVERY TOWN NEEDS—WANTS THIS AMAZING DIFFERENT—BETTER HOME CLEANING SERVICE

Duraclean is a scientific method of cleaning carpeting and upholstery in the home. This better process of cleaning by absorption virtually "lifts" the dirt from fabrics and leaves them as bright and lively as they were before. Almost every home, hotel, motel and many offices and stores are potential customers. Customers who will call you again and again.

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DURACLEAN COMPANY
2-N12 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Illinois

Rush me all the facts about DURACLEAN PROCESS and what it takes to become a DURACLEAN DEALER.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

FRIENDLY-COOPERATIVE DURACLEAN STAFF PROVIDES EVERY BUSINESS BUILDING NEED

Naturally, DURACLEAN headquarters supplies all of the equipment and chemicals to put you in business...but that's just the beginning of their interest in a DURACLEAN dealer. Regularly held training sessions offer a live demonstration of the techniques and materials involved; cover methods and means of developing business and even offer proven systems for keeping records of income and sales. Local advertising helps and merchandising ideas created by professionals are available; and an impressive national advertising program pre-sells customers on the gentle cleaning process offered by authorized Duraclean Dealers.

You can start part time, full time or hire others to do the servicing. NO SHOP IS NEEDED because all DURACLEAN service is rendered in the home or customer's place of business. Just 2 average jobs a day can net \$8,750.00 a year.

MORE WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

In addition to the cleaning of rugs and upholstery, there are 5 other DURACLEAN services to multiply your profits. DURASHIELD, a most wanted soil retarding service, DURAPROOF mothproofing and DURAGUARD flame retarding are among these other services that mean more money for you. And it takes less money to establish this prosperous business. No wonder so many men with vision are becoming DURACLEAN DEALERS. Why don't you? Write today for FREE booklets.

Check Experience of other dealers

There's no better way to learn of DURACLEAN profit opportunities than by checking with dealers already in business. If there's one in a town near you, call him—or ask the folks at DURACLEAN whom to call. You'll get convincing proof from any of the 2000 DURACLEAN dealers now serving America.

DURACLEAN CO.
2-N12 DURACLEAN BLDG.
DEERFIELD, ILLINOIS

M. LYONS; ILLINOIS
"Have averaged over \$50,000 my first 3 yrs. Headquarters' help makes it possible."



C. RANDALL; OHIO
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E. BAILEY; ARKANSAS
"I know of no other business which can offer a man so much."



L. LAWSON; NEW YORK
"National advertising is tops, creates leads. In one month, jobs totaled \$1475..."



ALBUQUERQUE

*The Healthiest, Sunniest Climate
In All America*



THERE IS A broad ribbon of highway that begins in the heart of Chicago and winds for 2000 miles to its terminus in exciting Los Angeles. This ribbon is mighty 66—the most famous, the most legendary highway in the U. S. Millions of Americans have followed it to the West, coursing through the plains of Illinois and over the hills of Missouri, biting off a piece of flat Kansas and driving over hundreds of miles of equally flat Oklahoma and Texas. Gradually the scenery begins to change. Texas begins to roll; distant hills become higher. Then, suddenly, one emerges into "The Land of Enchantment." New Mexico's wonders erupt in a blaze of color and majesty. The mighty mountains thrust themselves, treetopped, into the unimaginable blue of the sky. Dust and smoke have vanished from the air and the lungs drink in great delicious draughts in heady delight. If it is wintertime there will be snow capping the mountains and you may see skiers gliding down their slopes. If it is spring or summer or fall, the unhumid, unspoiled air touches the skin softly and the feeling of well-being is nowhere else equalled. But winter or summer—it is almost certain that the sun will be shining in New Mexico—the sunniest, healthiest state of all 50!

And then, when you think this incredibly beautiful land couldn't possibly have more to offer, great 66 brings you to the pass in the Sandia mountains and there below you is the Queen herself, Albuquerque.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter—the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature—the young vigor of a state that is causing an unprecedented business and investment boom—the record which shows that one lives longer, that health improvement is almost miraculous—these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans, already have come here to live, and hundreds of thousands of others will be following in the immediate years ahead.

Consider, then! Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty is a cosmopolitan city of more than 260,000 people which has grown 800% in 30 years. Founded in 1706, the population of Albuquerque as late as 1930 was only 36,000. Then things began to happen. The incomparable climate and the staggering beauty began to draw Americans to the Big Sky Country. By 1950 there were 97,000 Albuquerqueans. And in the next 10 years, to 1960, this quaint Southwestern town rocketed to the status of a major city—the 7th fastest growing city in the U. S.! Professional estimates of Albuquerque's future vary. But the most cautious guess is more than 500,000 by 1970; and far more many experts predict that by that time Albuquerque may reach a population of one million.

This is a city of modern shops and Conquistadore history; of gleaming new schools and semi-tropical foliage; of health and peace . . . and yet spilling over with opportunity. This is Albuquerque, a city with a future as bright as the sun that bathes it 360 days a year.

It is no wonder, then, that the valleys that surround Albuquerque—green valleys of prosperous farms and great ranches—are now being converted into communities to fill the demand of a growing Albuquerque. One of these valleys is Estancia; and here, in our opinion, is located the most exciting offer of homesites being made in the entire Southwest—THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES. Were one

to imagine this Valley 39 miles from Phoenix, or from Tucson, or from San Diego, the cost of an acre could be as high as \$10,000 each. Yet an acre in THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES—39 miles from Albuquerque—is only \$395 complete, payable \$10 down and \$10 a month! It is only because Albuquerque has only recently been "discovered"—because Albuquerque is only now in the very beginning of its inevitable huge growth—that these Ranchette sites can be offered at such a low price! THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES lies directly on Rt. 66—little more than a half hour from the heart of the city. Its natural beauty, the picture-frame of the mountains, the color springing from the fertile soil, its calm and peace will enchant you. A VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTE is near enough to Albuquerque to be benefited by the advantages of a great city, yet just far enough away to be purchased today at a price you can afford! For that is the nutshell of it—the price today of a Ranchette in the Valley of the Estancia will be impossible to duplicate a few tomorrows from now.

A \$10 deposit reserves your acre now. It does not bind you. After receiving your deposit we will rush you our thick 4 color portfolio complete with maps, the location we have chosen for you, the answers to your questions about the Southwest. You then will have 30 full days to go over our material and check your judgment. Thirty full days to decide—and should you wish to change your mind simply let us know and your deposit will be returned to you immediately. We urge you to mail the coupon below.

VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES Dept. LH-57B 2316 Central S.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Bluebook

FOR MEN

Contents for February 1962

Vol. 101

No. 2

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Are You "STANDING STILL" on your job?

**SAME OLD
JOB...
SAME LOW
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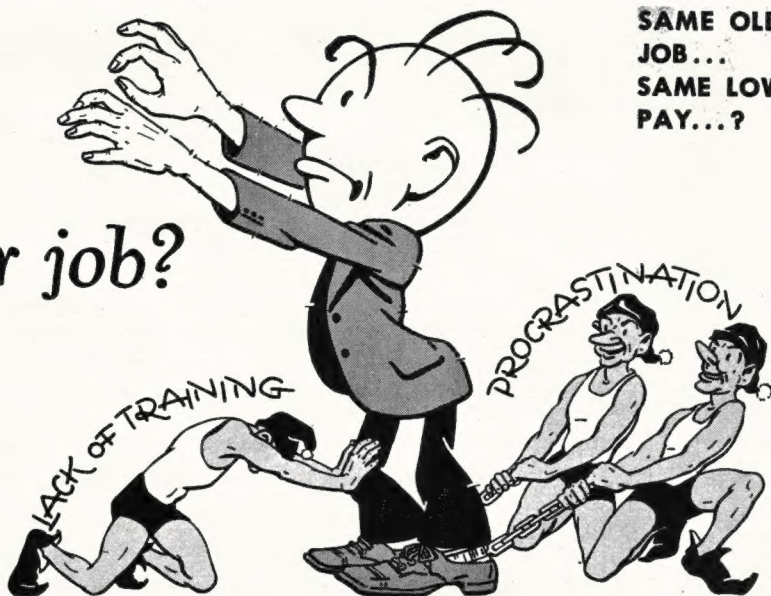
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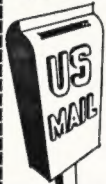
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One for the Bluebook of Sports

**LEGLESS
HUMAN
FISH**



CHARLES Jimmy was certainly no picture-type athlete.

Missing were the broad shoulders set on a solid, supple body, the muscular arms and biceps, the alert eyes, the quick reflexes.

Charles Jimmy was a study in disproportion. A chain cigar smoker, he was 55 years old, weighed 170 pounds. From his torso dangled a couple of stumps; from his knees, nothing. Jimmy was legless and had been since a Chicago streetcar accident when he was a child.

Cast in a similar role many men would become objects of both charity and pity, themselves bitter and cynical, feeling that the finger of fate had unfairly singled them out. Not Charley Jimmy. His outlook was cheerful. Furthermore, he had a hobby. Swimming. While many of the legless persons in the world have difficulty lowering their bodies into a bathtub, Jimmy must be regarded as one of the outstanding aquatic stars in the entire world.

A little over 20 years ago, Jimmy, hobbling on his crutches, made his way to the banks of the Hudson River in Albany, where he told acquaintances, "I'm going to drop into this water tomorrow morning and not come out until I reach New York City."

"But Charley," came the reminder, "it's 143 miles."

Jimmy puffed stoically on his cigar, blew a cloud of smoke into the air and said, "I know the distance and I'm going to make it non-stop."

"When?" he was asked.

"I figure that if I start tomorrow, Tuesday, I ought to make it by Saturday night," Jimmy said.

Then Jimmy was asked why he wanted to challenge one of the mightiest of rivers where the pull of the tide was almost strong enough to discourage a fish, let alone a limbless swimmer.

Leaning toward the speaker Jimmy answered the question with a question. "Why does a man want to climb a mountain?" As he dragged himself away, Jimmy waved his hand and shouted, "See you on Broadway, Saturday evening."

Devoting the remainder of the day to formulating plans, Jimmy returned to his room early in order to get a full night's sleep. Of one thing he was dead certain: there would be no remuneration, no publicity, no entering the record books, even though he should accomplish the seemingly impossible.

He figured the marathon swim would shave about 50 pounds off him. He would start out on an empty stomach. A small row-boat was to precede him, acting as a guide; several hundred yards back, another supply-carrying craft.

What really worried him were the tides — the potent tides with the tug of the ocean. If he could hold his own when they were strongest... Supplies included 200 cigars, steaks, energizing sugar cubes saturated with brandy. He would eat while treading water. He knew the struggle would be bitter. One factor was in his favor. Determination. When he set his mind on anything, Jimmy had the tenacity of a bull dog. Before he turned out the light he stated to the empty room:

Nothing can stop me from reaching my destination — nothing except sudden illness or heavy storms."

Early Tuesday morning, Charles Jimmy eased himself into the waters of the Hudson River and using slow, powerful arm strokes headed for New York City, the (Continued on page 84)

"HOW A 'CRAZY RUMOR' GOT ME PROMOTED!"



What I overheard one morning shook me right out of a rut!

"Company's getting ready to cut back . . . bound to be layoffs," I heard them say. "Just another crazy rumor," I told myself.

Just the same, I took quick stock of myself that night. Came up with four good reasons why the company would keep me on:

Three years' experience

Getting along with foreman

Turning out acceptable work

Prompt and dependable

And four just-as-good reasons why they might let me go:

Making no real headway

Others better qualified

Still rated "semi-skilled"

Needs special training

I wasn't in trouble. But I sure wasn't "in solid" like I should be. That's when I made up my mind to enroll for training with I.C.S.

I picked I.C.S. because it's the oldest and largest with 257 courses. The training is quick and thorough. It's recognized by my company and accredited by the National Home Study Council. You study in your spare time and get personalized, practical instruction—know-how you can apply next day on the job.

That was a year ago. There have been two layoffs since then. While some of the others were just hanging on or being released, I was moving up. My I.C.S. training started something. Not only did it get me promoted (with a fat pay hike), but it put me in line for real advancement.

Don't wait for a "crazy rumor" to set you straight. Take out your "job insurance" right now. Mail the coupon and get full, free details on how I.C.S. has helped thousands, how it can help you. No obligation—and you get three valuable books *free!* (1) How to Succeed; (2) Catalog of opportunities in the field of your choice; (3) Sample lesson (math).

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You Said it...



LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I just read "The Confederate Hero America Forgot." It was very good to see one of the greatest artillery soldiers finally written about. He ranked in that war with Pelham, Alexander, Crutchfield (Jackson's artilleryist) and Walker. Of course as usual there were a few mistakes made. First, normally a Confederate battery had four guns. So Pegram, at Seven Days, was probably commanding more than a battery; three more than likely. Next, Longstreet did not have a Corps at Seven Days. It came towards the end of July, 1862. Jackson had the "Army of the Valley" ordered by Lee in from the Shenandoah Valley to fight at Seven Days. It consisted of two divisions and a brigade or so. Not only Jackson's Brigade as you stated.

At Gettysburg, Pegram commanded a battalion of five batteries. He fought very valiantly here. On the second day at Gettysburg, Anderson's division, of Hill's Corps, was sent into action. It was fresh. Some of Hill's men (about a third) did get into action therefore.

At Five Forks, Pickett commanded what was left of Pickett's Division, not Hill's division (or Corps as Hill actually commanded.) Also Hill had a corps not a division; he had lost his division to Pender and Hatch in 1863 when he became a Corps commander. Besides at the time of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, Hill was alive and very well. He was shot and killed instantly one day later. Then his Corps (or what was left of it) was combined with the 2nd and under General J.B. Gordon.

But still this story did tell well of the valor of Colonel William Pegram C.S.A.

Yours truly,
A/2c David J. Wilson
4th Tac Hospital
Seymour Johnson A.F.B.
North Carolina

Dear Sir:

I was shopping in one of the Piggly Wiggly Stores Friday (the night Dad takes over the shopping chores for the weekend) when I run across *Bluebook for Men*—it looked interesting and have enjoyed it

very much, being a "frustrated" author myself. I am always watching for new authors and must say was greatly impressed with the Blue Book Brief, "The Word" written by Kenneth W. Johnson. I know that he has great talent and my family would love to read more of him, and watch his progress.

I have drawn the attention of many friends to Mr. Johnson's article and all were impressed. Your magazine is a fine publication. Keep them coming our way.

Very Sincerely,

R. P. Koos

Kenosha, Wisconsin

Dear Sir:

I can't understand where you get that jazz about Admiral Zacharias being "America's forgotten hero," as it says in the introduction to the article on Zacharias in the December issue.

Poor fellow—the Navy kept overlooking him year after year until he became an admiral.

I was a Lieutenant for seventeen years straight, and had to retire so as not to embarrass the Service.

Looks as though it might be worth being forgotten, if it gets you right up with the big braid.

Yours,

Alton McCall

Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sir:

I think Russel Fisher is one of your best authors (I remember another story he did some issues ago) particularly in a yarn like "The Glacier," in the December *Bluebook*.

Fisher obviously knows all about glaciers and mountains or he couldn't write a story like that. But—just the same—is it logical to think his hero could be so active in spite of being exposed to such cold, water, and ice?

Sincerely,

Red Hunter

Waterbury, Vt.

We had the same thought. But Fisher does know his stuff and points out that the body responds under such conditions—at least for a limited time—with unusual infusions of energy and warmth.—Ed.



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, **HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH**, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 02301M, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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Blue Notes

Some assorted background facts
on who wrote what, and why, in
this issue of Bluebook

THE RUGGED topography belongs to Warren E. Winden, author of "An Apple For Quast," a story you're going to be thinking about for some time after you read it. WW is a writin' man, and we let him take over:

I'm 35 years, 200 pounds, all the time unshaven, and stand 6'4" on one side and 5'8" on the other.*

I like to write horror and/or humor.

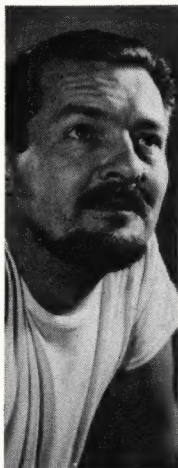
*My first taste of horror came at age 18 when in Europe late in World War II I got half a leg blasted off (the bottom half) and after having it thusly 'made', as they say, lay there for 4 hours waiting for the medics and almost got killed 3 more times just lying there minding my own business.

The humor part of the whole business came in Mpls. while on a 3 day pass from the Army hospital. I was standing on crutches waiting for a trolley car, leaning on the crutches which were extended out on the sidewalk in front of me when a dog came trotting along. He was dirty white with black spots and represented a piece of every kennel in Mpls. He looked sadder than I. "Hi, pup," says I. He put his nose on the crutch and with an age-old, deft movement promptly raised his leg over it. I've found it difficult to take anything serious since.

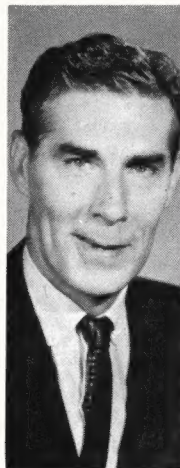
And there was my friend, Jack, who used to come screaming across the room at parties wherein everyone present wasn't aware of the facts (I can still do 100 yards in 15 seconds) and stab me in the leg with an icepick. (We had to quit that stunt for two reasons. No. 1, Jack went after the wrong leg one night, and No. 2, one of the ladies present nearly succumbed to a heart attack.)

We sat down 4 years ago, my wife and I, and talked over our direction. I'd always been the kind of guy that got excited about things, and I'd become convinced the business I was in—which gave me a good living—had come to mean more 'what can I do you for' than, 'what can I do for you?' If 'bread alone' isn't enough, if you're not making enough money—or, at least, as much as you'd like (is there

ever enough?)—and you can't honestly take pride in what you're doing, what satisfaction can it have? I'd noticed along about this time, also, that far too many people around me were dissatisfied with what they were doing for a living—but with no real thought of doing anything about it. Life had become an 'in' basket and an 'out' basket with a little desk space between. I began to envy men who made things



W. E. Winden



Robert Schick

with their hands. At least they could sit back now and then and say with pride, "I made that."

Well, that's what writing is to me. It's a pile of bricks and you either build a church or a cesspool out of them. Or something inbetween.

I have 2 pet spiders—orphaned—in the pump room which I feed regularly. They're good pets. Before you call in the men with the wet sheets, consider that these spiders are quite neat, are industrious as hell, and mind their own damn business. Incidentally, I'm now working on a tasty little tale called "MR. FLIEGAN AND THE SPIDER."

I've written quite a few short stories (some of which I'm proud) and have published in several places. I've completed several books, (yet unpublished) including a just-com-

pleted satire-type humorous commentary on the American scene called, "THE EXCESSIVE CYNIC—OR, HOW TO LIVE WITH IT AND OTHER FAMILY-TYPE HUMOROUS HORROR STORIES TO WHICH JUST ABOUT ANYONE CAN RELATE."

Again, thanks
Warren Winden

ROBERT SCHICK, author of the article in this issue on the battle between the ladies of New Orleans and the invading Union Army, has taken his life in his hands as a citizen of Dallas, Texas, and told the story with good humor and impartiality. Before he is hung in effigy for his effrontery—or by the neck until he is dead—we hasten to let him write his obituary:

I was born in the Mid-West (Kansas City, Mo.) and grew up in the Ozarks (Joplin, Mo.) I am now a member of that microscopically-tiny minority of people that are Texans by circumstance rather than by ecstatic choice.

I tried to repress an urge to write by such activities as operating a stock farm on Arkansas' White River and by going into the grocery and laundry business. During the war I had a hitch in the Merchant Marine. The repression was futile so I "retired" to the typewriter. I wrote features for Little Rock newspapers and edited a weekly paper in Texas. Later I became a full time free lancer.

In doing research on this story in New Orleans, I found a certain tongue-in-the-cheek attitude among the Orleanians in regard to holy cause of 1861-65. New Orleans is more sophisticated than Jackson, Miss. or Montgomery, Alabama. While "The Beast" isn't exactly a hero down there, they almost feel sorry for this woman-hounded little guy who tried to win the battle of the sexes by directive rather than gallantry. All this doesn't mean that New Orleans still doesn't admire the spunk of the women during the occupation.

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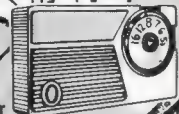


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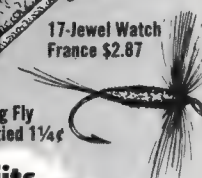
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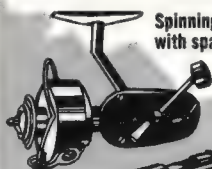
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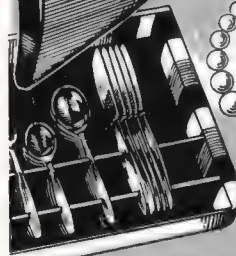


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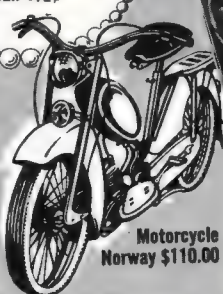


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HEMINGWAY'S LUST FOR



WAR



GIs get moral support from "Papa" prior to landing on Normandy Beach.

War was the battle cry to America's greatest writer — and here are the battling, brawling, boozing war years that made this bearded giant a living legend!

By Milt Machlin

"WHERE'S THE ACTION?"

Ernest Hemingway spent his whole life answering that question by hustling to the scene, anywhere in the world, and then reflecting it in words.

Prize-fighting. Hunting. Fishing. Bull-fighting. Big-game shooting. Women. Liquor.

And war.

War was where the action was. And there you'd always find Hemingway.

By the time he'd lived through the Civil War in Spain, and shared the national agony and immortalized it in *"For Whom The Bell Tolls"* the world was beginning to think that Papa was now getting too old for such rough outdoor sports.

But now World War II was exploding in Europe without Hemingway and Hemingway was only trying to pretend he wasn't interested in those things anymore. He took his boys, Jack, Patrick and Gregory, along with their new stepmama, Martha, up to Sun Valley for some hunting. It was a regular party — among the guests were Gary Cooper (who had been cast as Robert Jordan in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*), with his wife and children and film producer Howard Hawks.

Cooper and Hemingway were longtime friends. Once, when he asked Hemingway how he liked the love scenes in the Spanish war film *For Whom The Bell Tolls*, Hemingway repeated the criticism he had given Ingrid Bergman: "You didn't take your shirt off. How in hell can you play a good love scene with all your clothes on?"

It was a good party with much singing and general clowning around among the old friends. At one point Hemingway, in a discussion with Hawks, challenged him, as he had many others, to slug him as hard as he wanted in his barrel-hard belly. Hawks, in a mood of grim cooperation, blasted a

From the book *The Private Hell of Hemingway* by Milt Machlin
to be published by Paperback Library, Inc., January 1962.

Hemingway

locomotive roundhouse at the vaunted tummy, and something broke — it was Hawks' wrist. Hawks said that Hemingway roared with laughter at the sight of the director's pain-wracked expression, but later helped him find medical help and get the wrist set and cast in plaster.

In Cuba, Hemingway worked happily away in his white tower. But he wasn't as "out of the war" as most people thought. From the start, he had approached Spruille Braden, then U. S. Ambassador to Cuba, and offered his powerful, fast *Pilar* for the conquest of submarines in the Caribbean. The 42-foot sports-fisherman was rigged up with special radio and other equipment and worked undercover for Naval Intelligence as a Q-boat. Throughout 1942 and much of 1944, it patrolled the north shore of Cuba with a crew of nine, a machine gun (in addition to Hemingway's Thompson) a load of high explosives and other lethal paraphernalia. Its mission: a special project conceived by Hemingway.

"Hemingway's objective," Braden says, "was to be hailed and ordered alongside by a Nazi submarine, whereupon he would put a plan into operation which was designed to destroy the U-boat."

"This," Braden comments, "was an extremely dangerous mission, as certainly a fishing boat under normal circumstances would be no match for a heavily armed submarine. However, Ernest worked out the plan intelligently and, I believe, would have won the battle had he been able to make the contact."

The scheme, which was described as "suicidal" though probably workable by Navy experts, was never put into action, though Hemingway's crew was able to make and report many valuable sub-sightings.

"In fact," Braden recalls, "He would have made the contact had not my naval attache called him into Havana one day when he was on a location he himself had picked, and where a submarine did show up within 24 hours."

So worthwhile was Hemingway's contribution that Braden put him in for a naval decoration. All of this, of course, was carried on in strict secrecy and most of it leaked out only gradually after the war.

While Hemingway was satisfying himself with this one-man naval war his wife, Martha, the really dedicated war correspondent in the family, was getting restless. During the period after the declaration of war, she wrote in her war memoir, *The Face Of War*: "I was paralyzed by conflicting emotions: private duty, public disgust and a longing to forget both and join those who were suffering in the war." By late in 1943, less than three years after their marriage, the bloom was off the rose. Martha accepted an assignment from *Collier's* to go over to the European front in November and she went, not to return either to Finca Vigia or to Hemingway.

Less than six months later, Hemingway decided to hell with the Gulf Stream war and also accepted an assignment from *Collier's* as war correspondent in Europe.

Whether his face was smarting from the Caribbean wind, or as he has since stated, he had a skin infection from the sun, or just liked the idea of doing it, it was at this time he started his famous beard.

Before taking off for Europe, Hemingway cornered correspondent Quentin Reynolds, who had seen much action already in the battle of Britain. He was obsessed again with the thought that this time — *this time* he



During the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway worked at the front. Here he chats with insurgent prisoners.

The Pulitzer prize author is shown here as he set out on a bombing raid with the RAF during the war.

might not come back.

"You've been over three times and nothing's happened to you," he said to Reynolds, "So do a fellow a favor and let me have your tabs and buttons for my uniform. In fact, let me have your uniform."

Reynolds smiled in recollection, "I let him have my buttons."

It was again a manifestation of Hemingway's fascination with "luck" and its connection with death. Perhaps if he had had *all* of Reynold's uniform, he wouldn't have gotten into a jeep accident in the first weeks of his arrival in London. Result: a cracked skull and a head wrapped in bandages like a turban, a non-expected sight to his followers. In those months Allied bombers were busy in mass raids softening up the coast of France and the German supply lines for what was to be the opening of the Allied counteroffensive — the long-awaited second front. Hemingway wasted no time in looking over the German terrain from above, flying with both the R.A.F. and American Air Forces on raids deep into enemy territory.

But his real interest was the infantry. He at first attached himself to General Patton's Third Army, but soon discerned that the discipline there would be too "chicken-crut" for his unfettered soul, and had himself transferred to the Fourth Division of the First Army, which he adopted as his personal division throughout the rest of the war. The Commander of the division, Gen. Raymond O. Barton, was one of the many generals Hemingway counted as his friends. "A unique general," he said, "who reads books."

In London, readying himself for the big D-Day jump-off, he made the acquaintance of a young, pretty, blonde Minnesota-born correspondent for *Time, Inc.*, who could have, in some respects, been Martha's twin, except perhaps a little less rambunctious. You could almost hear the rustling of the old hemlock as it prepared to come crashing down through the forest again.

Meanwhile, the Allies decided to launch their attack on the Normandy beach head on June 6 of 1944, de-



spite the fact that Hemingway's head was still so swathed in bandages that he couldn't find a helmet to fit him. Some 57 stitches had been taken in the head wound. Nevertheless he was there, and with his now personally-adopted unit, the 22nd Regiment of the Fourth Division, he went in on D-Day with the third wave, at Fox Green beach.

Hemingway, as in the waning days of the Spanish fight, was too personally involved in the war to spend much time on writing. What he wanted was to experience the fighting itself. He wasted no time in commandeering a jeep on the beach head, along with a personally and mysteriously acquired stock of the best cognac. In short order he had turned his vehicle into the enemy lines, crossed them, and succeeded in organizing a phantom-like, but effective, group of French irregulars who served him with the fidelity of lapdogs. It was difficult to explain to them his civilian status, so he simply let out word that he was a captain. But the irregulars refused to believe this. Looking at his now flowing piratical beard and his perpetually war-tired eyes, one asked respectfully: "My captain, how is it that with your age and your undoubted long years of service and your obvious wounds, you are still a captain?"

Hemingway answered, "Young man, I have not been able to advance in rank due to the fact that I cannot read or write."

But out of respect for his years, and not wishing strangers to know the misfortune of their illiterate general, they would call him "Colonel" in the presence of others — or such was the legend as Hemingway told it later. He adopted a basically whimsical kidding attitude toward the war, despite his inner seriousness on the subject. He found the warm, sympathetic prose of the then-leading war correspondent, Ernie Pyle, irritating. "Just call me Ernie Hemmorhoid, the poor man's Pyle," he quipped. To him, all the glory was in the uncertainty of life during war. After a badly calculated bombing near St. Lo, when Allied planes dropped

part of their bombs, as frequently happened, on our own troops, Hemingway assured the worried Pyle that the whole thing had been a success anyway.

"In the last war, a barrage was considered a failure unless some of the shells landed in the hip pockets of our forward personnel."

Through the advance in the Ardennes, Hemingway, armed to the teeth with tommy guns, grenades, rocket-launchers and the rest was always in the front lines. Wherever he went, as in Spain, he was adopted as a sort of reckless mascot of luck by the soldiers, who had heard of him though they had, in most cases, never read his books. They knew simply that he was "some kind of big shot."

Photographer Robert Capa, the old friend of Spanish days, ran into him there on the front and recalled: "Everybody knew Hemingway's jeep. From a string of foxholes or from out of the woods you could hear hundreds of GIs saying, one after another, 'Good Morning, Mr. Hemingway.' It was like a royal procession. The officers of the Fourth Division had an affectionate variety of names for him like Ernie, the Kraut Hunter, or Old Dr. Hemmingstein."

He had fastened that tag on himself after an argument with an army psychiatrist over combat fatigue. Hemingway had small use for the science of psychiatry, and once, when asked who his psychiatrist was, had answered "Corona Number Three," meaning his typewriter.

An army psychiatrist wearing Captain's bars, had accused Hemingway of endowing war with a false kind of glory. Sportswriter Jimmy Cannon was present at the time and observed, "I thought Hemingway was going to beat him up. But he restrained himself and confined his rage to a denunciation of the doctor. It was a brutal description of a careless profession which bullied the doctor into stammering apologies. But Hemingway refused to accept them and ordered him from the house."

Hemingway's public stance (Continued on page 62)



THE DAY IT RAINED BLOOD!

"Shoot your mouth off and I'll just open that zipper in
your skull all the way down to your belly button and watch
your guts fall out"—that's The Boss—always kidding.



By Herb Goldstein

THE DAY Freddie Cotton and Joey Kay took over the Independent Drivers and Helpers Union was a rainy one; outside it rained water, inside it poured blood. If I took a bucket of red paint and splashed it over the walls you'd get an idea of what the place looked like when I dragged my flat feet into the twelve-by-fourteen foot hole in the wall we call our headquarters. The damned stuff seemed to be dripping from the ceiling and running all over the floor, and Kay and Cotton were kids in the desert playing in their first cloudburst.

Don't get the idea that blood was new to this chamber of horrors. But always it had been *caused* by my old boss, Harry Scaffi, not *shed* by him. Poor old Harry lay there and screamed while his teeth were kicked out and his flesh chopped up, and I'm sure some of his old victims busted laughing in their graves. As hard as Harry had been toward people who got in his way, these two thugs were harder and crueler, and Harry didn't take his lumps easy. Like I said, it rained blood in the office that day.

I wasn't there when they arrived; Harry had me running an errand for him. But I remembered the way he looked before I left, (Continued on page 84)

*Capturing New Orleans was easy, but holding it was
another matter — especially when the “ladies”, the real ones
and the evening variety, set out to sabotage the Union.*



ILLUSTRATED BY NORM EASTMAN

THE UNION GENERAL 'BEAST BUTLER'

VS. THE LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS

by ROBERT SCHICK

ONE DAY in late April, 1862, following the first big break-through of the Civil War, the greatest combined naval and military force in United States history was moving unopposed up the lower reaches of the Mississippi River.

Farragut's fleet was steaming north after a spectacular run past the Confederate forts guarding the approaches to New Orleans. It was the most stirring sight this lush Louisiana had seen since the British fleet, carrying Pakenham's doomed redcoats, had headed this way nearly half a century before. This time the invader had nothing to fear—New Orleans was already his!

The wide, flat vistas, the palms and the ghostly
continued on next page



BEAST BUTLER

Spanish moss drooping from the live oaks and the tupelos, and the mysterious swamps, where the cypress spread their wide knobby toes, intrigued the boys in blue clustered at the rails of the transports. But it was the women, the fabled southern women who had become in their minds as much a legend of beauty, grace and desirability as they were to their own Rebel menfolks, that these men from the North were eager to see. The exotic scenes of the Delta were of great interest, but all this would be forgotten the second someone shouted "Women!"

These Federals hadn't seen any females since leaving home, except a few black women and a few wild-looking Baratarian mixed-breed females at the Delta landings. They had come by sea to Ship Island at the mouth of the river and had spent many weeks on that desolate beach drilling, sweating, goldbricking and fighting mosquitoes. For many of them, memories of the applecheeked Northern girls they left behind them, were already beginning to fade.

THE TROOPS, on their way to occupy the South's greatest city, didn't know it, but they were about to take part in the strangest, most hilarious, most exasperating and most one-sided "war-within-a-war" ever fought in American history.

Almost until the moment Farragut's fleet appeared around the last bend of the Mississippi and the Yankee sailors and marines in the lead frigate caught their first glimpse of the spire of St. Louis Cathedral, New Orleans had felt safe.

No fleet could ever get by those twin watchdogs of the river, Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip! Hadn't Orleanians been told that over and over again? And if the impossible were to happen somehow, there were other Yankee traps. Above the forts, ships and river boats had been chained together to form a solid wall of wood and iron from bank to bank. And behind the barricade were Commodore Hollin's fireships. If the Federal ships did get through—and no sane person believed they could—then these flaming avengers would be set adrift to burn the Yankee flotilla down to its last Abolitionist bolt and nail!

There was also Lovell! The general had only three thousand men against possibly six times that many Federals. But, as he was fond of re-

marking as he sipped his julep on the terrace of the St. Charles Hotel, while going over his defense plans, six Yankees to one Southerner made the odds even in fighting prowess, anyhow. Lovell really would have rather been anywhere but New Orleans as he considered he was being wasted here, defending an impregnable city. The real war was being fought a thousand miles away. He was a war horse being kept in the stable while the smoke of faraway battles drifted through the cracks in the barn.

On April 23, Lovell received a communication from down river. In plain Confederate English the report stated that Farragut had done it! He had knocked out the forts, his demolition squads had blasted the barricade to pieces and he was close enough to New Orleans at that moment to smell the coffee roasting at the Old French Market! Lovell took another look at those six to one odds and decided they made good rhetoric but, since he probably wouldn't be making speeches in the city for awhile, he'd make a strategic withdrawal. Baton Rouge really was the logical place for the defense of New Orleans.

Soon after dawn on a rainy, gloomy April 25, Farragut's armada stood in the river off the docks of an unbelieving city. On the wharves a mournful crowd had gathered. An account written at the time tells of the fate of the city's last hope—Hollin's fireships: "Steamboats on the river were in flames. The great gunboat *Louisiana*, which always was to be for the defense of the city but never finished, had been set afire and drifted down the Mississippi where it lay burning to the water's edge. It was a magnificent but awful sight."

BACK OF the docks a towering column of smoke was rising as mounds of cotton bales were burning, set afire to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands. And the warehouses were being gutted by the riff-raff. Molasses oozed down the street in sticky, fragrant rivers and people swarmed with pails to gather it. Hundreds of whiskey kegs were split open and their amber contents poured down the gutters, starting a rush of both men and women, who fell on their bellies and lapped up the escaping Bourbon with the enthusiasm of Moslems entering paradise. New Orleans was cutting its own throat to save the Yankees the trouble.

For five days Farragut negotiated with Mayor Monroe who refused to officially surrender the city. He told

the flag-officer that the Federals would have to take the city and suggested, in effect, that it wouldn't be too difficult to overcome the resistance of the women, the winos and city's population of dogs and cats—the only remaining opposition.

On the last day of the month, marines landed and raised the United States flag over the mint, Farragut considering this already Federal property. As soon as the leathernecks left, a young man by the name of William Mumford climbed to the roof and took down the flag. For that act he enjoyed a temporary fame as hero. Later he was to have another and more tragic role—martyr of the resistance movement.

ON THE first day of May, 1862, New Orleans once more became part of the United States. The first Federal unit ashore was the Fourth Wisconsin, followed by the Thirty-First Massachusetts, the Twelfth Connecticut and First Maine. As the troops formed for parade, a snarling, taunting crowd surrounded them. There was a roll of drums and the Fourth Wisconsin's band and the fifers of the Massachusetts unit moved out in front, starting the march up Royal Street. The music they played was hardly on the New Orleans hit parade—the Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle. As the columns moved into the dark, narrow world of the French Quarter through the hostile mob, the homesick Northern boys, hated and scorned in a city as strange as Marseilles or Istanbul, kept a stern eyes-front.

Then someone shouted, "It's the old man, Butler's coming!" An almost electric excitement crackled through the crowd and even before the man who had come to rule New Orleans was fully in sight, the booing and catcalling began.

General Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts came stomping along between files of soldiers, already a lonely man, for he walked with no one by his side. And between him and New Orleans it was hate at first sight. The man stalking grimly down Royal Street was a stern man and no Adonis. He was a man of medium height, rather slender, and his mannerisms were quick and jerky. What little hair he had was combed back over his ears impudently, shooting back almost like the horns of a Viking's helmet. His eyes were restless and intense, and one "cock eye" that made him look as if he were prying into every man's private thoughts when he looked at him. His lips were

thin and his complexion florid. Butler's goose was cooked the moment the women saw him. In New Orleans, if you can't be good looking, you'd better be charming! "Old Cock Eye" didn't qualify on either score.

Butler was said to be the poorest soldier in the Union Army, despite his general's rank. A lawyer and politician before the war, he had always wanted to play soldier. Actually he was secretly a laughing stock to the West Pointers and career officers. But now he had a chance to play the role of conquering hero.

Butler took over the St. Charles Hotel—then the finest in America—as his headquarters and set up field pieces commanding all street corners to overawe the populace. One of his first acts was to order the mayor to make a speech calling for peaceful acceptance of the occupation. Monroe addressed the mob from the hotel balcony.

WHEN HE began to speak, the crowd drowned him out with shouting. Somebody cried "To hell with Butler and the Yankees and the Union and Abe Lincoln" and someone else told the mayor where to go. All of this made Butler very nervous, so he sent word to the major of the First Maine Battery to clear the streets.

The boys from Down East came on the gallop, gun carriages bouncing. Bugles rang out. The crowd wavered and then scattered like mice caught in the middle of a cat convention. Thus ended the first and last masculine threat to the occupation.

It was the women, however, who were getting ready for the counter-attack. Their first move was to persuade the men that if they couldn't use a gun, they at least could use a paint brush. One morning the Federals woke up to find the fronts of hundreds of business houses trimmed in gruesome black paint. And next they noticed that all the gilt lettering on the granite columns in the city had been removed and the plaques daubed black. New Orleans was in mourning, advertising its own funeral.

But these protests were too tame for the women. Someone had to get the war going again and it seems to have fallen to the lot of a female character of the French Market district to give the nudge. As reported by the Southern Quisling editor of the Daily Delta:

"A woman with but one eye and badly marked with small pox, was yesterday arrested in the Second District charged with deporting herself



The shady ladies of New Orleans stuck to their trade but they added a new angle — murder.

in a very violent manner. She said she would kill General Butler and and other d---d Yankee son of a b-----h, and that all the Yankees were a d---d lousy set. Sent to Provost Court, she refused to give her name."

The whole race of Crescent City femininity seemed to have been inspired by the defiance of the one-eyed hag for, soon afterwards, it began lowering the boom on the hapless Federals.

Said one pretty Creole lady, "Oh, how I hate the Yankees! I could trample their dead bodies."

An officer walking alone was as helpless as a lone fish in the waters of the Amazon attacked by a school of hungry piranhas. From nowhere he might be ambushed by a scolding, ranting brigade of females giving him holy hell.

The Yankees, who weren't supposed to be gentlemen, at first fell over backwards trying to show that they could be gallant. But it was their undoing. They were damned if they did, and damned if they didn't. They were the most woman-pecked

conquerors in all history!

Aristocrat-hating Ben Butler considered the gentlemanly code a lot of hogwash, but he sweated out the first stage of the female fury. He refused to retaliate because he was sure that the enemy in crinoline wanted him to do just that so they could cry "barbarian" in the international ear of justice. Every day he heard fresh reports of feminine insolence and new cases of outraged dignity on the part of his officers. He would give no sympathy.

As time went on, however, the general began to change his mind on the advisability of turning the other cheek. The tide of battle began swirling closer to headquarters.

While Farragut was still on his flagship in the harbor, Butler sent a staff officer to escort the naval hero to the St. Charles for some official business. The officers put ashore on Decatur Street and then started walking up Royal on their way to the hotel. Royal, like the other streets of the French Quarter, was even then renowned for its lacy, exquisite, wrought (Continued on page 56)





AN APPLE FOR QUAST

The art of psychological warfare —
even between two men — is a subtle one.
Sometimes, if you're smart, you win by losing.

By Warren Winden

AND that's the way the two men had spent the sweltering night and Sunday, securely bound together their faces no more than inches apart, noses touching, at the height of the island's long season of damp, tropical weather—a time when the mere thought of bodily contact was repulsive even to the sarong-clad natives.

And the one a picture of contentment, as he was, and the other with his mouth open and protesting.

Quast was a small, mushy man of some forty years with the furtive eyes resulting from years of running and glancing to hind-side at man and memory. Jarow was a full head taller than Quast and possessed an enormous Adam's apple and the eyes of an eager and vindictive hunter.

Quast's face had turned from jelly to potato soup the previous early afternoon when he'd turned around and after seconds realized Jarow was who he was and that he was there. The bare-footed Quast had bolted out of the thatched-roof canteen, down the island's main street, scattering several of the natives on the dirt thorough-

fare, his unpursed-bermuda-clad and fat legs summoning a spirit far beyond their ordinary capacity.

"You might as well stop," shouted Jarow after him. "There is no place on the island to run. The boat has gone."

It was no great task for the long-legged Jarow to keep up, or for several of the curious natives who followed at a respectful distance. Unmindful of the natives and carrying his peculiar little brown-paper-wrapped package, Jarow stayed just far enough behind to make it appear Quast had a chance. Jarow appeared as if he were almost enjoying it.

When they stopped running finally, on the edge of a clearing close to the ocean on the south, uninhabited end of the island, Quast was near collapse. "A'right," Quast gasped, his face blubbery, the moisture standing heavily on his balding head. "A'right. I can go no further. A'right. I'll run from you no more."

His legs wide apart, feet planted in the white sand, Jarow stood over Quast

(Continued on page 60)



JUMPING JOE SAVOLDI

THE WILDEST SPY OF WORLD WAR II

When Jumping Joe signed up with the O.S.S. and started to move against the enemy, it was real tough on them—almost as rough as being on his side.

by Walter Wager

MANY of the men and missions of the O.S.S. would be flatly and promptly rejected by any of America's current intelligence organizations, for they were so utterly amateurish that no modern, scientific, ritualized espionage unit would consider them for a minute. Quite a few of the O.S.S. agents were short on experience and technique, long on nerve and ability to improvise and simply scary in their nonchalant indifference to maintaining "security". On the other hand, there was a very different sect in the organization that was so obsessed with playing the cloak-and-dagger role and keeping secrets that its members behaved like teen-age devotees of Messrs. Edgar Wallace and E. Philipps Oppenheim.

Some of the most far fetched projects that were obviously optimistic gambles with well meaning but only semi-professional personnel surprised everyone by paying off handsomely. "You never could tell what those fellows would do next," an Army colonel who served under Donovan said recently, "and you couldn't command them without good nerves and an excellent sense of humor. That was especially true in 1942 and 1943 when we first got into business. I'm still trying to forget some of those incredible missions—even the ones that worked."

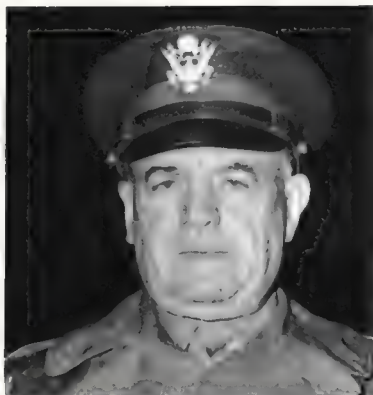
Typical of such long-shot operations was the simple plan to steal the Italian Navy. It was a top secret and maximum security mission, one of the dirty ones in which there was an excellent chance that several O.S.S. people would end up on Gestapo torture racks or—if they were lucky—in the dismal dungeons of Mussolini's ruthless OVRA. Early in the Spring of 1943, both O.S.S. and The Pentagon decided that the North African campaign was finished and began to plan seriously for the liberation of the northern shores of the Mediterranean. One obstacle was the Italian fleet. Rear Admiral Massimo Gerosi, Commander of the Royal Italian Navy, had a brother named Marcello who was a successful business executive in New York. The scheme involved moving Mr. Marcello Gerosi and a bodyguard to an advanced U.S. or British base in the Mediterranean from which he could try to establish contact with his high ranking brother. The New York Gerosi was to meet secretly with the Rome Gerosi, explain that the Allies were willing to have Italy switch sides, and urge the King and High Command dump Mussolini. This ambitious program was to include the movement of the whole Italian Navy to Allied ports.

At this time, the O.S.S. had only a skeleton organization in Italy but Donovan was not discouraged. He secured the approval of President Roosevelt and Secretary of the Navy Knox, and two

(Continued on page 68.)

A chapter from the forthcoming book on the O.S.S.
to be published by Ballantine Books in early 1962





"Wild Bill" Donovan was Joe's boss.



Joe ran wild as Notre Dame fullback.

Left, Marcel Giroi, one of the team.

"Jumping Joe" was aware of such things as enemy fire, but his mind tended more towards food and girls.



Are you the one man in three who needs DANGEROUS

A MAN CHASING A WOMAN never fails of something to do. Yet there are thousands of red-blooded American males who tire of the chase when it loses the spice of risk.

This is no far-fetched theory.

Are you now less interested in sex itself than in the danger? If so, you are playing sex roulette. Okay, so you're jaded because the dames fall on the divan—for you—like fresh-cut timber. And if you're married, the lure to play sex roulette is sometimes overpowering. Seduction of another woman has become a bore. What counts now is to be a sex gambler: the need to *openly* risk your good name, welfare—and even your life.

Dr. Robert Mines, chief psychologist at the State Hospital, Raleigh, N. C., neatly pins down what sex roulette is:

"It's a *new* unrelieved sex tension which comes on countless U.S. men who have had easy conquests—in or out of the married state. It's this unrelieved impulse which makes many men want to take the risk of shocking—the world—wife and loved ones included."

Put another way by Dr. V. W. Lemmon, of the Department of Psychology of Washington University in St. Louis: "... The unresolved impulse builds up inside them. It makes them temporarily lose their perspective about how much risk they should take in polite society."

Here's a made-to-order case history:

John T——, upcoming junior executive in a Chicago firm (and married, with two youngsters) answered the boss's telephone—the boss, like himself, was married and was also his closest friend. The caller was the boss's wife and she left a message for her husband.

After jotting down the message, John found himself trembling. He began to think how warm and vibrant her voice had been. Although he was a seasoned two-timer, picking his extra-marital ladies with discretion and committing his indiscretions with them so cleverly that his wife didn't suspect a thing, John trembled because of a new and strange thrill.

Maybe he could take the boss's wife to bed! Not be-

cause he wanted her body so desperately, but simply because he had a burning desire to run the risk of "being caught in the act." John had met the boss's wife socially. Nothing more. Why, here was a bonus thrill! How about the hazard of propositioning the boss's wife? This idea alone gripped John in a fresh spasm of trembling. Not only was it fraught with danger—almost senseless—but likely to ruin his own family and professional life.

Drugged with the excitement of danger, and only secondarily interested in seducing the boss's wife, John made his plans quickly...

A week later, John contrived to arrange a Saturday night party at his own home. "Good business," he told his wife, thinking of the lush blond married to the boss. "Let's invite a big crowd—and, of course, the boss and his wife."

As John T—— related to a psychiatrist later:

"Boy, was that a shindig! After the booze loosened everybody up I managed to get the boss's wife out on the patio in the darkness. Just long enough to make a real hot pass—and she wanted it! The first risk has been won. I felt wonderful. Not so much about soon getting her, but getting her by the risk."

"When the boss took one of his regular out-of-town business jaunts, I figured she was ripe for the taking. She was. Already to spend a day in a hotel with me in the city."

"But I didn't want that—just like all the others. I needed the gamble of danger. I told her that I would leave the office on a non-existent appointment and make love to her in her own house. At first, she was scared. What if he came home? What about neighbors? What if some friend dropped by the house? All the better (I told myself secretly) for the excitement would be greatly heightened."

"She wanted me enough to take the chance—and I think she was feeling the same thrill I was: to go to bed with the added ecstasy of danger! Well, we did it... Once, twice, and then came the third time. Her mother-in-law walked into the house and found us—naked as the

SEX?

Every man knows a few secrets about himself that no one else even suspects. This article will give you the chance to find out exactly how you rate yourself.

By Dr. Rufus M. Taylor

day we were born.

"The roof fell in. I've lost my job. My wife has divorced me. The boss thrashed the daylights out of me in the office and then went home and got rid of his wife.

"But you know what? Making love to that woman was the most supreme act of sexual gratification in my whole life! Tell me, doctor, *what the hell got into me?*"

The psychiatrist had several answers. First, he told John T—, the number of times he involved himself in illicit sex situations had boomeranged on him. The excitement had worn off because, ironically, he had concealed his two-timing so intelligently that the challenge was no longer there. "Each new affair really made things duller," the psychiatrist said to the astounded John. "What was missing was the *thrill of being reckless*. Unless you could find a way to invite personal disaster, there was no more fun in it. What you needed was the thrill of danger to revive the joys of illicit sex!"

Secondly, according to the psychiatrist, John T— had become *accustomed* so much to sexual infidelity that he had lost guilt feelings. "In a sub-conscious drive to get the feeling of guilt back you tried the hazards of trying to be caught. So you were, all right."

A number of psychiatric opinions have been handed down on this emotional dilemma. Thousands of men, surfeited by "no risk" sex adventures, discover that the lack of a gamble (or roulette sex) weakens their sex drive.

The novelty of a mistress, or a series of quick affairs, wears off because so much time is devoted to NOT getting caught at it.

The hidden source of this trouble, says Dr. Edmund Bergler, New York psychiatrist, can be often traced back to a man's childhood. His family background is usually one of strict and repressive ideas about sexual conduct. As this man matures, according to Dr. Bergler, he soon thinks of sex as "a connotation of danger, of the forbidden, of the mysterious. Sex in marriage, of course, fails to live up to these infantile connotations—hence it becomes worthless."

It is then, for such males, that the need for sex

roulette abruptly comes to the surface.

But there's always another spin to the sex roulette. Countless U.S. males, married and unmarried, find to their dismay that sexual potency has flagged—and the cause is seldom physical.

"By having their way with many women—with or without danger—they find there's a terrible need for some erotic situation which they never had previously. Here the urge to 'gamble' takes another twist: why not run the risk of getting involved with girls under the age of legal consent?" This question—and following answer—is posed by a research team of sexologists at Yale University.

Their report calls the seducer of girls under 16 "severe neurotics who are actually non-violent rapists with a need to gamble with the consequences." Nearly all the victims are virgins, of good neighborhood families and most likely to accuse the seducer afterwards.

Why do these men take the chance?

The Yale experts say:

- Because the sex gambler intensifies his sexual thrill by knowing that he is breaking the law, that the chances are at least 50-50 that the girl will "tell" and that, if he loses the gamble, a jail sentence of many years is the price of losing.

- Because "jailbait" is more than just another female brought-to-couch. *They are forbidden*. This grim fact of law further arouses the sex gambler since the punishment waiting for him adds to the risk.

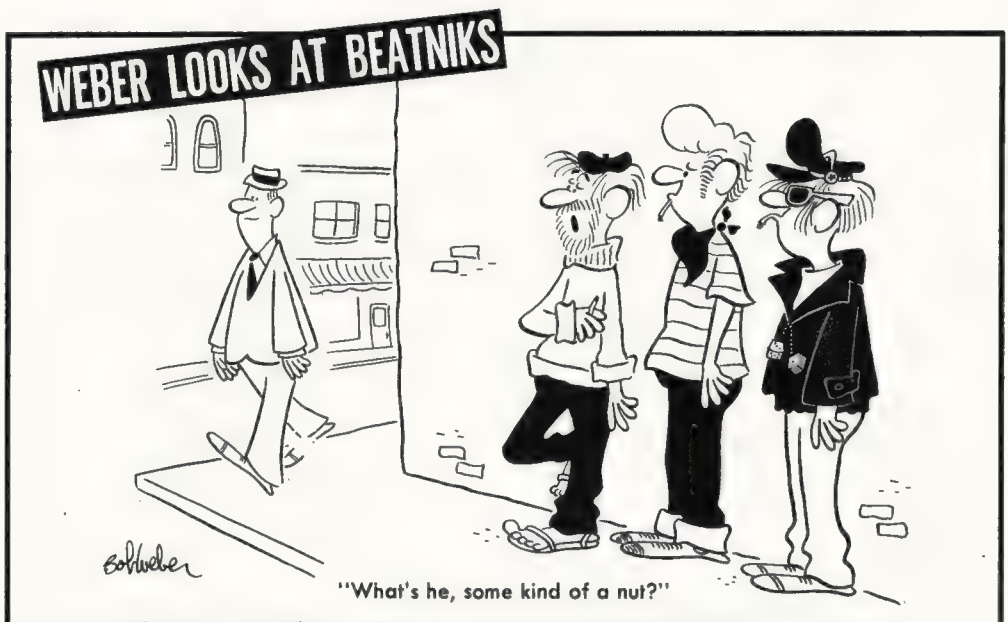
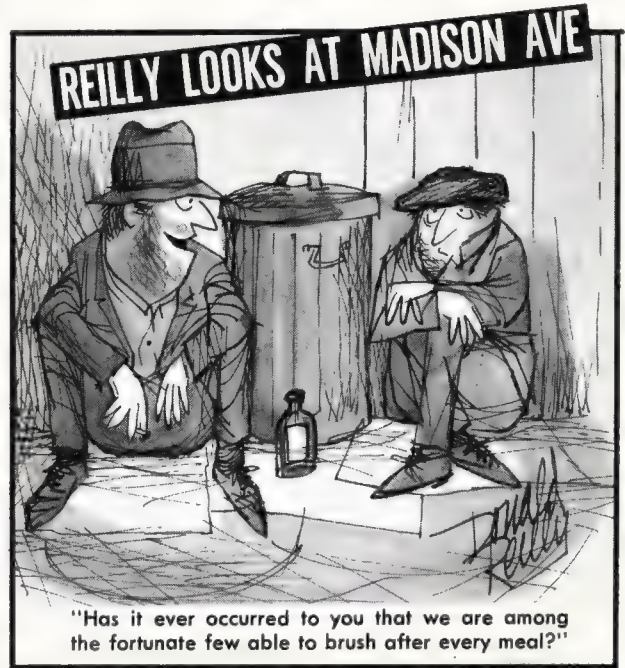
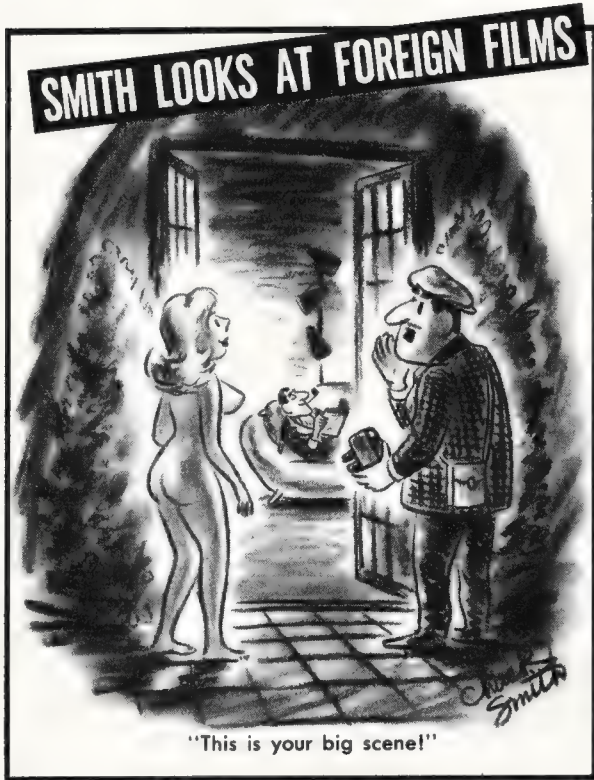
Don't get the idea that sex roulette is played exclusively by "neurotics".

There's plenty of clinic evidence around that normal, virile males give it at least one try—and often get away with it.

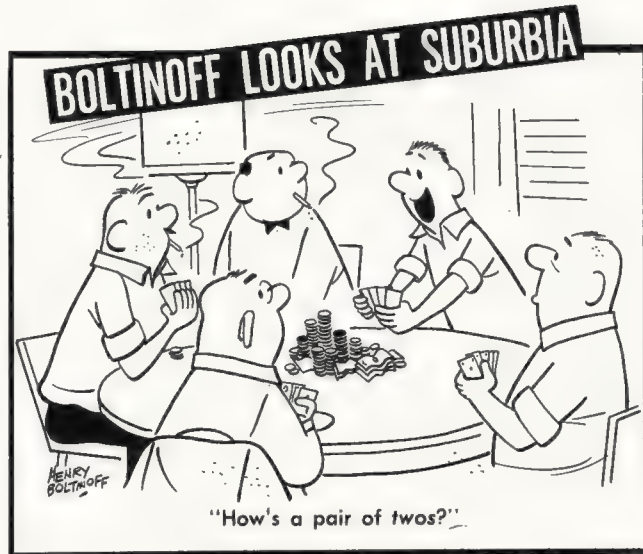
One of the perfectly normal variations is to bed a woman (not your wife) without taking the usual precautions against pregnancy. The sex gambler relishes what is at stake. His ego also gets a lift: the foolish lady wants him so much, sexually, that she flings caution to the winds and demands no . . . (Continued on page 72)

Cartoonists

Look at...



Cartoons do more to keep the country laughing than any other form of amusement. This belly laughter may be in the form of a jab at some foolish custom, or a new fad, or the much too serious institution of Madison Avenue.



How 1,000 G.I. Girls
aboard an Armed Transport
during World War II,
went on the loose—and
made the Navy Brass blush!

FLOATING WOMEN'S BARRACKS

By Herb McCall

THE MAN IN THE DUCK blind was small, sharp-eyed, alert, and seventy-five. He was also a Vice-Admiral in the U.S. Navy.

His companion was a great deal younger. Tall, rangy, powerful, and relaxed in the poetic way of men who understand beauty only by living it in the outdoors.

The Admiral, whose name was Artemus Bullard, spoke.

"Here they are, Jeff."

The geese circled the blind, then beamed in on the pond for a landing.

The Admiral raised his shotgun—the gift of the men who had served under his last command—and fired.

The man at his side fired, a half second after him. Jeff Wright, Lieutenant Commander, USNR, anxious to retire and get back to running his own advertising agency, could still handle a shotgun.

The great lead Tom dropped. A magnificent shot.

The Admiral turned to Jeff.

"You young bastard," he said. "You think I'll kid myself that I hit that grand old feller? Even if you timed your shot to overlay mine? You hit him—I missed him. Let's at least get that straight. And, by the way, let's have some of this—straight."

He pulled out a pint of 20-year-old bourbon, tore off the closure, and offered it first to Jeff.

Jeff looked his appreciation.

"Thanks, sir," he said

The Admiral's eyes snapped.

"You're the next thing to a son I know," he said. "And you still call me *sir*. Well, never mind. I have much more important things I want to know about that strange object in your head you call your mind. For example:—I'm about to retire, as you and the rest of this Navy knows. Now, the report you sent in to the Department over my desk as CO at Norfolk, covering that shipment of 1000 broads—I mean girls—to Europe, was a masterpiece. A masterpiece of snivelling, underhanded, double-

talking fiddle-faddle. Do you mind, *sir*, breaking through the silence of the Pentagon in this matter and telling me what in hell happened on that preposterous mission of yours as nursemaid to 1000 females looking for action? We heard the stories and the rumors—and we blushed. But by golly—what happened?

Jeff Wright smiled, and took a swig of the bourbon. The old man, bless him, was a wonder, retired or not.

"Well, sir," said Jeff, taking another pull, then handing it back to the old man, and settling down in the blind. . . "It was this way—"

"Godammit, Commander!" bellowed the Captain. "Are you off your rocker? What's this requisition for 1000 pairs of nylons and 329 panties?"

Lieutenant Commander Jeff Wright, USNR, trying his best to help out with World War II, swallowed hard. Captain D'Onofrio had once tried (and almost succeeded) to take on the entire Jap air arm in one lumbering PBY the day of Pearl Harbor. Enlisted men froze and shrank out of his path when he stormed below decks on an inspection tour. As Exec of the Navy Air at Norfolk, Va., he had spent the first few years of the war in a one-man assault on the U-Boats lurking in the Atlantic. That battle just about won, he was grouching up, now, because his Pacific command hadn't come through as yet from Washington.

"Sir," said Wright. "It's all regulation. I have 1000 female operatives—under my command on APA-564, and they've had an accident."

"What the hell kind of an accident?" roared the Captain.

"Well, sir," said Wright. "We took them aboard that British aircraft carrier that docked in here last week, and we wanted to show them a little action. Most of them had never been on board a ship before, sir. We cleared it with Washington in advance, sir. All official. So the boys in the torp bombers thought they'd make a few runs on the carrier, and kick up a (Continued on page 80)



Bluebook
FAMOUS UNSOLVED MURDERS

NUMBER 1 OF A SERIES

MURDER AT THE

He wrote, "Under no circumstances would I commit suicide." He was found dead, his gun in his



U.N.

hand — But it was murder!

By Paul Meskil

AT 8:30 A.M. ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1959, two elderly men were walking their dogs through Alley Pond Park in the northeast corner of Queens County, New York City.

As they neared the end of a leaf-strewn bridle path, the dogs suddenly went wild. They began barking furiously and straining at their leashes.

Peering ahead to see what had excited their pets, Joseph Galka and Abraham Cohen saw the body of a tall, well-dressed man sprawled face down in the rain-sodden grass and leaves alongside the path. A pearl-handled, 25-caliber Colt revolver was clutched in his outflung right hand.

He had been shot through the right temple. Powder burns scorched his forehead and greying brow. His blue-grey suit and tan topcoat were soaked from the early morning rain. In his blood-stained breast pocket was a suicide note.

Police quickly identified the corpse as Danish diplomat Povl Bang-Jensen, 50, a dedicated anti-communist who had been fired from the United Nations Secretariat because he refused to expose Hungarian refugees to Red reprisals. He had been missing for three days before the body was found.

Homicide detectives determined that the note, addressed to his wife, was in Bang-Jensen's handwriting and that he had purchased the gun in Washington 18 years earlier. They also learned he had been despondent over losing his UN post and had consulted a psychiatrist.

These and other scraps of circumstantial evidence convinced the cops Bang-Jensen died by his own hand. Marked "suicide," the police file on his case was closed.

But Povl Bang-Jensen's mysterious death was not suicide. It was deliberate, calculated murder.

He was executed by the dread MVD, enforcement arm of the Soviet secret police, because he knew too much about Kremlin agents in the UN high command—and in America's intelligence network.

Another United Nations aide had given him proof that Soviet agents had infiltrated not only the UN Secretariat but also the super-secret U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

His informant, a Soviet official who wished to defect to the United States, also was murdered by the MVD.

The story of the United Nations murders, told here in full for the first time, began in November, 1956, immediately after Red Army guns and tanks crushed the Hungarian revolt.

Sickened by the slaughter in Budapest, a Russian diplomat attached either to the UN Secretariat or the Soviet delegation to the UN sought out Bang-Jensen and told him he wanted to defect. He said several other Soviet officials in the UN were ready to defect with him.

The Russian claimed he could prove the Kremlin had key agents in the UN Secretariat, then run by the late Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld, and in the CIA.

He offered to give this information to American authorities if they would grant him political asylum and protection. The Russian asked the Danish diplomat to contact CIA chief Allen Dulles on his behalf. He did not want to go through regular channels because he was convinced Red spies had penetrated American intelligence.

Bang-Jensen agreed to serve as an intermediary for the would-be defector. He discussed the matter in



This is the handsome diplomat who refused to betray the Hungarian freedom fighters to Russian officials.



The order to kill Bang-Jensen was issued by the Red ruler, Khrushchev. Killing took place in Long Island.

MURDER AT THE U.N.

general terms with James Barce, counselor to America's UN delegation, and asked Barce to arrange a meeting with Dulles.

"At that time," Barce later testified, "Bang-Jensen said he had some serious information concerning the UN Secretariat which he wanted to pass on to the highest authorities in the U.S. Government. I said that I did not know whether that could be arranged, but could he tell me something about what he had in mind. He said it was very serious and it was the kind of thing that would interest Mr. Dulles—Mr. Allen Dulles.

"He felt that Allen Dulles was the person he should talk to, and he asked if I could arrange such a meeting. At that moment, I said, 'I do not know if this is possible. Mr. Allen Dulles is a high official in the Government. If you cannot give me more information . . . this may be difficult.'"

Barce offered to arrange a meeting with Henry Cabot Lodge, then U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, but Bang-Jensen insisted his information was so important that he wanted to deliver it to no one less than the CIA boss.

Bang-Jensen met with Barce eight times from Nov. 20, 1956, to June 8, 1957. On each occasion, the Dane begged Barce to arrange an interview with Dulles. Each time, he stressed that his information was of vital importance to UN and American security.

The State Department, the CIA and the Federal Bureau of Investigation all learned of Bang-Jensen's desperate efforts to contact Dulles. But nothing was done. And when Bang-Jensen and Dulles finally met informally at a cocktail party, the CIA chief did not even bother to ask what "serious information" he possessed.

Meanwhile, Bang-Jensen became deeply involved in Red intrigue on another front.

Appointed assistant secretary to the United Nations

Special Committee on Hungary, he was sent to Vienna early in 1957 to get the full story of the Hungarian revolution. He arranged to take testimony from 111 Hungarian refugees and freedom fighters, 81 of whom requested that their identities be kept secret.

The 81 witnesses realized their families in Hungary would suffer if their names were revealed to the communists. They agreed to testify only after Bang-Jensen assured them he would never divulge their identities.

The UN Secretariat gave Bang-Jensen full responsibility for keeping the list of anonymous witnesses. Other members of the Committee told him they would rather not know the names.

"Several of the witnesses inquired carefully in advance about how their names would be kept secret," the Dane later reported. "As to the Secretariat, I could assure them that nobody but I would know the names.

"Two prominent members of the Hungarian Communist Party both asked whether they could be certain that Mr. Hammarskjold would not learn their names," the diplomat added.

Bang-Jensen never disclosed why the two Hungarians made this unusual request. But he seemed to feel they had good reasons.

During his stay in Vienna, Red agents broke into Mr. Bang-Jensen's office and hotel room. They ransacked his papers and luggage in a search for the witness list. The same thing happened later in Geneva and New York.

The list was one of the most sensitive documents ever entrusted to a UN official. Fortunately for the anonymous witnesses, that official was Bang-Jensen. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold did almost nothing to protect either the list or its keeper.

No security officer was assigned to the Committee on Hungary despite the fact that it was engaged in the most important investigation ever undertaken by the UN.

In place of a full-time security officer, two UN guards were assigned to the Committee's offices. One was a Yugoslav, reliably reported to be an anti-Tito Communist. The other was a Polish Communist.

In Geneva, a Soviet citizen was attached to the Committee staff as a translator. And the Secretary General's personal representative to the Committee was Yugoslav Ambassador Protitch, an Assistant Secretary General who then held the title of Under Secretary for Political and Security Council Affairs.

With the lone exception of Dr. Protitch, this post has always been held by a Soviet national. Protitch could not have been appointed to the job without Kremlin approval.

Thus the Committee on Hungary, conducting a top secret probe of Russian atrocities, found itself with two communist guards, a communist translator and a Kremlin-sponsored "observer"—all assigned to the Committee by the UN Secretariat.

Furthermore, there was no security screening of other Committee employees to exclude Soviet agents. It was a perfect setup for Red espionage. The Kremlin received detailed reports on the Committee's very move.

Only the list of anonymous witnesses remained secret—thanks to the integrity of Bang-Jensen.

Thwarted in their first efforts to steal the list, the commies let the matter drop for a time. Then, after many of the 81 anonymous witnesses had emigrated to the United States, the Reds tried a new approach.

On October 9, 1957, Dr. Protitch summoned Bang-Jensen to his office on the 38th floor of the United Nations office building in New York. He told the Danish diplomat he was "astonished" to discover the secret list was not in the Secretariat's security files.

Protitch demanded that Bang-Jensen hand over the list. The stubborn Dane refused. Protitch then complained to Hammarskjold, who instructed Bang-Jensen to turn over the list. Again he refused.

On Nov. 9, Protitch sent the following communication to Bang-Jensen:

"By order of the Secretariat General, you are instructed to deliver to me, immediately, the list of witnesses who corresponded with or appeared before the Special Committee on Hungary, together with all other records or correspondence pertaining to the work of the Committee and now within your control or possession."

The message added that "all of these materials will be put by me under seal and in safe custody."

But Bang-Jensen still refused to entrust the lives of 81 freedom fighters and their families to the "safe custody" of a communist official, whose appointment to a vital UN post had been rubber-stamped by the Kremlin.

On Dec. 4, 1957, Bang-Jensen was suspended from the UN on Hammarskjold's orders. He was given no reason for his suspension. Two guards escorted him from the building—an unprecedented action, also ordered by Hammarskjold.

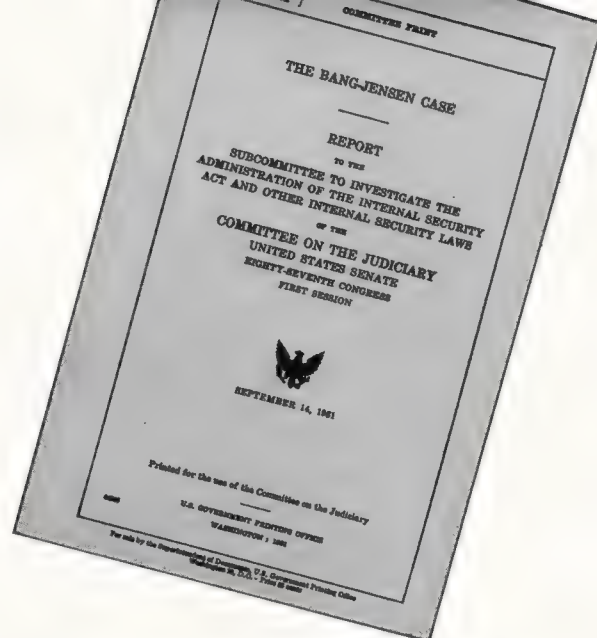
Though the Secretary General tried to keep the suspension quiet, the press found out about it and Hammarskjold was forced to issue a "note to correspondents" in which he said Bang-Jensen was suspended because of insubordination. Significantly, he did not mention the secret list or the Dane's reasons for keeping it secret and how he protected the list.

On Jan. 24, 1958, Bang-Jensen burned the list on the UN roof in the presence of Protitch and several UN guards.

On July 3, 1958, Hammarskjold sent Bang-Jensen an official letter of dismissal.

The diplomat appealed to the UN's Administrative Tribunal, but his request for reinstatement was turned down. Despondent over the loss of his \$17,000 job, he contemplated suicide. Then he got a \$7600-a-year job with CARE and his mental outlook improved.

Around this time, the Russians learned of his talks



This is the Senate Sub-Committee report which now believes this hero was the victim of Red death plot.

with the Soviet official who wanted to defect. Exactly how they learned it is not known, but it appears likely that the leak occurred either in the UN Secretariat, the U.S. State Department or the CIA.

Bang-Jensen's Soviet contact suddenly disappeared.

Seized in his Manhattan apartment by MVD thugs, the Russian diplomat was given an injection of "truth serum" to make him talk about his meetings with the Dane. Then he was given another drug to keep him quiet until the MVD agents could get him aboard a plane for Europe.

Two burly bodyguards accompanied the doomed man on a flight from New York to Prague, Czechoslovakia. He was alive when they reached Prague, but he was dead when an Ilyushin jet landed him at Moscow Airport next day.

Drugs and torture had done their work too well.

Bang-Jensen learned of the murder from other Soviet contacts on the 38th floor of the UN—Hammarskjold's executive suite.

He was still hopeful that he could help other Soviet officials defect, and of getting an appointment with Allen Dulles to warn him of Red spies in the CIA. But his hopes were now tinged with fear.

Bang-Jensen was an idealist, but he knew too well to believe they would let him live. He knew too much. He had too many important contacts at the UN. He was now too dangerous to the Reds.

At the urging of his wife, who feared the same forces that sabotaged his UN career would decide to have him fall out a window "in a fit of depression," Bang-Jensen wrote a long memorandum which concluded with these words:

"My wife has insisted that I should inform a few of my friends that, under no circumstances, would I commit suicide. I have done so, though reluctantly, since I fear my friends might think I am getting a little dramatic.

"My wife has also asked me to write this memorandum to her, and to make it clear also in this, that under no circumstances whatsoever would I ever commit suicide. This would be completely contrary to my whole nature and to my religious convictions. If any note (Continued on page 76)



photos by Dorothy Gun, Visto



Beauty out of the Blue

Every home needs a fireplace. It cheers
the spirits and warms the heart. Some
fireplaces are brick, others of natural stone. This one
is magnificently proportioned with
special device (foreground) for reflecting heat.

IN ONE OR TWO

CONSIDERING that I might not leave alive the sprawling ranch house I looked at, my feeling of extreme uneasiness could be excused.

A fancy-looking two-car garage made the brick home one of the nicest in Westbury, Long Island. I'd go in. Mark Divvier, my partner in the firm of Torbin & Divvier: Manufacturing Furriers, would say back-slappingly, "Glad you dropped in, Herb." His ex-show girl wife, Connie, would probably invite me to Sunday dinner. Their son Tom would hover around the bar. "A drink, Mr. Torbin?" I'd play-act as best I could before going down to the basement.

Technically, my constant need for aspirin did not start recently, when I began to suspect Mark. The headaches started several years back, when women stopped buying fur coats.

When sales first began to dip, Mark came up with what he thought was a bright idea. "Herb, let's start preparing for a failure. The biggest the Market ever saw! Half million!"

I stared at him, but wasn't surprised. Not *really* surprised. He said it in the same tone you'd suggest seeing some four-star movie. That was Mark. Maybe for a sandhog you had to be tough. The strain of tunnel-digging had long ago made dents in his chunky frame, and he had to seek a less physically-taxing business. His wife, then a model in a Fifty-seventh Street Thrift Shop, told him there was money to be made in furs. In those days there was. Mark could sell, and because I was a softie, I needed a salesman-partner who wasn't.

"Prepare for a failure? Nothing doing!" I snapped. Mark had a theory—that only the dead were honest, and while he was around, he'd try to outsmart whoever let himself be outsmarted. There must be something to that cut-throat philosophy because God knows an awful lot of knives keep waving. But it wasn't for me. My father was proud of the clean Torbin name! So was I. I wanted my son to be. Thanks to a solid reputation, the firm's credit was sky-high. Proud of it, I added sharply,

"I'd hate like the very dickens to fail legitimately; I'm certainly not going to stick creditors with a trumped-up failure."

Mark winked. "Get wise, Herb. Things aren't going to improve—they'll get worse. Dopes are blaming bad business on everything except the reason—that the fur coat just stopped being psychologically important to the young woman of today."

"That's not exactly true," I started to say meekly, but Mark cut in sarcastically.

"No? Try offering Tom's girl a coat. It just isn't important to her. If she wants to keep warm, she'll buy a synthetic. You'll have to admit the Dupont animals are an improvement over nature."

"But mink is booming," I offered. "So is Alaska seal."

"Sure. One is *mink*, the other just temporarily stylish."

"All right, then, we'll switch to manufacturing mink, not persian lamb."

"Grow up, Herb," Mark insisted. "We're in a skin game. Let's be smarter than the rest of the schmo-manufacturers. Let's buy heavily while we can, mink and

everything else. While we're shopping, we'll also pick up new homes and a couple of Caddies—in our wives' names."

I wouldn't have it under any circumstances, especially not when switching to mink might wipe out some red ink. It didn't. Too many other furriers figured the same way. With the market glutted, the established mink houses announced a 30% slash, which they could take. For the Johnnies-come-lately it meant ruin. My partner was right—fur conditions became progressively worse, but rather than foul up my name, I preferred going out clean at the end of the year. I'd not be the first man to pull out of one line and go into another after seeing a fortune and twenty years hard work sluice down the business drain.

Columbus Day, Mark said, "Connie wants her coat. Since I brought the station wagon, let's pick up all the important storage coats."

"An idea," I agreed. A cold snap and I knew what would happen. Customers who did own fur coats would start getting on the phone, and they'd want their coats the same day.

We got into Mark's car, drove from Seventh Avenue and Thirtieth Street to Ninth Avenue and Twenty-fourth. At the Arctic Storage Co. we loaded the car with sixty expensive coats. As we drove away, a black sedan side-swiped us. Two young thugs got out of the car. Before I knew it, I was looking at a revolver. "Out," one of the men snapped, "unless you think you'll look better with your head blown off!"

Another hood was at the wheel side. "Do as they say, Herbert, the coats are insured." Mark spoke calmly, his hand on the door knob.

Scrambling out from the other side, I stared dumbly at my partner. I was too scared to yell, or even to think as I looked around. People passed either way on both sidewalks, but no one seemed to know what had happened. Then I began to reason. Then instinct told me: *Mark engineered this.*

"Back to the storage house," he cried, and began to run. I sprinted after him, determined to tell cops what I thought.

It was in the papers. **FUR MANUFACTURERS ROBBED. THUGS DRIVE OFF WITH \$40,000 LOOT.** The insurance people put some men on the case. Police investigated, but maybe they need a murder to really get hot. At the end of a lot of questioning on top of questioning, there were no arrests.

People I met snickered. Mark's wife now owned the thrift shop she had worked in, and there couldn't be a more convenient outlet for the coats after they were remodelled. Mark would see to it. Mark and Tom. Not now. Not next month either. Maybe next year, when there wouldn't be anyone watching. Meanwhile the coats were hidden somewhere. New York is a big place, but I had a hunch they were in the basement of Mark's home.

Meanwhile women who lost their garments collected the insurance, and bought or ordered new coats from us. So we were busy. What furriers who envied us did not know was that I was not in on what they took for granted was a put-up job, and there was (Continued on page 89)

MINUTES

By Leslie Rusk



What can you do in a setup like this?

Your partner turns crook —

He ruins your business, and

it begins to look as if

any fight on your

part is going to

be your last. But Herb Torbin

worked it out—the hard way.





THE DEADLY BLONDE OF THE BARRANCA DE COBRE

When you're a jewel thief, you're ready for almost anything.

Like pursuers. Or hi-jackers. Or Mexicans who will kill for fun
— or jewels. But one wrong dame is worse than them all.

By Matt Weld

ACAPULCO, Feb. 11th, 1961—The latest in a series of jewel robberies in this popular resort, the theft of a \$185,000 necklace of square-cut emeralds, was reported to the police today by Mrs. Louis Holgan, widow of a wealthy Cincinnati manufacturer.

Captain of Detectives Carlos Soriano, Mexico, D.F., Police, in charge of the investigation, believes the robbery is the work of the same daring thief who earlier in the week looted suites of three other American hotel guests of jewelry valued at more than \$400,000.

—Mexican news dispatch

On that afternoon last February when pilot-owner Sam Riggs, 37, of San Diego, Calif., headed his Cessna into trouble in the turbulent sky over the Sierra Madre of northern Mexico he was on a charter flight from Acapulco to San Francisco.

One of his passengers, Roger Guion, was in his mid-thirties, medium in height and dressed in well-tailored blue flannels. He was accompanied by four pieces of expensive luggage and a sexy-looking blonde who carried a red leather train case.

The blonde's name was Iris James. She was about 25 or 26, with greenish, cat-like eyes, a 36-23-35 figure, squarish shoulders, lovely rounded buttocks and long, gorgeous legs.

They had chartered the plane at Acapulco airport where Riggs had put down overnight on a return flight north from Mexico City. Anything he picked up in the way of passengers, instead of dead-handling was found money. He could use it. Among other expenses the Cessna was about due for an overhaul.

Riggs' first impression after an eye-filling glance at the blonde was that Guion was a wealthy South Ameri-

can or European playboy. His glance swept downward over the intriguing contours below the plunging, cotton-frocked neckline. Her smile was warm and friendly.

Guion drew five crisp one hundred dollar bills from a well-filled wallet.

"This \$500 is for a charter flight to Nuevo Laredo."

There was a trace of British accent in his voice. He drew ten more one hundred dollar bills from the wallet and handed the \$1,000 to Riggs.

"After filing your flight plan you will forget about Nuevo Laredo and fly us directly to San Francisco."

Guion's dark eyes were sizing him up shrewdly. Riggs revised his opinion about him being a playboy. He said:

"I don't get you. If you're smuggling narcotics across the border I'm not interested."

"Most commendable," Guion said suavely. "I am not interested in narcotics either. Miss James and I are anxious to go to San Francisco without delay. We have reservations on a ship sailing for Honolulu tomorrow evening."

Riggs' hesitancy was brief. As long as Guion wasn't running dope he wasn't asking questions. That extra thousand dollars would come in very handy.

They took off from Acapulco and put down in the stifling heat of Victoria de Durango for refueling in accordance with the flight plan. When the Cessna climbed back to 12,000 feet instead of heading Northeast over the saw-toothed peaks of the Sierra Madre towards Nuevo Laredo, Riggs set a more westerly course paralleling the mountains.

An hour later the sky ahead no longer was cloudless blue. It was a stormy sea of murky gray surrounding grotesquely shaped black cloud islands.

"Atlantic air mass moving in fast from the South-



DEADLY BLONDE

east," Riggs said and shook his head dubiously. "We can lay-over at Hermosillo before the airport is socked in."

"That would be most inconvenient, Mr. Riggs," Guion said coolly. "I must remind you that we are in a hurry to get to San Francisco."

Iris James remained silent. She seemed to be unconcerned. She sat at ease with the small train case in her lap. He long legs were crossed, a slender foot swung idly.

Riggs scanned the sky. Experience warned him that this was no local thunderstorm which he might fly around or over. A Caribbean air mass takes up a lot of sky in breadth and depth and may have the turbulence of a hurricane.

The air was already getting bumpy. Far below he glimpsed a twisting ribbon of silver that was the Urique River, losing itself in the awesome depths of the Barranca de Cobre, the Gorge of Copper, in the heart of the Sierra Madre.

It was dangerous terrain to fly over even in calm weather. From 1684 when the Spanish padre-explorer, Salvatierra first gazed into the vastness of the Barranca de Cobre from the rim, to this day, much of it has remained unexplored, a blank upon the map.

It is known to be 8,000 feet deep in parts, more than 2,000 feet deeper than the Grand Canyon. Twice the Mexican Government has tried to have it surveyed and mapped from the air but the dangerous turbulence and downdrafts over the gorge compelled the project to be abandoned.

Riggs eased the plane's nose off to the right, away from the path of a boiling thunderhead. There was a loud crash of thunder which echoed through the cabin.

A moment later the sky turned black as night, a thick, heavy darkness intermittently lanced by jagged blue-white streaks of blinding light.

The plane began to buck violently. Only a fool would try to plow through this stormy sky and roaring wind and Riggs was far from being a fool.

"We'll have to turn back," he said and began to circle. "We'll try to make——"

His words were lost in a deafening clap of thunder. For an instant a blue-green flash of light filled the cabin and he felt a tingling sensation throughout his body, a prickling in his scalp. If the bolt hadn't struck the plane it had come very close.

The Cessna reeled, then staggered on as if it had been dealt a tremendous blow. Riggs felt the sluggish response to the controls as he eased the nose downward.

The first thing to do was to get away from the death-trap Sierra Madre. The next—if their luck held

out—was to try for an emergency landing at Hermosillo. He tried to contact the airport.

"Radio dead," he announced grimly. "That last bolt must have put it out of commission."

Neither Guion nor Iris James answered. They were staring tautly at the rolling clouds outside the windows.

Suddenly the bottom seemed to drop out of the sky and the plane pitched downward in a steep dive. Riggs heard the blonde stifle a scream as the wings fluttered ominously.

He alternately coaxed and fought the controls in vain effort to pull the Cessna out of its dive while they plunged downward through the stormy darkness.

Great walls of rock emerged from the grayness on either side, looming blackly into towering cliffs. They kept on growing fantastically higher and higher and he realized they were falling into the Barranca de Cobre.

Making a last desperate attempt to level off, just before they hit the ground, Riggs almost succeeded. Then there was a fearful ripping sound as the left wing was torn off.

The nose of the plane angled steeply into the rain-soaked ground, the forward section buckling back with the force of a battering ram. It crushed Sam Riggs' body like an egg but much more messily. He probably died instantly.

Iris James had covered her face with her arms just before the crash. With a scream of fright she catapulted through the sprung doorway of the plane. Her body struck the wet ground with a glancing blow that knocked the breath from her and the momentum rolled her over and over like a rag doll.

She was, by far, the luckiest of the three. She did not even black out but lay on her back where she had been flung, with the torrential rain beating down on her upturned face and molding the cotton frock to the seductive curves of her body.

The dizziness and shock were wearing off and she sat up, staring numbly at the wreckage of the plane. Finding her voice, she called out:

"Roger! Riggs!"

There was no answer and she got slowly to her feet. Standing there, swaying, she discovered that almost miraculously she had not been seriously injured. Except for several scratches and bruises she appeared to be all right.

Confidence, coupled with cold determination returned when she started towards the plane. If Roger Guion had been killed in the crash her plans would be altered, and perhaps for the better. As for Riggs, the pilot, it mattered little.

Feminine as she appeared, and she could be when there was something to be gained by it, Iris James was as (Continued on page 44)



The Barranca de Cobre stank of death and evil doings.

*America's 12 Most Famous Artists



Albert Dorne



Al Parker



Austin Briggs



Fred Ludekens



Harold Von Schmidt



Peter Helck



Norman Rockwell



Jon Whitcomb



Ben Stahl



Robert Fawcett



George Giusti



Steven Dohanos

*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting... lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two

years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

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To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid \$1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Mail coupon today.

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National Home Study Council, Washington,
D.C., a nationally recognized accrediting agency.

Deadly Blonde of the Barranca de Cobre

Continued from page 42

ruthless and predatory as a tigress. Besides her own survival only one thing was of importance to her—almost half a million dollars' worth of stolen jewelry in the red leather train case somewhere in the wreckage of the Cessna.

A low moan of pain came to her ears while she was approaching the plane and she saw Guion's head and shoulders protruding from under a twisted length of fuselage on the ground.

He was bleeding from a gash in his forehead and he moaned again, looking up at her with dazed eyes.

"Iris. My head—"

She lifted the fuselage sheathing and finding it lighter than she had expected, moved it to the side.

Guion's jacket was torn and he had another severe cut in his upper arm.

Pulling up her skirt, she removed her half-slip, ripped it into strips and knelt beside him, her fingers lightly touching his head.

"I doubt that your skull's been fractured," she said coolly. "You may have a concussion, of course."

He moaned and winced while she was bandaging his head and arm, then raised himself on his elbow.

"What about Riggs?"

"He didn't answer when I called him. Most likely he is still in there."

She walked to the plane, then stopped abruptly with a shudder of horror. Tightly wedged in his seat Riggs was staring at her with sightless eyes, the distorted grin of death upon his face.

Steeling herself, she crawled into the plane, past his body, making her way towards the rear of the battered cabin. Her hand reached avidly for the train case. It was intact, reassuringly heavy. She was satisfied by the familiar weight that the jewels and the .32 calibre pearl-handled automatic which Guion seldom carried on his person, were within.

Glimpsing their luggage in the smashed compartment behind, she lifted out her traveling bag. Besides her toilet articles and other things, she could make good use of the flask of cognac and small flashlight.

Guion was standing up when she returned to him. His glance went first to the train case, then to the traveling bag.

"The rest of the luggage is all there," she said. "So is Riggs. He is horrible to look at."

"I'll take what we need from the plane in the morning," he said, and pointed towards some scraggy looking pinnion trees near the base of the towering rock wall a quarter of a mile away.

"We'll look for some sort of shelter before it gets too dark. Even those trees are better than being out

in the open in this rain."

Picking up the bags he began walking. A hundred yards further on the blonde stopped with a muttered exclamation and removed her shoes. This was not ground meant for hiking in spike heels.

Reaching the trees, they sighted an opening at the base of the rock wall beyond. It appeared to be the entrance to a natural cave and they headed for it. Guion led the way in.

"Seems to be a large cave," he said. "Perhaps we can find some wood for a fire and—good God! Look there, against the wall!"

"A dead man!" she said in a startled voice.

Peering into the gloom at the body sitting against the rock wall they saw it was a man, stark naked and mummified. Skinny, fleshless arms had been crossed over the chest and bound together at the wrists. Beyond, further in the depths of the cave, they came upon other bodies seated against the wall in the identical position. Mummified men, women and children, more than a dozen of them.

At the feet of each body were the individual's possessions. Blankets, straw woven hats, serapes, axes, crude dolls, gourds and clay dishes, still containing some sort of dark, powder-dry food.

"Nothing here to be afraid of," Guion said when they had finished their brief exploration. "We've stumbled into some sort of Indian burial cave. I think it's been years since anyone else has been here."

"You expect to spend the night in this grisly place?"

"Why not? We can at least dry out. The other tenants aren't apt to bother us."

She scanned his face. He'd had it, she thought to herself. He looked drawn and tired, probably was weak from loss of blood.

"All right," she nodded grimly, "but it is not exactly my idea of a luxury hotel."

She opened her traveling bag and matter-of-factly took out comb, brush and silver flask.

Pulling her rain-soaked cotton frock off, she stripped the torn nylons from her fine legs and put on her shoes.

Clad only in black bra and panties, with spike heels beneath her slim feet, Guion reflected that in this primitive burial cave she presented the ultimate picture of anachronism.

If she was aware of the incongruity of her costume she ignored it as she reached for the flask. Guion, and other men before him, had seen her in briefer outfits. And in nothing at all.

She filled the silver screw-on cup with cognac then handed him the flask.

"Here. I think we both need a drink."

He nodded, summoning a small smile before raising the flask to his lips.

"To San Francisco," he said.

"And to all the lovely money we'll get when you sell the jewelry," she added.

Iris James was herself, again, he reflected, as he felt the warming glow of cognac. Her reactions to the shaking experiences of the afternoon had been as brief as in other tight spots they had been in together. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor brushing her silky blonde hair.

In the voluminous files of the International Criminal Police Commission, better known as Interpol, with headquarters at 60, Boulevard Gouvion Saint-Cyr, Paris, there was a lengthy dossier detailing some of the known operations of Roger Guion alias Robert Markey and Iris James, also known as Mrs. Robert Markey.

Among the 65,000 other dossiers in the active files of Interpol's Secretary General Marcel Sicot, that of Guion-Markey was included in the Top Ten of international jewel thieves.

Beginning with the initial interest of New Scotland Yard, details had been added to from time to time by the French Surete, the Belgian Ministry of Justice and the Italian Questura, all of whom manifested considerable eagerness to get their hands upon the elusive pair.

In 1956 when she first met Guion, Iris James, or to use her original name, Barbara Mae Jones, was 21 and working as an entertainer in a night spot in the Soho section of London. She also purveyed more intimate and remunerative entertainment in a small flat she maintained nearby. Having embarked on a career of prostitution at the age of 16 after fleeing from the monotony of a respectable home in Surrey, she had the instinct for preservation and the scruples of a Billingsgate alley cat in a body which she had quickly learned to dress and use to shrewd advantage.

At the club where she did a nightly strip routine she had casually noticed Guion two or three times. He was conservatively dressed and quiet. He sat alone at a small table with a whiskey and soda. Neither she nor any of the other girls made any effort to join him for the management was strict in enforcing its "at-the-gentleman's invitation-only" rule.

She was not aware that he had been carefully sizing her up until she found him waiting for her at the door one night at closing time and he suggested accompanying her to her room.

"It will cost you 20 pounds for the night, lovey," she informed him coolly.

"And worth every farthing of it, I'm sure," he said with a smile.

He spent the night in her flat. She believed him when he told her that

his name was Robert Markey and that he was in the cultured pearl business.

Iris James had never been to Paris and when he suggested that she accompany him there for a few days' holiday she was interested. Especially after he offered to pay her a hundred pounds for her companionship.

On the following afternoon Roger Guion alias Robert Markey walked into the fashionable Claridge Hotel. Using a pass key he let himself into the suite of a wealthy American couple, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Norris who were attending a garden party several miles away.

Finding Mrs. Norris' jewelry box in a bureau drawer which he unlocked with the aid of a pen knife, Guion selected a single item, a necklace of matched pearls valued at 11,500 pounds.

Putting the pearls in his pocket, Guion taxied to the flat of Iris James and kept the cab waiting while he called for her.

En route to the airport he gave her a plane ticket and a hundred pounds. He expressed sincere regrets that unfortunately something had come up at the last minute which required urgent attention. He would, however, take the first morning plane to Paris and join her at the Casagne Hotel in the Rue Godot-de-Mauroy, behind the Madeleine, where he had reserved rooms for them both in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Guion.

While they were approaching the airport Guion took the necklace from his pocket and tenderly fastened it around her neck. He explained that the pearls were cultured, that the necklace was a sample of several which his company sold for 75 pounds retail.

Iris James was delighted with the gift. She was also much too excited over her visit to Paris to wonder why Guion discreetly kissed her goodbye in the taxi instead of accompanying her into the air terminal.

She did not suspect that she was carrying the valuable Norris necklace out of the country. Neither did the detective from New Scotland Yard who by this time had been alerted to watch air, rail and steamship embarkation points for a daring jewel thief who had robbed a suite in the Claridge in broad daylight.

On the following morning Guion taxied to the airport. As he already had a record, it was inevitable that he would be recognized by two C.I.D. men who were watching at the ticket counter.

The detectives politely escorted him to a small room in the operations building and thoroughly searched his luggage and his person. He submitted with a politeness which matched theirs. They found nothing whatever of an incriminating nature and reluctantly released him.

Early in the afternoon, following a tranquil flight to Paris Guion joined the blonde at the Casagne Hotel, a modest but comfortable tourist estab-

lishment.

He took her to an excellent restaurant off the Champs-Elysée, followed by a round of night-clubbing. On returning to their rooms they had a night cap of champagne and the blonde was not in the least suspicious when Guion apologetically requested her to return the necklace to him.

"I must show it to one of my customers tomorrow afternoon," he explained. "I did not realize when I gave it to you that it was our only remaining sample of matched cultured pearls. Of course I still wish to give you a present. Shall we say another hundred pounds instead?"

"That's generous of you, lovey," she smiled. "Of course I'll return the necklace."

As she saw it then she was 25 pounds ahead. He had told her the necklace was worth 75.

She saw it quite differently three days later. Guion was away for the afternoon and she happened to read a London newspaper which had an account of the jewel theft at the Claridge. She read the description of the stolen necklace carefully and light suddenly dawned.

On Guion's return to the hotel she confronted him with the newspaper.

"This is the same necklace you gave me in the taxicab in London and then took back," she said indignantly.

"Well?" he regarded her calmly, making no effort to deny the accusation.

"I took all the risk bringing it here for you—and for only a lousy hundred pounds—"

She paused. The voice was still angry. There was a shrewd, calculating look in her greenish eyes.

"According to this newspaper the insurance company is offering five hundred pounds for information leading to the recovery of the necklace. I could turn you in."

He smiled and shrugged his well-tailored shoulders.

"I don't believe you will at that, old girl."

"Why not?" she demanded sharply.

"Because if you stop to think about it you'll realize I can be worth a lot more to you than five hundred pounds. That is, of course, if you decide to stay on with me instead of returning to London."

Iris James thought about it. Briefly, Guion was right, she reflected quickly. He could open the door to much more opportunity than she had found stripping in a Soho night spot and taking patrons to her flat as paying bed companions afterwards. Despite the fact that she had been an unwitting accomplice and resented being duped she was impressed with Guion's suave efficiency.

"What do you have in mind if I stay on?" she asked cautiously.

His dark eyes studied her for a moment before answering.

"The real nature of my business no longer is a secret to you. I have



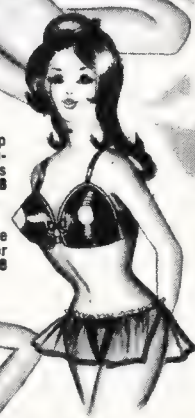
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been successful going it alone. I have felt however at times that an associate would be helpful. One who had both looks and a viewpoint that was as objective as my own."

Her forehead furrowed while she weighed his words, trying to fathom their exact meaning. In her short and far from sheltered career she had been offered many propositions. The emphasis of all of them had been on the bed chamber. This one was different and it intrigued her greatly.

Iris stayed on with him in Paris. He took her on a tour of the most fashionable stores and spared no expense in buying her dresses, shoes, smart luggage and everything else she needed. His taste, she admitted, was impeccable.

He sent her to one of the best beauty salons where a hair stylist restyled her silky blonde hair.

They were both well pleased with the result. Guion nodded in approval.

"When you arrived in Paris you were attractive and sexy," he observed. "Now you are beautiful and seductive."

A lone operator by preference in the past, Guion was discriminating in the selection of his victims, thorough in planning every detail of a jewel robbery. He always picked a time when he was certain the victim would be out while he was paying a brief visit to the hotel suite or apartment—usually in the late afternoon or early in the evening.

During the following week Guion left for Cannes after giving Iris careful instructions what to do after he sent for her. In the next few days he looked over several prospects before deciding upon a Mr. and Mrs. Donald Oakes of Baltimore who were attending the film festival.

Mr. Oakes was fiftyish, balding. Mrs. Oakes, ten years younger, was mousey in looks but moved in the brilliance of a diamond bracelet which Guion estimated was worth 20,000 at least.

Iris arrived in Cannes the next week, posing as "Mrs. James", a wealthy divorcee. After engaging a suite at the Palais Hotel, she communicated with Guion from a public telephone booth. He was registered

under the name of Markey at a less luxurious hotel.

During the next week they carried out the pattern of operations which, although occasionally varied to fit particular circumstance, proved to be highly successful in many cities and reports of Europe.

Iris contrived to meet the Oakes at the film festival. She took Mrs. Oakes on a shopping excursion and to tea. She was invited to luncheon by both of them. When she suggested that they swim and then have cocktails in her beach cabana Donald Oakes envisioned her well stacked figure in a bikini and allowed as how it was a fine idea.

She joined the couple at 4:30 P.M. wearing a bikini which met with Mr. Oakes' lecher-eyed anticipation. Mrs. Oakes wore a more conservative swim suit. As she planned to be on the beach for only a few hours she left her bracelet in her suite instead of troubling to deposit it in the hotel safe.

At precisely 4:45 P.M. Guion entered the suite and stole the bracelet. The theft was not discovered until two hours later when the Oakes returned to their rooms to dress for dinner. By that time Guion was well on his way to Rome.

Iris was not suspected of having been implicated in the robbery. She was not even questioned. She remained in Cannes for another week, continuing to play her role and seeing the Oakes before going on to Rome where Guion had engaged a duplex apartment for her under the name of Mrs. Markey.

The apartment was on the fashionable Corso de Vittorio and Iris occupied it for several months. Guion shared it with her only occasionally, having discreetly set up living quarters elsewhere.

Iris appeared to be a wealthy and desirable young English divorcee to the many male acquaintances she made while enjoying the night life of the Via Veneto. Now and then she permitted one of the more important social connections to sleep with her. She gave several cocktail parties in her duplex to which she invited some well known figures of the American film colony and wealthy visitors in Rome.

Guion remained a shadowy figure in the background. He never attended any of her cocktail parties. He chose that time to rob the room of a selected guest who did.

In the course of the next few weeks they moved leisurely, and profitably on to Madrid, Geneva, Amsterdam and several other cities.

With reports of important jewel thefts collecting in Interpol files following Mrs. Markey's friendship with the victims it was inevitable that the international police began to suspect that this was more than a series of coincidences.

Probing into the background of the fascinating Mrs. Iris Markey, New



"I'd still prefer pig's feet!"

Scotland Yard failed to find any record of a marriage or of a divorce.

By means of a snapshot secured by Antwerp police following the gem robbery in the home of one of Mrs. Markey's many friends, a prosperous Belgian diamond merchant, they did succeed in identifying her as Iris James, once an entertainer in a small time London night club.

But this was as far as New Scotland Yard got.

Following Mrs. Markey's glamorous trail through Europe, Interpol discovered men who had figured briefly in her life since leaving England. Some of them were eminently respectable. Some were not. None of them, by any stretch of the imagination, could be considered as one of the most accomplished jewel thieves operating on the Continent.

Guion had engineered their association with consummate skill. Interpol, at the time, did not even suspect that there was a link between him and the blond.

Interpol headquarters did the best it could under the circumstances. A bulletin was sent out to all member police organizations suggesting that it would be advisable to keep a watch on Mrs. Iris Markey if and when she chose to sojourn in their midst.

It was not until December, 1960 that the bulletin produced results.

While making a routine check of new arrivals one afternoon, Inspector Klaus of the Vienna Police noticed the name of Mrs. Iris Markey in the desk register of the Hotel Regina.

After ascertaining from the desk clerk Frau Markey was not in her suite, Klaus borrowed a pass key and went up to search her rooms.

He had scarcely commenced when he heard a key in the door and he darted in the nearest wardrobe closet. Hiding within, he admitted to himself that he was in a bad spot. He had entered the suite solely on suspicion, hoping to find something incriminating. As yet, however, there was no evidence that Mrs. Markey had any connection with an actual jewel theft. Right now he could only hope that she had returned prematurely because she had forgotten something and would soon leave again.

Whether it was intuition or whether she had heard sounds within before entering, Iris sensed that there was someone in her rooms.

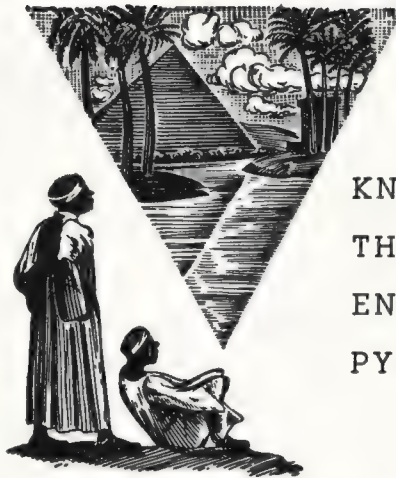
At first she gave no indication of it. She knelt beside her bed and removed the train case from under it. Opening it, she took out Guion's .32 automatic and approached one of the wardrobe closets. It was empty.

She found Klaus hiding in the other closet. He emerged red-faced, the muzzle of the .32 pointed at his belly.

"Put down your gun," he said in embarrassment. "I am Inspector Klaus of the Vienna Police."

"You are a liar," she informed him coolly. "You are a thief."

"Please, Frau Markey. I have my credentials in my pocket. If you will



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permit me—"

"Credentials can be forged or stolen," she snapped.

She believed that he was telling the truth but she had quickly decided to pretend she didn't. If nothing was wrong she could apologize for her mistake later. She'd have to get in touch immediately with Guion for instructions.

"Get down on the floor on your stomach. Put your hands behind your back and don't try any tricks."

"Please, Frau Markey. My credentials—"

He stopped, reading the cold determination in her green cat eyes.

"Either do as I say or I'll kill you!"

He got down on the floor and put his hands behind his back. With the gun still trained on him she stepped to the bureau and took some of her nylon stockings from a drawer.

Approaching him again she realized she would need both of her hands to tie him. She solved the problem by putting her foot on his neck and pinning his head to the floor. Her spike heel bit cruelly into the flesh as she bent over and tied his wrists together with a stocking. Removing her foot, she moved down and tied his ankles.

Leaving him for a moment she went into the bathroom, knotted a towel in the middle. His eyes rolled in helpless protest while she gagged him tightly.

She went into the other room and hesitated before picking up the telephone. She had always used a public telephone before to call Guion and she realized the danger of not doing so now. There was no helping it, however. She could not leave the police inspector alone in her rooms. Not until she received instructions from Guion.

She called him at the Mittelhaus and breathed a sigh of relief on finding him in his room. She told him what had happened.

"I think we'd better leave Vienna," he told her calmly. "Check out of your hotel and meet me at Aspern Airport."

"I can be out of here in ten minutes or less."

"Good. Be sure your guest will remain quiet after you leave. It will also be helpful if he is not discovered too soon."

She hung up, quickly packed her bags and placed them near the door. Before phoning for the porter she rolled the helpless Klaus under her bed with her foot and made certain that the bed spread reached down to the floor on the side facing the door.

The porter saw nothing suspicious when he carried her bags down to a taxicab. Neither did the desk clerk when she checked out. As he explained in consternation to the police afterwards, he assumed that the inspector had left Frau Markey's suite before she did, by a rear entrance, and that he had forgotten to return the pass key.

One illuminating clue did turn up soon after her precipitate departure. The hotel telephone operator had a record of the call she made to the Mittelhaus. The male guest she phoned had checked out at approximately the same time she did. His description corresponded to that of Roger Guion in the Interpol files. With the link between Guion and Mrs. Markey definitely established, the hunt for the pair of them was on.

Guion astutely realized this was bound to result. Understanding the circumstances he did not blame Iris. On the contrary, after boarding a plane for Tangiers he complimented her for the manner in which she had handled the situation.

"It's really time we left Europe anyhow," he added reflectively.

He was somewhat given to understatement.

At the colorful and expensive El Minzah Hotel in Tangiers they registered as Mr. and Mrs. Felix Dubuisson, Geneva, Switzerland.

They took a balconied suite with a splendid view of the Bab el Marsa, the Gate of the Port, with the Strait of Gibraltar and Cape Spartel backgrounding the lacquer blue of the Mediterranean.

During their stay they kept very much to themselves. The management assumed they were on a honeymoon and while this was not precisely the case, they did relax comfortably for several days during which Guion ignored two or three inviting opportunities afforded by other guests for him to engage in his profession. He did not commit any thefts in Tangiers and "Mr. and Mrs. Dubuisson" attracted no unwelcome attention from the police.

Late in January, 1961, they flew to Mexico City where they registered at the Reforma still as the Swiss Dubuissons. A few days later Iris left Mexico City alone. When she checked in at a hotel in Acapulco she was again the glamorous divorcee, Mrs. Markey.

Guion arrived at another hotel soon afterwards. He was pleased to discover that the Las Brisas Hilton and other luxury hostels overlooking yacht-studded Acapulco Bay were filled with carefree and careless guests surrounded by an atmosphere of wealth and affluence.

All this fitted admirably into his own plans to clean up in this Mexican resort, dispose of the jewelry through a fence he knew in San Francisco and then proceed to Hawaii with the blonde for an indefinite and prolonged vacation until Interpol forgot about them.

In the 10 day period between February 1st and February 11th, 1961, with his usual adroit technique he perpetrated four jewel robberies netting almost a half a million dollars' worth of gems.

He flew out of Acapulco with Iris before he was suspected by the Mexican police.

Everything had been working out splendidly until a sudden and violent storm over the Sierra Madre sent their plane crashing into the remote, little-explored Barranca de Cobre.

The rain had stopped some time before Guion and the blonde awakened from troubled sleep.

They stared out at the shallow Urique River, at the pastel reds and yellows of the tremendous rock cliffs towering almost sheerly for a mile and a half upward towards a golden blaze of cloudless sky.

The enormity of the canyon, the impressiveness of the silence gripped them both. Far beyond their element, suddenly plunged into this primitive world, neither of them had any more familiarity with the great outdoors than gained by viewing scenery with detached interest from a plane or train.

The blonde turned to Guion with a questioning frown.

"No sign of a house or anything else. How far do you suppose it is to the nearest village?"

"I have no idea," he admitted. "The best thing for us to do is to follow the river downstream a bit. We'll probably come to an Indian fishing village before long."

"Wait until I find something more suitable than these bra and panties."

She took a cotton blouse and a pair of Bermuda shorts from her traveling bag, put them on and knotted the shirt ends across her bare midriff. She contemplated the pair of silver mules in the bag briefly. The heels were as high as the spikes she had been wearing. There were shoes much more suitable for walking in one of the bags still in the plane.

"Suppose we first remove the luggage and bring it back here?" She suggested practically. "There are several things we both can use."

He nodded and picked up the train case. She watched him take it further back into the cave and place it out of sight in a niche in the rock wall.

"Just a precaution in case we have any inquisitive visitors while we're out," he commented.

She followed him barefooted on the still moist ground through the stand of piñons towards the wreckage of the plane near the river bank.

Several paces before they reached the plane he came to an abrupt stop and pointed at the sandy ground.

"Look there!" he exclaimed, startled.

"What is it?" she asked with a puzzled expression.

"Animal tracks—Jaguar, I think. Probably was trying to find a way to get at Riggs' body."

The pug marks of the tigre circled completely around the wreckage, approached the cabin opening and doubled back. The blonde shuddered and glanced about apprehensively.

"Do you think it's still around?"

"I doubt it. I don't know much about jaguars except that they are large and savage. I fancy that like



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most cats they are nocturnal. I'd say that this one prowled around the plane during the night. It will return again tonight, I suppose."

"I don't like it," she said uneasily. "Let's go back. Even the cave is safer than this."

"We'll get the luggage first. You wait right here."

He crawled into the plane and she heard him moving around. Then his head reappeared in the opening, his mouth tight-lipped, his face a sickly green.

Tossing three bags to the ground, one after another, he quickly followed. He retrieved two of the bags.

"Take the other one," he ordered harshly.

For a moment his face looked even greener and she thought that he was about to be sick right there. Then he gained control of himself and started off. He didn't speak again until they reached the cave.

"That jaguar was inside the plane during the night," he said grimly. "It got at Riggs—"

They changed their plans, deciding to postpone going downstream until the following day. Guion reasoned that someone might have seen the Cessna falling into the canyon and might even now be searching for it. If this was so, it was advisable to remain in the general area of the wreck so they would be sure to see a rescue party.

Early in the afternoon they gathered several armloads of dry branches and stacked them outside of the cave.

"If it's necessary to spend another night here," Guion pointed out, "a fire in front of the entrance will keep any prowling animals at a distance. The blaze might also be seen by someone."

They walked a short distance along the canyon wall, foraging for food.

Among the scrub they found a few sparse berry bushes and further on several stunted trees some of which bore strange looking fruits. They were both doubtful if any of the species were edible until they came upon a tall cactus-like tree with purplish fruit about the size of a large egg on the dark green branches.

"Pitahaya!" Iris exclaimed in recognition. "It's very good."

"How do you know?" Guion asked curiously.

"I've eaten it in Acapulco. They sell it in the La Concha market."

He shook some of the fruit down from the branches and tasted it. The pitahaya was deliciously sweet, soft and nourishing. After they had made a meal of it he filled his pockets and they stopped at the river before returning to the cave.

Iris removed the bandages from Guion's head and arm and examined the injuries. The gash in his forehead was ugly. It would leave a scar he'd bear for the rest of his life.

She washed the wounds and in the cave re-banded them with strips

still remaining from her half slip.

At twilight they built a fire and sat near the entrance, making another meal of pitahaya.

"At least we won't starve," he commented. "There must be many other edible kinds of fruit—and fish in the river."

She regarded him quizzically.

"This is not exactly my idea of a Garden of Eden," she said. "Incidentally how would you catch fish without some sort of a line and hook?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The river is shallow. I could make a wooden spear or make a rock trap in the water if it becomes necessary but I doubt that it will."

She gazed out beyond the flicking yellow flames smelling fragrantly of burning copal wood. The stars shone brightly high above like spangles sprinkled across dark velvet. They bathed the silent canyon in a soft light with a thousand weird shadows projected by the jutting rocks in the canyon walls.

"What happens after we are rescued or we find a village? About going on to San Francisco I mean."

He had been wondering about this himself. It would have been easy if the Cessna had not crashed. If the Mexican police suspected them at all they would check the flight plan and hunt for them several hundred miles away in the direction of Nuevo Laredo. They would have smuggled the stolen gems across the border west of Juarez without difficulty. Now things were changed.

"We'll leave the train case hidden here in the cave temporarily," he decided. "It may be best for us both to cross the border into the United States and for me to return here alone later. It depends entirely on circumstances. We'll wait and see."

She understood the logic of his reasoning. Guion, she reflected sleepily, was always logical and sure of himself.

They were awakened some time after dawn by the sound of voices. Opening her eyes she looked up at a tall, compactly built Mexican regarding her with an amused smile on his face. He stood at ease, his thumbs hooked in a broad, silver-decorated gun belt around his lean waist. A worn leather holster with the butt of a .45 protruding hung low on his hip.

Behind him three dark-eyed Yaqui Indians with flat faces and skin the color of saddle leather, contemplated her in silence.

The Mexican's smile broadened showing even white teeth. His glance moved to Guion, to their luggage, and then returned to her.

"Permit me to introduce myself, Señora. I am Ruiz Mendes. And you are—?"

"Our name is Guion." Guion answered for her. "Mr. and Mrs. Roger Guion. We are very grateful to you for finding us."

"De nada. Your plane was seen over the Barranca during the storm.

Last night we observed your fire and knew that there were survivors."

This meant, Guion concluded optimistically, that a village could not be very far away. Sizing up Ruiz Mendes he asked:

"Are you an officer of the Rurales?"

Two of the Yaquis, the ones in dirty T-shirts grinned. The third, a huge, powerfully built Indian wearing only chino pants, a holstered revolver and worn-at-the-heel vaquero boots scowled darkly.

"I am not of the Rurales, Señor Guion," Mendes answered. "Ya lo creo! Neither the Rurales nor survivors of a plane crash are welcome visitors in the Barranca—"

He paused, his glance roving over the blonde's seductive body in undisguised approval.

"—Except of course in the case of a survivor as attractive as the señora."

She gave him a small, uneasy smile acknowledging the compliment. She did not know quite how to take this ruggedly good-looking young Mexican with the casual air and bold eyes. She maintained silence, willing to let Guion handle the situation.

As for Guion, for once he seemed uncertain. He had sensed a vague personal threat in Mendes' words.

"Paco!" Mendes snapped.

The giant Yaqui grunted and reached for his revolver. As the muzzle prodded him between the shoulder blades Guion was suddenly gripped by icy fear.

"I don't understand," he protested to Mendes. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Vamos!" Paco grunted and shoved him roughly towards the entrance of the cave.

"What are you doing?"

With a cry of alarm Iris started towards Guion. Mendes stepped quickly in front of her, blocking her way.

"You will remain here with me, Señora!"

His arms circled her slender waist, drawing her to him. The two Yaquis, still grinning, followed Paco silently out of the cave while the blonde struggled vainly in Mendes' arms.

She fought, at first with the fury of a trapped tigress but he was much too strong for her.

"Do not fight me, Señora," he whispered softly in her ear.

"Let me go, you—"

His lips pressed tightly to hers, smothering her words.

The thing she was to remember afterwards—the thing which set Mendes apart from other men whose impetuous advances she had resisted on occasion was the gentleness of his unyielding, implacable force.

Prodded on by the giant Yaqui, Guion was marched towards the stand of piñons. For some minutes, on seeing six Indians idling in the shade beside several tethered horses he regained hope that his life was not in jeopardy.

He tried to tell himself that the

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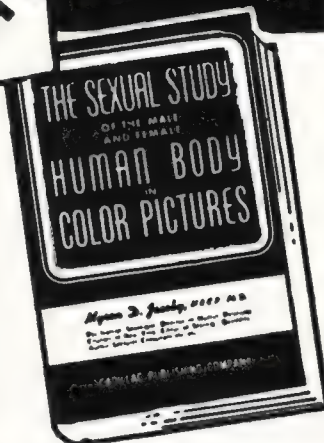
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only reason Mendes had ordered Paco to remove him from the cave was to be alone with the blonde. This did not concern him greatly. There had been men in her life before he met her in London. And others afterwards, from Cannes to Acapulco. She was well able to take care of herself.

The Yaquis surveyed Guion with dark, curious eyes as they approached the trees.

"Vamos!" Paco grunted again and kept on marching him through the pinons.

Apprehension seized Guion once more, followed by stark fear.

"Where are you taking me?"

Paco did not answer.

They were nearing the far end of the trees when he suddenly kicked out savagely at Guion's legs, knocking him forward on his knees.

Feeling the muzzle of the jab the back of his head, Guion screamed—a high pitched shriek of terror.

In the cave Iris neither heard the scream, nor the roar of the heavy revolver immediately afterward. Paco had squeezed the trigger and sent a

slug crashing into Guion's brain.

They had been riding their horses along the canyon bottom for almost two hours before Mendes called a halt.

The Yaquis bunched up, chattering among themselves in their guttural Indian dialect.

Mendes glanced at the weary girl beside him. She sat silently astride her horse, her face a mask, her mind still numbed and appalled by Guion's death.

Mendes pointed at the trail ahead. It zigzagged up the towering canyon wall, through tasajillo, zacasil, prickly pear and other hardy cactus, tufting the pastel rocks.

"Up there is Zapa where we are going. The trail is steep but your horse is as sure-footed as a burro. Simply give him his head."

She gave no indication that she had heard him. She rode quietly behind him, trying to think. For more than four and a half years Guion had done much of the thinking for her in things that were important and now Guion was dead.

Ruiz Mendes, she knew, was an outlaw, a bandit wanted by the Rurales for at least half a dozen killings in connection with two bank hold-ups in the State of Durango. He had told her about them as they rode through the canyon.

It had been necessary to kill Señor Guion, he had added calmly. Regrettable but necessary for he would only be in the way.

They climbed for almost an hour before seeing any sign of habitation. Then, half way up the canyon, the ground unexpectedly leveled into a vast shelf and several thatched-roof adobe houses and a corral came into view. Beyond was a low, rambling hacienda and, some distance behind it, the canyon wall. A picturesque little waterfall tumbled downward over the rocks in a series of spray-tossed cascades, emptying into a limpid pool framed by the greenery of lush sacuquista grass.

"El Rancho Perdido, the Lost Ranch," Mendes informed her with a touch of pride. "Once it was a little Indian village called Zapa. Then an important politico from Mexico City found it, cleared out the Indians and built the hacienda for his retirement.

"Por Dios! When the Rurales began hunting for me in an earnest I decided I had better use for it than he did."

She knew he expected her to say something.

"It looks attractive," she admitted.

"Did you take it from him?"

He grinned and leaving her question unanswered, lifted her lightly from the saddle and set her upon the ground.

Paco led their horses off to the corral and he ushered her within the hacienda to a large, comfortable living room with jaguar skins on the polished wood floor. Eyeing the floor she intuitively sensed that there was a woman somewhere about.

A girl appeared, a raven-haired Mexican of about 19, with an attractive oval face and high, proud breasts.

"This is Rosa," Mendes said. "She will show you to your room." The girl surveyed her. Iris saw quick resentment in her dark eyes.

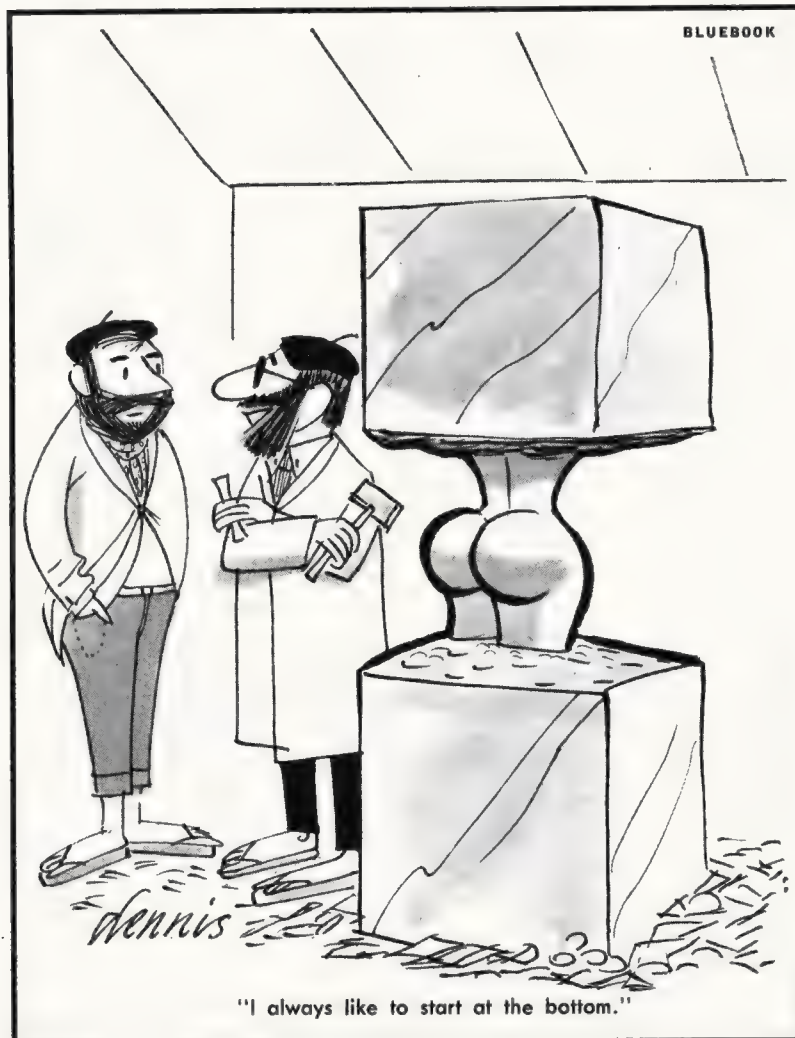
"If you will follow me, señora."

Rosa led her to one of several bedrooms opening from a corridor and departed without another word. With a sigh of fatigue she sank into a cowhide-upholstered chair.

There was a soft knock at the door. A Yaqui entered, carrying her luggage which he set down upon a wooden chest. Mendes had not forgotten it. He had ordered his men to bring it along from the cave.

Opening the other door to the room she discovered a bathroom with a tub and she turned the "caliente" tap. She was gratified to find that it yielded hot water.

Leaving both taps running she filled the tub while she slowly undressed. She stepped into the bath and relaxed for a long while.



Afterwards she towed her body, opened one of her bags and donned bras and panties. Sitting before a mirror she carefully did her hair, arranging it in a becoming hair-do. She selected a black cotton frock with matching pumps and when she had completed dressing, stood in front of the mirror, surveying the result. Except for some muscle soreness she decided that she was almost herself again.

"Comida, señora."

A barefooted young Indian girl had come quietly into the room. As if doubting that Iris understood Spanish she put her finers to her mouth and made the motions of eating.

Iris found Mendes alone in the living room, drinking a glass of tequila. He looked up at the staccato taps of her high heels on the wooden floor and his face was a study in admiration as he put down his empty glass. The blonde coming towards him was even more attractive, more seductive in appearance than when he had first seen her in the cave.

"Gente bien," he murmured, impressed. "A lady of much quality." Iris managed a small smile. The look she read in Mendes' eyes was familiar. She had seen it in the eyes of other men whom she wrapped around her little finger soon afterwards.

Ruiz Mendes, she reflected with returning confidence, might be a bandit and a killer. But he was also a man impressionable and susceptible to her charms. In addition he was young and not at all bad looking.

Later that night, when he picked her up in his strong arms and carried her off to his bedroom she did not offer even token resistance. On the contrary, she had been looking forward to it with increasing anticipation during the evening—

On the second afternoon while Mendes was at the corral, leaving her to her own devices she investigated the pool at the base of the little waterfall.

It proved to be an enchanting spot, a natural swimming pool in an idyllic setting with wildflowers growing in the sacuista grass and the hot sunlight slanting downward from the far rim of the Barranca.

On impulse she shed her blouse and shorts and dove into the cool, inviting water. After a swim she stretched out nately on the grass, lying sensuously in the sunshine while she dried.

She closed her eyes against the intense brilliance of the light and for a few minutes she drowsed.

Suddenly she was wide awake with the feeling that she was being watched. She sat up and at first saw no one. Then she heard the rustle of grass behind her.

Her body went taut as she turned her head and saw the Mexican girl, Rosa, approaching one a few paces away.

There was no mistaking the girl's intent either. Jealousy was written on her face and gleaming in her nar-

rowed eyes; death in the slim blade of the knife she held in her upraised hand.

With a scream Iris jumped to her feet.

Rosa came to a stop and glared at her. She spat out the words that rose in fury to her tight red lips.

"You took Ruiz from me. Now I shall kill you."

"No!" Iris screamed again. "Wait —"

Abruptly the infuriated girl launched herself forward.

It was only by sheer luck that Iris grabbed her wrist before the knife descended. She screamed as the point grazed her shoulder, then struggled desperately to bend the girl's arm back, to fend the deadly knife away.

Although she was taller than the girl and outweighed her by ten pounds, Rosa was strong and wiry. Twisting and fighting furiously, she tried to claw at Iris' eyes with her other hand.

Drawn by the screams, Mendes appeared at the run.

"Hija del diablo!" he growled, "daughter of the Devil!"

He jerked Rosa backward by the hair as if her slender neck would break.

"Vaya!" He slapped her cruelly across the mouth.

She landed in a small heap and whimpered, blood trickling from her lips. Mendes turned to Iris.

"She will not bother you again."

Badly shaken, Iris looked at the girl who had tried to kill her. Rosa was very young and jealous, she thought to herself, but no man was worth fighting over like this.

"You have hurt her enough," she said, revolted by this display of Mendes' brutality.

He regarded her quizzically. She was suddenly aware that she was standing there stark naked.

"No harm will come to her, senora. I shall have Paco take her up out of the Barranca. Back to her people in the village of Samachique."

He kept his word. Early the next morning Rosa and the giant Yaqui rode slowly up the steep trail towards the rim. Paco did not return until two days later, leading the other horse.

It wasn't long before Mendes and her surroundings began to pall on the blonde and her natural restlessness asserted itself. During the day she found herself left largely to her own devices with little of interest to occupy her time.

She lounged about the hacienda and frequented the pool and her boredom grew. At night Mendes was ardent in his love making but this too, soon ceased to interest her. She had never been physically attracted to any one man for long. It was not in her nature. Guion had understood her better than any of the others. Theirs had been essentially a business relationship with sex infrequent and incidental. She had always been free to

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share her bed with any other man, whether for business or pleasure.

More and more, as the days went by, she thought about the gems that were hidden in the cave and about escaping from the Barranca.

She had never mentioned the stolen jewelry to Mendes and she was confident that he had not found her train case in the cave. She was equally certain that he would never give her freedom.

If she could get to the rim of the canyon with the gems, she reflected, escape could be managed. Mendes had mentioned the village of Samachique where Paco had taken Rosa. The Yaqui had returned within two days, which meant that the village was not more than a day's ride from the hacienda. If she succeeded in getting to Samachique she would find a way to leave the country and travel on to San Francisco. And there she would look up a man named Johnson, the fence who would dispose of the jewelry.

She shook her head grimly. She was looking too far ahead. She would have to take it very slowly. The first step was to contrive to return to the cave alone, more than a three hours' ride, to retrieve the jewelry. She would then have to hide it in her luggage until she found an opportunity to escape.

She began to put her plan into execution shrewdly. She told Mendes that she wished to ride and he readily agreed. He was, for that matter, pleased. He took it as an indication of her growing interest in her surroundings. Of sharing his life in the Barranca.

"I shall select a gentle horse," he said. "There will also be one of the Indians to ride with you. Pues! you will find many spots of enchantment in the Barranca."

"I am sure of it," she said and gave him a provocative smile.

On the following morning she began riding in the canyon with a flat-faced, non-communicative Yaqui named Tomás who spoke no Spanish.

She was much too smart to object to his company and for several days she limited herself to short rides downstream, in the direction away from the cave. It was curious terrain, hot and sandily arid where the sun beat fully down, green and cool by contrast in the shadows cast by the towering walls.

There was no sign of a village along the Urique River, nor of a human being. Parrots, toucans and other bird life abounded as did deer. Iguanas skittered into the scrub at their approach and once, at the base of a zacasil cactus, Tomas pointed to a dead olive and gray fer-de-lance.

"Palanca!" he grunted, using the Yaqui word.

He crooked two fingers like fangs, struck at his arm, grimaced and dropped his head to his chest.

She got the idea all right and suppressed a shudder. After that she

watched for poisonous snakes.

She allowed two weeks to pass before suggesting to Mendes that Tomás no longer accompany her on her daily rides.

"He is no company," she explained. "He speaks neither English nor Spanish."

"And besides," she added with a smile of challenge, "his presence shows that you do not trust me."

"But you are wrong," he grinned, "it is not a question of trust. There is no way out of the Barranca except by the trail up past the hacienda. And surely you have no desire to leave me."

Thereafter she rode alone and her daily rides became longer.

In the coolness of the early morning, several days later, she set off down the trail wearing a light sweater over her shirt. Mendes was at the corral when she rode by.

"Hasta la vista, querida," he called out and waved.

She returned his wave and smiled.

When she reached the bottom of the trail she took off her sweater, hung it over her saddle and turned her horse to the right instead of the left, heading upstream. Accustomed now to riding, her thighs and long, lovely legs firm by weeks of exercise, she followed the Urique River without halting until some three hours later when she identified the stand of piñon trees near the cave.

She tethered her horse in the woods and with the sweater over her arm approached the entrance to the cave. Nearing it, she steeled her nerve.

She had spoken coolly when she had come upon the mummified bodies with Guion but this time it was different. Now she was alone.

She avoided looking at the sightless eyes and the distorted grin of the Indian mummy near the entrance when she went in. She tried not to look at the other bodies sitting against the wall as they had for many centuries.

Striding determinedly past them she made directly for the niche in the rock where Guion had hidden her train case. It was still there and she reached for it with eager hands, placed it upon the ground and opened it.

She removed the pearl handled automatic and thrust it into her waistband to get it temporarily out of the way. Then she took out the Holgan necklace and her fingers caressed the cool squares of the emeralds.

Knotting the sleeve of her sweater, she placed the necklace within. One by one, she took out the other three pieces of jewelry Guion had stolen in Acapulco hotels, a diamond bracelet, a diamond dinner ring with a huge, perfect stone and another necklace of matched pearls. She put them all within the sweater sleeve.

Almost half a million dollars' worth of exquisite gems selected with Guion's usual discrimination, she gloated, and now they were all hers.

Late that afternoon when she rode back to the hacienda she went to her room with her sweater bunched over her arm. Neither Mendes nor the young Indian girl thought anything about the apparently careless way in which she carried it.

She placed the jewelry at the bottom of one of her bags together with the automatic and covered them with her negligee.

Undressing, preparatory to a leisurely bath before dinner, she reflected that this first step had been easier than she had dared hope.

Now she must bide her time and watch for her opportunity to escape from Mendes.

She was in the patio of the hacienda with Mendes two evenings later when one of the Yaquis, a swarthy Indian named Huila, who looked almost negroid in features, hurried to them.

There was a quick exchange in dialect. From the significant way in which Huila glanced at her Iris gathered she figured in their conversation.

Mendes turned to her with a frown.

"It seems that Rosa has gone to the police," he said. "Por Dios! but she was the jealous one. She informed them that una rubia, a blonde woman who survived the plane crash in the Barranca is to be found here with me."

"According to Huila five Rurales are coming to the hacienda. With them is an Americano. A relative, perhaps?"

Iris shook her head, puzzled and vaguely apprehensive. She did not like the sound of it.

"I have no relatives," she said. "Nor do I think I know this Americano. Perhaps they intend to investigate the wreck of the plane."

"It is a possibility but I think that they are much more interested in us."

She scanned his face. It appeared undisturbed. She felt quite sure that he did not suspect her background. But now, perhaps, thanks to Rosa, the Mexican police had succeeded in tracking her here. She tried to conceal her anxiety from her voice.

"What do you intend to do about the Rurales and this stranger?"

He gave her question an interpretation of his own.

"There is no need for you to worry, querida. They will not separate us."

Once before, he added, a party of Rurales had attempted to descend from the rim of the Barranca de Cobre and come to the hacienda. He and his men had been waiting for them in ambush part way up the trail.

"And now," he grinned, "we will prepare to receive them as we did before."

He left her then and with Huila started walking towards the corral, calling out for Paco. Later she saw them start up the trail towards the rim in the bright moonlight.

She went into the hacienda, found a bottle of rum and took it to the living room where she seated herself on

the massive leather-covered divan. She drank a rum and water and then another.

The police had seemed far away after taking off from Acapulco. She had hardly given them another thought until now. She felt too uneasy to go to her bedroom. She raised her feet to the divan and stretched out, determined to wait for Mendes' return.

Some time later she fell asleep.

It was almost dawn when she was awakened by a hand roughly shaking her by the shoulder. She opened her eyes to see Paco. He was bare to the waist as usual, stinking as always of horse sweat.

"Get up," he growled and slapped her hard across the face.

She sat up, stung into wakefulness. She glared at him hatefully a hatred which had been mutual since the day he ruthlessly shot Guion.

"Mendes will kill you for this." Her voice was cold with fury.

"Mendes is dead and so is Tomás. And so are four of the Rurales and the stranger who was with him. He was not an Americano but a detective de policía. It was because of you that Mendes died. You and that other puta, Rosa."

She eyed him, stunned.

"I do not understand."

"No?" Tiny bubbles of saliva frothed from his thin lips, he was beside himself with rage. "Por Dios then I shall explain."

"The Rurales were not coming here for Mendes. They were coming here for you. Before he died this detective said that you and the one I killed in the Barranca stole jewelry in Acapulco worth millions of pesos."

She felt the wild pounding of her heart as she tried to find words with which to answer him. No feminine wiles would work with this primitive giant she realized. He was all anger, like no man she had ever encountered before.

"Where have you hidden this jewelry which the detective said was worth millions of pesos?"

Jerking her to her feet, he pinioned one arm behind her and moved it relentlessly upward until she screamed in pain.

"Stop! I will get it for you."

"Bien!" he growled, and released her arm. "And now be quick about it."

Her knees were shaking as she started towards the bedroom. She tried to control herself. She knew she would not live long after she handed over the jewelry. He would kill her then as he had killed Guion.

He walked cat-footed behind her into the bedroom.

Her mind was clearing. She decided exactly what she was going to do. She pointed to the larger of her two suitcases which she kept on the wooden chest.

"They are in there."

He opened the bag and looked inside. He picked it up in his big hands

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and scowled when he shook it.

"You lie. This maleta is empty."

"Please—" she pretended to be confused, "I forgot that the jewelry was in my other bag. I will get it for you."

She had maneuvered to get around to the other side of the bed alone and the ruse worked. Although he watched her suspiciously he remained where he was.

Kneeling down, she pulled her smaller bag from under the bed and opened it, feeling for the cool butt of the .32 beneath a nylon negligee. Releasing the safety as she raised it, she fired across the bed from her knees, aiming at the middle of his bare chest.

At a range of eight feet she did not miss. A small hole suddenly appeared in his chest and she triggered again.

The double impact of the bullets pushed him backward like a man staggered by a fierce blast of wind. Then he steadied on his feet.

"Putá!" he roared, and came on.

She fired again and again, quickly. The bullets drilled into his chest like the others but he was a man of tremendous strength and hard to kill.

It wasn't until she triggered for the fifth time that he toppled forward, sprawling across the bed.

She started to get to her feet and this proved to be a fatal error.

With the last of his ebbing strength his hand was groping towards his holster.

It came up gripping his gun and he fired a .45 slug squarely into the blonde's beautiful face.

On the following day another, and larger party of Rurales came down

the precipitous trail from the rim of the Barranca de Cobre. With them was Captain of Detectives Carlos Soriano, Mexico, D.F. Police.

This time with Mendes and Paco dead, the Yaquis made no attempt to stop them, but fled to the bottom of the vast canyon.

An atmosphere of ominous silence surrounded the hacienda and when the Rurales entered it was to find only a terrified young Indian girl cowering in the kitchen.

"Where is the Señora?" Capt. Soriano asked. "La rubia with the hair of gold?"

"I have little Spanish, patron," she answered haltingly.

He repeated the question slowly and she pointed a trembling finger towards one of the bedrooms.

"La rubia is in there. I heard much shooting within. I have not dared to enter."

In the bedroom the Rurales found the body of a giant Yaqui sprawled across the bed and that of Iris James, also known as Mrs. Robert Markey and Mrs. Roger Guion on the floor. In the bag beside her Capt. Soriano found valuable pieces of jewelry which he identified as having been stolen from hotel suites in Acapulco, several weeks before.

In the course of time, following cooperation with the various insurance companies concerned, the jewels were returned to their rightful owners.

And in May, 1961, after receiving a detailed report from Capt. Soriano, Interpol headquarters in Paris removed the dossier of Guion-Markey permanently from the active files of the world's Top Ten jewel thieves. •

subtly tucked in their hair-dos, worn under their garters or between their bosoms.

Another implement of war used by the women was the time-tested one of hysteria. One example out of hundreds of cases will be given. On Esplanade, the fashionable street of the French section, two Federal officers happened to meet an elegantly gowned lady. As the Yankees drew closer, the grand dame let out something between a gasp and a yelp. Rather than pass the officers, she threw herself into the gutter and lay there rigid and screaming. The Feds tried to assist her, but their efforts only brought on more advanced rigor mortis in the lady. As her screams were attracting a crowd, the Yanks took off on the double. After they had gone, the woman got to her feet, straightened her soiled dress and went on her way.

When Federal funeral processions passed in the streets, some women—in fairness, it must go on record that not too many went this far—would laugh wildly. It was after one of these outbursts on the part of a distraught woman, that Butler struck for the first time. He had the lady arrested and the military court sentenced her to several weeks confinement on barren Ship Island.

The question will be asked, was Ben Butler's role as overlord of a proud city during a bitter war, the only reason for the Petticoat Uprising? It wasn't if you believe even part of the many charges brought against him.

Benjamin F. Butler according to New Orleans tradition, made the "mostest the fastest" of any grafter in the history of America! He covered his tracks so expertly that what everyone knew, no one could prove. But even in a Federal report it was stated that "Colonel" Andrew Jackson Butler made a cool two million dollars in less than six months during brother Benjamin's rule. Such brotherly solicitude on the part of the general didn't go unrewarded, New Orleans was sure. Colonel Andy, they said, was the civilian front for the super-firm, Butler Brothers, Gravy Merchants.

With the South in desperate need of medicines, salt, food and "store bought" clothing, Confederate agents would pay fantastic prices for these items. It became winked-at Federal policy to allow trading with the enemy in order to tempt the South to bankrupt itself in order to get these things. A violent inflation in Dixie was encouraged and was thought to be worth many divisions of troops in the final outcome. Brother Andy and general Ben believed in supplying the Rebels and then divvying up.

This is the way they worked. Quinine, for instance, was forbidden to the Southerners. Women, if they could beg, steal or hoard any, smuggled it to the Confederate wounded in New Orleans hospitals. Some were

Union General vs. Ladies of New Orleans

Continued from page 21

iron work. The staff officer was pointing out a particularly fine example of the art as he and Farragut stood under one of the balconies. At that moment a shower descended—straight out of a chamber pot! And its aim would have done justice to the best gunner in Flag-Officer Farragut's fleet! Hard-boiled Farragut, after tidying up, told Butler in words history has censored, that if the general couldn't control the females of New Orleans, then the hero knew of some nearby sailors and marines who could do the job!

That did it. Not long after this incident, it was Butler's time to play a balcony scene. He was riding alone in the Quarter—and it took nerve to do this in a city in which he was the incarnation of Judas Iscariot—when he was spied by a group of gay girls on a balcony. As he approached, they began a weird chorus of caterwauling screams and held their noses. Then just as he passed them, they whirled around and threw up their skirts, exposing their frill-outlined

bottoms. With grave seriousness, Butler reined in his horse and addressed the girls. "It appears, he said, "that you ladies know which end of you looks the best."

The female audacity wasn't confined to the native specie. For instance, there is the story told of the wife of a French importer. This fiery lady heard that jewels belonging to one of her Creole friends had been stolen. The jewels, somehow, had found their way to the lovely throat of a high officer's mistress. There was a lively scene at a ball, when the Frenchwoman, taking in the gems and the mistress at one glance, yanked the jewels off her neck and laid a resounding slap to the quadron's beautiful, flushed cheeks. Then the Gallic lady walked up to the courtesan's protector—a full general—and proceeded to dress him down as an unholy thief and renegade!

Possession of Confederate flags and emblems, of course, had been forbidden. But they kept cropping up, worn by the women under their clothes,

caught with it and arrested. The confiscated quinine, plus fresh supplies from the North, was sold to Rebel military contacts at stupendous prices.

The South was crying for salt. The kindly Butlers responded to that need also. Bags of salt were piled high in the city's warehouses—much of it produced in Louisiana—and the going price was a paltry 1.25 per bag. Across Lake Ponchartrain, Andy Butler sold the salt for \$100 per sack! Just how big-league these financial piracies were is shown by the pay off of a single double-transaction. Five hundred sacks of Southern-mined salt were loaded on a steamer bound for Matamoros, Mexico. The ship's captain, somehow, got confused and headed instead for Ponchatoula on Lake Ponchartrain. There, Rebel buyers were waiting who shelled out \$150 per sack. Colonel Andy took part of the loot from this deal and bought cotton that had been piling up on these Rebel docks since the fall of New Orleans. He paid fifteen cents a pound for it and loaded the vessel to the gunwales. Only a day or so after this, surprised Negro longshoremen scratched their heads as they saw the ship re-appear at its old pier so soon and heard the mate sing out "roll the cotton". It was Louisiana that was rolled in this one! With cotton bringing sixty cents a pound on the New Orleans market, the Butlers had cleared nearly \$300,000 in one day's twin-killing!

To Creole City folks, it seemed that, with all this cash being stashed away from such magnificent gouge-deals, Butler wouldn't have stooped to petty stealing. But in their eyes, he didn't pick up the nickname "Spoons Butler" without cause. They say that he rifled the silver service of the St. Charles Hotel and also got sticky fingered with silverware in private mansions. In the home which he finally chose as his own residence, it was said that he put the lady and her children "out on the street" and took over not only her house and furnishings but her coach and horses and her servants.

And there was the "affair of the bells". Southern sources claimed that Butler confiscated over 400 bells that had accumulated on the wharves ready to be shipped in response to General Beauregard's cry that the South urgently needed metal to be melted down to make cannon. There was every sort of bell in the collection—clamorous "alarm" bells, plantation bells that had called slaves from the fields for a century, special wedding bells, with deep sentimental value, ships' bells and school bells. Butler had the whole lot shipped to the North. At an auction held at Boston's North Wharf, metal contractors and private collectors bid keenly for the haul. The tinklers brought over \$30,000. How much the commission merchants kicked back to the general became the subject of a bitter guessing game popular in New Orleans.



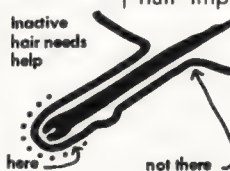
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GOLF WIDOW



IT was Saturday again, and Sam Richardson knew what that meant. Stella would be over as soon as her husband left for the golf course.

Sam thought about locking his door, but that would do no good. A few months ago, he had committed the unfortunate error of allowing Stella to have a key. He was trapped, like a misplaced comma surrounded by hawk-eyed copyreaders.

When Sam first moved into this suburban neighborhood, when he first laid eyes on Stella, he would have sworn that he could never feel this way. Stella hit him like a rabbit punch. How he had envied her husband, Charlie.

Now, however, Sam knew how demanding Stella could be, how she moved into a man's life and commandeered it like a woman moving into a new house. Whenever her husband was away, she beat a path to Sam's back door faster than a sprinter heading for the finish line.

It was all Charlie's fault, really, Sam thought as he wandered to the window and gazed gloomily out. Stella was the sort of woman who hungered for attention. Charlie didn't give it to her. Charlie spent all his free time playing golf. He was addicted to the game the way some men were addicted to gambling.

Already, Sam saw, Charlie was leaving for the country club, just as he did every Saturday. He came out of the house next door and loaded his clubs into his automobile. Then he departed with a jaunty wave of his cap. Watching him go, Sam sighed loudly.

When Sam left his bachelor apartment in the city for this house, he had been in search of peace and quiet in which to complete a series of articles. He wrote for a living. Now he was weeks past his deadline, thanks to Stella, and the half-finished articles still reposed upon his desk.

But he shouldn't be feeling sorry for himself, Sam admitted. He should be feeling sorry for Charlie, who seemed blissfully unaware of what went on while he toured the links every Saturday, not to mention holidays and special occasions.

Then the back door slammed and Stella surged into Sam's study. She wore a halter and shorts and in a moment, her overflowing charms were pressed against Sam's chest.

"Stella," he stammered as she nibbled his ear, "You've got to stop coming over here like this."

"You didn't say that seven months ago," Stella shifted her attack to the other ear.

"But this isn't fair to Charlie," Sam protested.

"Who cares about being fair to Charlie?" Stella withdrew long enough to show Sam a pouting expression. "Was Charlie ever fair to me? I've been a golf widow for five years."

"Charlie eats, sleeps and drinks golf. He doesn't know I exist. You can't imagine what it was like before you moved in here."

No, Sam thought, but he could imagine what it would be like as long as he lived next door and as long as Charlie remained devoted to golf. And he had signed a two-year lease and Charlie was no nearer to giving up golf than Khrushchev was to rejecting communism.

It was at that moment that Sam made his decision. It required courage as well as desperation, but there was only one thing to do. Sam had to tell Charlie the truth.

Little more was said that morning. Stella didn't believe in wasting time. But his mind was made up, Sam slept a little better that night, even though he dreamed of Charlie chasing him while angrily wielding a seven iron.

Sam waited until Monday and he sought (Continued on page 66)

The victim of the only execution during the Butler period was William Mumford, the young man who pulled down the flag raised by the marines over the mint on April 30—a day before the city was officially occupied. After Butler's arrival, Mumford was seen brashly wearing bits of the flag on his person. He was arrested and condemned to death, despite almost hourly pleas to Butler on the part of his wife and leading citizens. He was hung in front of the mint before a shocked and hushed crowd that wouldn't believe Butler meant business even when the gallows was being built. The act was plainly one of reprisal.

As far as the open rebellion of the women was concerned, the United States Army suffered no physical casualties, although the fair sex made mincemeat of the military's morale and peace of mind. But the whores who operated on Basin and Gallatin streets were practiced cripples. They were, it seems, a sensitive lot and if they didn't approve of a man's bed manners they were liable to show the distaste with a stilleto, a Bowie knife, a pistol or a piece of broken glass. They weren't particular how a man departed life, just so he departed. And Yankees might have had strange manners in the floozies' eyes, since they were used to the refined crudities of foreign sailors and the crude refinements of the Creole leechers. But for awhile the prostitutes, facing boom times, as the boys in blue with greenbacks in their pockets arrived. And while the officers and men, fresh from New England village greens, Puritan cities and Midwestern farms, didn't discuss their ethnological discoveries in the letters they wrote home, they found the gay girls of New Orleans very exotic. There were types here they didn't believe existed except in an emperor's private collection in the days of Roman decadence. There were Creole girls, Cajan girls, Indian girls, mulattoes, octoroons, quadroons, Slavs, Orientals and a few from Wisconsin and even Boston!

Just when the prostitutes decided to join the Southern cause, isn't known, but when they did, they dealt the Union Army one of its cruelest blows. Until then, the Federals at least could buy tolerance from a female. Now even the commercial sweetness and light of the tenderloin district couldn't be counted on for feminine cheer. Not all the pros and semi-pros joined in the uprising, but enough did to affect the morale of the invaders.

Many of the girls who stayed on the job gave the troops the works in the time-honored French Quarter manner—the Mickey Finn then known as the "double rectifier." And the clip-games run by these "women of the town" were the chief instruments of re-routing Damn Yankee cash back into Southern coffers. In these ways the scarlet ladies felt they were serving Jeff Davis and the C. S. A. as bedroom soldiers. Those deadly ene-

mies, the ladies and the harlots, were united in a common goal—the demoralization of the hated Yankee—for the first and last time in New Orleans history!

The news that Butler was in trouble in New Orleans traveled the military grapevine. It became one of the chief topics of the scuttlebutt in many a Federal headquarters. Needing desperately something to divert them for a moment from the cold, bloody business of the shooting war, the Union brass found it in the subject of "The Horrors of Victory—or the Awful Perils of the Woman War." In many a smoke-filled GHQ on the front, to the accompaniment of distant guns, Rare Ben Butler was roasted.

"The Union must be saved, but who is going to save Butler from the women?"

"The desertion rate is appalling in New Orleans, I hear. Gentlemen, the conditions down there must be a living hell. Bad as things are here, thank God we are not in New Orleans!"

"I hear Butler says he'll win the battle down there if it takes all the smelling salts in the nation."

It is even possible, when the gossip reached the White House, that Lincoln himself had a private chuckle at Butler's expense. Abe had that kind of a sense of humor.

In New Orleans, Butler wasn't laughing. He was making ready his counter-offensive. It came in the form of General Order No. 28, to be known forever more as simply "The Woman Order". With Nordic bluntness, he put it on the line:

"—it is ordered that hereafter, when any female shall by word, gesture or movement insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded as and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation."

The Woman Order may have truly prolonged the Civil War, for Butler had dared insult that tribal goddess of the South, the Pure Woman. President Davis quickly offered \$10,000 reward for Butler, dead or alive. Confederate commanders read the order to troops in the field. There can be little doubt that the terrible Rebel Yell sounded even more terrifying after that.

Actually it was the interpretation of the wording of the order that caused the storm that soon was to be

world-wide. It was the phrase "she shall be regarded as and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town" that rocketed Butler into orbit as the No. 1 Cad of the Universe. And the key word of the phrase was "treated". This called up visions of Yankee soldiers using the fair blossoms of Southern womanhood as whores. What Butler had meant was that women insulting soldiers would be considered lawbreakers just as the common women were lawbreakers when they solicited. For a lawyer, his language could be vague. But the South wouldn't listen to explanations. It made up its mind that the Beast had decided to turn over the women of a great city to his men for the purpose of rape and debauchery.

The "hate Butler" mania spread beyond the South. In the North, editors ripped into this flabbergasted Union general as they never had the most detested secessionist. The call to defend woman's honor also sounded across the seas. Gallant boulevardiers in Paris took time off from seduction to discuss formation of commando forces to capture Butler. German students ran their dueling swords through Old Ben's effigy. And in London, a roar came from the British Lion that must have made Butler hide under his bed in faraway Louisiana.

In Parliament, Lord Palmerston stood before a packed chamber and gallery and flayed the Beast's already word-scoured hide with whiplashings of golden oratory.

"No man", he thundered, "could read Butler's order without the feelings of deepest indignation. An Englishman must blush to think that such an act had been committed by a man belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race."

Gales of cheering swept the ancient hall. When the now thoroughly worked-up Palmerston left the rostrum, the applause was majestic. The windows of the American Embassy must have been tightly shut in order that the sounds wouldn't reach a very mortified U. S. envoy. At that moment, he must have been biting his nails and wondering if Her Majesty's Government wasn't getting ready to ask for his recall. That idiot Butler may have lost the war for the Union!

In the Crescent City all was strangely quiet. The women seemed to have disappeared off the streets. The soldiers walked around with that sort of shocked air of disbelief troops have just after an armistice suddenly ends a particularly violent battle. The quiet was deafening. But the men were still jumpy from habit.

The women's cause was a lost one, but there was one last thrust from the female underground. And it came from the floozies, not from the ladies.

When Butler entered the city, he brought with him several boxes of pictures of himself which he meant to post over the city. He was quite proud of the portraits; the photographer had brought out his character superbly he thought. The pictures, however, disappeared mysteriously. It was only



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after the Woman Order that their whereabouts were discovered. They were found in the brothels, where the tarts were using them to line the bottom of their "tinkle pots", with the pictures face up!

It was common rumor that Butler rushed troops to the red light district and had the pots collected. Then he had a public "breaking of the pots" ceremony, in which he angrily pitched in and demolished a few himself. At least the keen observers of the coffee houses say this is what happened even though it wasn't reported by the Delta or the Picayune. (New Orleans still believes every word of this story.)

The Woman Order turned out to be a stroke of genius, a highwater mark in art of handling women. Its psychological insight was brilliant.

Just why did General Order No. 28

win the Woman War? Here are the Beast's own words explaining the reason:

"The ladies now refrained from insulting the troops for fear of being considered "women of the town" and the "women of the town" refrained from insulting the troops in order that they would be considered ladies."

And there were actually those who called Ben Butler a fool! ●

(**SPECIAL NOTE TO THE READER:** To complete the record, it must be said that while Butler came out ahead in the Woman War, the rumors of colossal graft in his administration became so strong that Washington eventually relieved him of the command of New Orleans. So, I suppose, you could say he really won a battle and lost a war. The Author)

An Apple For Quast

Continued from page 23

who was prostrate up against a palm tree and smiled a terrible smile, his thin lips pulled down at the corners. He presented the appearance of a hawk. His deep blue eyes glistened. He reached in the pocket of his white duck slacks and pulled out a sheathed, six inch hunting knife. He unsnapped the strap withdrawing the gleaming blade and threw the sheath to the rock and sand in a gesture of finality. "I was a gentle man," Jarrow said through his clenched teeth, wiping the blade on the front of his white, short-sleeved shirt. "But I'm going to enjoy this. Every one of the eleven years is going to make this sweeter—every one of the foul nights I've had you foul face before me. After today I'll not have to see it."

"How terrible for you," panted Quast, his naked chest heaving, "you should catch up with me on this island where you can't murder me."

Quast began to giggle hysterically. The men stared at one another for several minutes, Jarrow's mood compounded by the thundering surf.

"Oh, I'm not going to murder you, you blubbing pig—I'm going to execute you. Execute you just as they should've done back in California."

"Don't be a fool," Quast said, collecting himself some. "There hasn't been a murder on this island in one hundred and twenty-three years—not since the elders passed the judgement."

"Nowhere does the law condone murder," Jarrow replied evenly, snapping the taught cord on his package with the razor-sharp knife. "Only when it's called execution. And most everywhere executions are rather enjoyed."

Quast began to laugh. "On this island there are neither murderers nor executions of murderers, and there hasn't been a murder committed in

over a hundred years—surely you've heard about it—"

"Civilization has always enjoyed their revenge on the murderer—in the name of justice, of course. And execution of murderers has never been known to prevent murder being done. Never. Why should this island be any different?"

"This island," Quast said, his breath now near normal, "is not civilized as we know it. It's a simple, productive life here but not productive enough to make it worthwhile for civilization as it is further up the chain. It is as it was hundreds of years ago—except for beer and cigarettes and a few other things you'll find back at the canteen. The war didn't even visit here."

Quast was almost completely relaxed. He removed a huge, faded red rag from his pocket and began blotting at his face. "I almost feel sorry for you," he continued. "After all this time you should catch up with me here—"

"If what you say is true," Jarrow half snarled, "you should be praying for your foul soul even more."

"There are far worse things than being put to death," Quast said, fanning himself with the rag.

"Far worse things," grunted Jarrow as he threw the brown wrapping paper to the sand and unscrewed the cap on the large glass jar. It issued a *whoosh* sound as he did so. He seated himself Indian fashion in front of Quast and removed one of the red apples from the jar. He began peeling the wax from the apple and after he'd rubbed it on his shirt front, he neatly cut a wedge with the knife, inserted the tip of the knife in the wedge and transferred it to his mouth. An involuntary smack issued forth from Quast's fat lips.

"Yes," Jarrow said through the

chew. "You always did relish apples—and little girls."

"I paid for what I did," protested Quast. "I paid and was cured by the psychiatrists. I lost everything. I had a business. A home. I lost it all. I have nothing left. I have nowhere to go and nothing to return to—isn't that enough for you? Why can't you leave me rest?"

"She was a frail girl, my little daughter," intoned Jarrow. "I too have lost everything. I have lived for nothing but this moment!"

"—And I spent all these additional years—eleven years—running. I paid! Why can't you leave me rest?"

"You killed her!"

"She died from fright! I only wanted to touch her hair. I never hurt anyone. I couldn't hurt anyone. I have an unnatural, almost morbid fear of pain and death. I couldn't help myself. But she screamed and—and I gave myself up, didn't I?"

"Yes. You did claim you were on your way to do just that when the police collared you. But if they hadn't traced you through the apple cores I don't think they'd of ever found you—the apple cores! You fat fool! That's how I've kept up to you all these years. I just asked for the man who asks for apples!"

"A man can't help being sick!"

"I've tried to talk myself out of this," Jarrow said calmly. "Oh how I've tried! But I have an oath to keep. A graveside oath and it's the only thing that's kept me alive."

Quast was tensed now, ready to defend himself. "I'm not as fat and sluggish as I may appear," he said. "Even if it is hot and sticky enough to sour a corpse over night—I may even be stronger than you being used to the heat as I am."

"Makes no difference," Jarrow said. "I shall have my way. It is just. Today, tomorrow, next year, I got over the wild, frantic feeling I had in the beginning, but I am more determined than ever."

Quast began to laugh once again. "Shall I tell you now?"

"I almost had you in Hawaii, again in New Guinea—but there is no escape for you this time. No place to go. Here, every condemned man is offered his last meal. Care for a bite?"

Jarrow's voice was almost kind as he proffered the knife with the wedge of apple on it. Quast's mouth filled with moisture as he warily took the piece of apple between his teeth.

"They'll be no murder today," Quast said through the juicy mouthful, almost confidently. "After I tell you about the custom of the island, you'll not have the stomach for it. The last murderer became a legend of horror."

"Make no mistake, Quast! I shall have your life! Only after I avenge my daughter will your loathsome face leave my dreams. For thirteen years your greasy fat face has had its way in my nightmares. I reach out to smash it, but you always manage to

evade me—just as you have managed to evade me in my waking hours."

Jarrow cut another wedge of apple impaling it on the knife tip and offered it over to Quast. Quast leaned forward licking his lips with his pink tongue and put his teeth on the apple. Jarrow made the mistake of tensing himself before he attempted to thrust the knife into Quast's mouth and throat. A look of realization and then fear took command of Quast's face as he jerked his head back from the apple and knife. "Don't be a fool!" he said quickly. "Let me tell you of the island's last murderer! Please—it was after the trading ships began touching in here. It was the old story of a few pearls, native girls, native men, and the white man. Previously, crime had been almost nonexistent. There was, simply, nothing much to steal. Life itself was the most and only valuable thing here. They had no objection to murder, but the elders decreed a murderer must face up to what he'd done. And I mean literally! Yes, Jarrow! They take the murderer and the dead man and bind them tightly together face to face and leave them that way from sundown to sundown—it would be bad enough," Quast said with a shudder, "but I don't have to remind you of the additional horror involved in this putrefying heat. The first and last man it was done to after the judgment became a legend of horror. He wandered the island all the rest of his days hearing and seeing nothing. Finally he wandered into the ocean. The word got round and it's been a hundred and twenty-three years—if you've noticed, we've been watched since we sat down here. Curious lot, these natives."

"Where?"

"Over there. See?"

Jarrow turned. "Yes," he said, his voice cracking. "I see them. . ."

Jarrow's face began to quiver and he began to sob. "I've lived for nothing else but this moment," he said. "But I couldn't stand that. Not with you. Not with you. . . It isn't fair. . ."

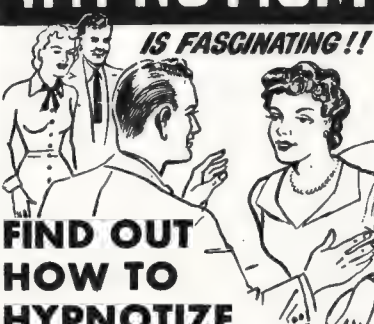
One of Jarrow's sobs choked off in the middle. A quiet deliberation shone through his eyes. He handed to Quast the knife with the wedge of apple on it handle first. Quast smiled and took the knife. As Quast's hand closed on the handle, Jarrow's ten wiry fingers grasped the hand holding the knife. Jarrow then, screaming **NO!**, and the universally understood **HELP! HELP!** and with his foot braced on Quast's middle, effortlessly pulled the puzzled Quast up to his feet and down over himself turning the knife so that it plunged deep into his own chest.

Jarrow died there with the protesting Quast lying on top of him and he had an almost pleasant, satisfied expression on his face.

Quast, with his hand still on the knife, glanced up at the faces watching him in the distance and then began running again. But he didn't get to run very far.

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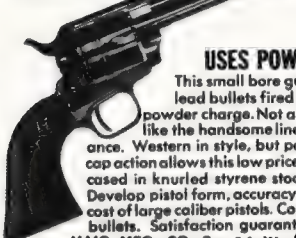
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Hemingway's Lust For War

Continued from page 15

was always that only the stupid were
unafraid in war and only the pho-
nies denied their fear. Anyway, it was
the guys on the other side who were
really trembling in their stormtroop-
er boots. Wasn't it a well-known fact
that Hitler's cadets were equipped
with chin-straps to keep their teeth
from chattering? When it came to
that, Hemingway was the first to
admit, he himself was probably the
scaredest soldier on the American
side.

He had one ungrammatical axiom
to offer his fellow dogfaces: "Eat
good, sleep good, and you'll feel
good." And when it came to scroung-
ing up the wherewithal to bolster up
the inner man, there was no better
forager than Hemingway, who travel-
ed always prepared for emergencies
with a flask of gin on one hip and a
flask of vermouth on the other.

Correspondent Kenneth Crawford
remembers: "Hemingway was a good
man to have on your side in the war.
Having been a war buff all his life,
and a warrior much of it, he was
full of useful information and will-
ing to share it with us tyros. He could
judge the likely destination of a shell
by the timbre of its whine in flight; he
could foretell what a German squad
in the corner of a hedgerow would
do next; he could talk a good meal
out of a Normandy farmer's wife or
the aged Calvados out of an aged
crossroads cafe proprietor.

"We never caught him taking a
note. He was too absorbed in the war
for that. It was our impression that
he would rather be remembered as a
good man in a fight then as a great
writer. He was a good man in a
fight."

With Col. Charles T. Lanham's 22nd
Regiment, he proceeded step by step
into the heart of the counter offensive
from the Normandy breakthrough to
the Schnee Eifel to the Hurtgen For-
est blood-letting, where his outfit was
nearly slaughtered, and on to the de-
fense of Luxembourg. (Col. Lanham,
now a Major General, later served as
the model for Col. Cantwell, the key
character in *Across The River And
Into The Trees*).

Somewhere along the line his own
boys dropped most of the other nick-
names and began to call the bearded,
comforting giant "Pop" or "Papa", a
nickname he adopted and accepted
with pleasure.

Capa recalls the French irregulars
who made up Hemingway's personal
entourage, and now numbered more
than 200, with delight.

"Hemingway's unit was equipped
with every imaginable American or
German weapon: they carried more
munitions and alcohol than a division
would normally control. However,
they were a very scraggly-looking lot
who steadily improved in appearance

as the fortunes of war smiled on
them."

Hemingway himself once wrote of
them: "The first time we entered
Rambouillet, all but two of my men
were naked from the waist up, and
the populace did not greet us with
any degree of fervor. The second
time, I went in with them, everyone
was uniformed and we were cheered
considerably. The third time we went
through the town the men were all
helmeted and we were cheered wildly,
kissed extensively and heavily cham-
pagned, and we made our headquar-
ters in the Hotel du Grand Veneur,
which had an excellent wine cellar."

OSS Col. David Bruce remembered
that headquarters well. Hemingway's
bedroom, as he remembered it, was
the nerve center of all operations.
"There in shirtsleeves he gave audi-
ence to intelligence couriers, to refu-
gees from Paris, to deserters from
the German Army, to local officials
and to all comers.

One of Hemingway's personal in-
telligence agents gained fame under
the code name of Mr. Sheep — M.
Mouton. After he had posted guards
on all the roads, Hemingway occu-
pied himself with discovering the lo-
cation and strength of the German
defenses south of Paris. He dis-
patched his unit in armed patrols
and instructed them to draw Ger-
man fire so that he could get an
idea of the location of their various
gun positions. Some of his civilian
volunteers, mounted on their bicycles,
pedaled all the way into Paris and
came back with sketches of all its
defenses, reports on current condi-
tions and hatfuls of eggs for the
mess.

When General Le Clerc, whose
Second Armored Division of the Free
French Forces, had been chosen to
enter Paris first, arrived in Ram-
bouillet, he was somewhat irritated
at first by this bearded personal-type
of warfare. But his chief of staff
dined with Hemingway and M.
Mouton, who supplied him with a
detailed summary of German defenses
on all the roads between Paris and
Rambouillet. Col. Bruce commented:
"I believe that this information had
a determining effect on the success-
ful accomplishment of Le Clerc's
march to Paris."

Wherever he went Hemingway
picked up followers and friends
which included in addition to Capa
(who later died in the Indonesian
War), artist John Groth, who had,
illustrated many of Hemingway's
stories but had never before met him.

Groth ran into Hemingway at a
farmhouse he had established as
headquarters for "Task Force Hem-
ingway" smack on the front lines
so that the Germans frequently sent
patrols into its front yard.

"The first night I was there," Groth recalls, "Hemingway stood guard all night, after having given elaborate orders for crossfire defense against every conceivable attack. Hemingway gave me a ration of hand grenades just as I was felling into bed and wished me a good night's sleep. Needless to say I had some trouble falling asleep. There was Hemingway I had read so much about, downstairs on guard with a tommygun and with grenades hanging from his belt. All this was exciting and a little unbelievable."

On the following day Groth was having dinner with Hemingway and several officers at the Regimental Command Post close to the Nazi lines, when a flock of German 88's began to zero in on them. Everybody in the place hit the dirt in approved fashion, Groth noted, groping for helmets and keeping covered until the shelling ceased. Except one man. When the candles were lit again, Groth states, he was stunned by what he saw. "There was Hemingway still at the table, bareheaded, his back to the firing, still eating his dinner, all alone."

When Le Clerc started his march on Paris, Hemingway and his irregulars marched along with the Free French Forces. But Le Clerc was held up by enemy action on the South Bank of the Seine. More mobile than the general's forces, Hemingway's little troop, using their fresh intelligence maps, was able to circumvent the German road block and, after a small skirmish around the Arc de Triomphe, entered Paris before the liberating general. Hemingway rode ahead in a commandeered German staff car.

In Paris, Hemingway certainly knew his way around. He wasted no time in taking over and liberating the Ritz Hotel, and posted a guard below to send out the word: "Papa took good hotel. Plenty of stuff in cellar."

And Papa's friends came aplenty to his new Ritz headquarters. Among his early visitors was Marlene Dietrich, lovingly referred to in Hemingway parlance as "The Kraut." Hemingway regarded Marlene as one of nature's noblewomen. He had met her on the boat coming back from Africa in 1935 and remained a devoted fan ever after. Although he called her "daughter," Marlene never called him Papa, as did most of his other close cronies. She said of him once, "He is the most fascinating man I ever met." Together they talked about the war they had just seen. Hemingway told Marlene, "They shot a lot of good guys, but the beauty of our country is there's a good guy born every minute."

Although he had been an inspiration to many sections of the Army, Hemingway's unorthodox actions violated the rules for correspondents, who were supposed to be strictly non-combatant. He was subjected to an

eight-week court martial hearing concerning his bearing and firing of weapons in command of Task Force Hemingway. But no witnesses could be found who had ever seen him commit the offense in question. "In the next war," Hemingway commented, "I'm going to have the Geneva Convention tattooed on my backside." Instead of a punishment, under Le Clerc's recommendation, he was ultimately awarded a Bronze Star for gallantry. Once, before they got to Paris, reports came back to America that Hemingway had been captured by the Germans and perhaps killed, but it was discovered that he had only been temporarily delayed from rejoining his command because of having been pinned down by an adverse machine gun crossfire for several hours. Another time, his own friends thought he was dead, Groth reported. He was proceeding along on a motorcycle with some of his crew when an artillery barrage pinpointed them and made them hit the brush at the side of the road. When they all remounted, Hemingway was missing. Then they found him.

"He was spread out on his belly, with his shoulders full of leaves. He'd been lying there watching the machine gunning. The bullets which passed only a few inches over his head cut off the leaves. The leaves had dropped down on him."

Hemingway's iron-nerved control was bravado in some measure, of course. But he also had genuine courage and it was laced with a strong dose of fatalism. He had seen death all around him in World War I, and while serving as an ambulance driver with the Italians on the Austrian front, only a grenade's throw from the enemy positions, he made the casualty list himself.

That year he wrote home: "You know, they say there isn't anything funny about this war, and there isn't. I wouldn't say it was hell, because that's been a bit overworked since Sherman's time, but there have been about eight times when I would have welcomed hell, just on a chance that it couldn't come up to the phase of war I was experiencing."

"For example, in the trenches, during an attack, when a shell makes a direct hit in a group where you're standing. Shells aren't bad except direct hits; you just take chances on the fragments of the bursts. But when there is a direct hit, your pals get spattered all over you; spattered is literal."

At night there was a little town called Mestre and a house called the Villa Rosa. Hemingway didn't tell the girls he went upstairs with there how scared he sometimes got when the Austrian bombardment was "knocking the trenches to pieces."

The Italians were beginning to think that the daring young American was the luckiest thing on two wheels when something happened to



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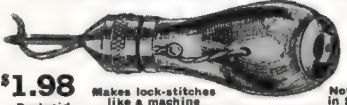
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change that "luck." It was in a small village called Fossalta at midnight on July 8. Hemingway was celebrating his first week in the trenches, handing out chocolate as usual to the tired infantrymen when a trench mortar shell landed in his trench less than a yard away. The incident has never been completely reconstructed, as few war-accidents are, but at section IV they say the shell landed just after Hemingway, unable to stay out of it any longer, had grabbed a rifle and started firing toward the Austrian lines. As he sighted in, he saw an Italian sniper fall wounded in no-man's land. Hemingway ran out to pull the stricken man in. At that moment an Austrian machine gun opened up and a slug caught Hemingway in the knee. "It felt like a sharp smack on the leg with an icy snowball," he said later. At almost the same moment an Austrian Mennerwerter mortar shell loaded with butchering shrapnel zeroed in about ten feet away. An Italian soldier who was standing next to Hemingway was killed instantly, nearly cut in two by the flying sawed-off steel rods with which the "ashcan" type shell was loaded.

When he regained his senses, Hemingway found himself covered with blood from the chest down, some of it his own. Below the waist there was only a warm wet numbness.

As Hemingway remembered it, "I heard a cough, and then the chuh-chuh-chuh—then there was a flash, as when a blast furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind. I tried to breathe, but my breath would not come out and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself . . . then I breathed and I was back."

There was a hole torn in the ground in front of him, and a splintered beam of wood hung down before his face. In the distance he could hear someone screaming. He tried moving, but couldn't get up. The Austrians seemed to have opened an enormous barrage and Hemingway could hear the chatter of machine guns and the whine of rifle bullets and the soft crump of mortar and artillery exploding all around him. Next to him someone was moaning, "Mama Mia! Oh, Mama Mia!" Hemingway managed to pull a leg loose enough to twist so he could reach the man. As he touched him the man screamed. In the light of the starsheels and moon Hemingway could make out that both his legs were crushed above the knee. One leg had been blown off completely. The other was only connected by a few tendons and the cloth of the pants leg. The stump twitched almost as though it had a life of its own. The mutilated man kept moaning, "Christ shoot me, mama mia, mama mia, mama mia, Oh purest lovely Mary shoot me. Stop it. Stop it . . ." and the voice weakened and died out leaving only

a twitching stump to say if the man was alive.

"Stretcher bearer!" Hemingway screamed. There was no response. He tried to get close enough to slip a tourniquet on the legless man, and after some stretching and twisting was able to do it. He started to unwind one of the soldier's puttees to use on the pressure points, but it was too late. The man was dead.

Hemingway tried to stand again. "As I did so something inside my head moved like the weights on a doll's eyes and it hit me, inside me in back of the eyeballs. My legs felt warm and wet and my shoes were wet and warm inside."

He put his hand on his knee. It wasn't there.

"My hand went in and my knee was down on my shin."

"Oh God get me out of here," he thought. But he knew there were still two others who had been there with him to be accounted for. He found the one who had apparently been killed instantly, but the other was seriously wounded, bleeding badly from his chest wound.

Operating on some superhuman reserve, Hemingway, with one kneecap shattered and carrying what by actual count turned out to be 227 pieces of assorted shrapnel, managed to lift-drag the man to the aid station on his back. Later he said that he didn't remember how he got to the aid station, or even that he had carried the soldier, but the act of heroism was witnessed by an Italian officer who told him the events later.

At the aid station he again passed out until the stretcher bearers came to take him two miles down the road to the field hospital. Now the feeling was coming down to his feet and the wound was starting to throb. The road was under heavy bombardment and every few yards the bearers had to drop him and duck for cover as a shell dropped nearby. Hemingway spent five days in the field hospital while they probed for shrapnel. They finally removed 28 pieces and then sent him on to the base hospital in Milan. He was still in a state of emotional shock and the Rover-boy spirit had been considerably dimmed.

In Milan he had one operation, then another — they never seemed to end. They ultimately dug into his leg a dozen times before the 200-odd pieces were out — and then they left three or four in, one of which was working its way out as late as 1959.

It was this type of war experience which was at the bottom of Hemingway's seemingly theatrical disregard of danger. By the time he was well into World War II, in fact, his role as an unofficial-official on any and all fronts had become so decisive that he was able to inject an occasional note of comic-opera into the script to ease up some of the tensions around him.

For example, John Groth recalls that on one occasion in France, Hem-

ingway was interviewing a German in his capacity of correspondent. "While he was interviewing, they cleaned out the cognac from his cellar very quietly. They came up to Hemingway and whispered, 'Three cases, Papa'. Hemingway nodded very gravely and said, 'All right, that'll be all the questions.'" And that, Groth recalls with a grin, was the end of the interview.

While all this was going on, Martha Gellhorn had been equally busy on all fronts of the war, reporting from The Bulge, The Mediterranean Theater, and from the Gothic line in the Apennines. But the old war-team of Hemingway and Gellhorn was no longer functioning. It was with Mary Welsh, the blonde *Time* correspondent, that Hemingway kept in touch during the final months of the war.

Right after the war ended, in October 1945, Martha Gellhorn sued for divorce on the grounds of desertion, and Hemingway didn't fight it. He went back to Finca Vigia with Mary Welsh, "Miss Mary," as he liked to call her, and resumed work on a novel which he would only say was "about land, sea and air."

In the five-acre farm, which had once been a fortress, buttressed by a staff of two houseboys, three gardeners, a cook, a chauffeur, his ship's skipper, Gregorio Fuentes, about 25 pet cats and a small pack of dogs, Hemingway settled himself to rest and write. He slept, as before, with an eyeshade, because he believed that his eyelids were thin and the first rays of the morning light awakened him. He woke before six anyway and started writing, standing in his shorts or pajama bottoms at his chest-high desk with the skin of a lesser kudu for a floor mat.

On the terrace outside of the house was a ceiba tree with bark like an elephant's hide. Inside, the living-room, sixty feet long, was hung with trophies of Hemingway's past triumphs in the field. Toward afternoon, when the work was over, the palace was often bustling with guests and the Chinese cook was often baffled as to how to calculate the dinner. Hemingway lived on a baronial scale and he had to keep writing to keep the money flowing in. Still, he was doing all right. *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* brought \$125,000 for the Hollywood rights—more than any short story in history.

He was still writing every day. In his mind he was formulating the ideas that later reached another peak of creativity in "The Old Man And The Sea."

Once again, Papa had proved he was still the champ. And they said he had lost his punch!

One thing only was over for him. And perhaps in his heart he knew it and was glad.

His lust for war was over. He never saw a shot fired at a human again—until that fateful morning when he pulled the trigger.



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On The House



by Jim Winchester

Bluebook's Travel and Drinking Editor

One of my most popular stopover points for years has been the bar in the transit lounge at Shannon Airport, and it's more the pity that so many of the long-range jets are over-flying Ireland today, making the trans-Atlantic hop in a single leap. But for those who do put down at Shannon for refueling—and we aren't just thinking about the plane alone—genial Jimmy Hughes is still behind the mahogany. He'll see you coming up through the long rows of counters in the lounge which are stacked with duty-free goods, and—if you've been through there before—he'll have your Irish Coffee standing for you by the time you get to the bar.

"Most people start with it," says Jimmy, "but then they're likely to switch to something lighter. Jimmy's own favorite is his Shannon Cooler—Vodka shot through with tonic. He won second prize with it at an international bartender's competition in London in 1958. However, if it's Irish Coffee you want, he makes it this way, and he ought to know:

Heat a stemmed whiskey goblet. Pour in one jigger of Irish whiskey. Add three cubes of sugar. Fill goblet with strong black coffee to within one inch of the brim. Stir to dissolve sugar. Top off with whipped cream slightly aerated, so that it floats on top. Do not stir after adding the cream, as the true flavour is obtained by drinking the hot coffee and Irish Whiskey through the cream.

If you're hung-over—and you can get that way easily in Ireland—Jimmy suggests a Leprechaun cocktail. It's made with half-a-glass of Irish whiskey on the rocks with a twist of lemon peel, topped off lightly—very lightly—with tonic water.

Golf Widow

(Continued from page 58)

Charlie in his office in town, so that Stella would not be around. He found Charlie practicing with a putter.

"Look at this," Charlie said proudly. "This is the putt that cleaned out the boys at the country club Saturday."

Sam noticed the way Charlie's fingers gripped the putter. Those fingers looked strong enough to easily choke the life from a man. Sam gulped. Then he thought of the half-completed articles on his desk, of the life that was no longer his own.

"Charlie," he said hesitantly, "I wanted to talk about you and Stella."

"Strange you should mention that," Charlie looked up, "Until several months ago, it was terrible living with Stella. She never seemed content, called herself a golf widow, nagged me continually. Why, my game fell off at least five strokes."

"But now Stella never complains. In fact, I often think she's glad to get me out of the house and off to the course. The two of us have never been happier, Sam."

Sam winced guiltily. He almost dropped the subject. He thought of how close he and Charlie had been since they met at a party a year ago, how Charlie had helpfully located him a house so that they could be neighbors, how often Charlie had welcomed him into his home. Then he thought of Stella, dominating, demanding Stella.

"Charlie," he burst out, "I have a confession to make."

Charlie sighed. "Ah, well, let me save you the trouble. I know about you and Stella. Sam, why do you think I made friends with you after we met at the party? First, I learned that you didn't play golf. Second, you were a writer, you worked at home all the time. Third, you were unmarried and the type Stella always wished I was."

"Charlie . . ."

"Why do you think I helped you get that place next door? And I might add that I had a great deal to do with the real estate agent demanding a two year lease. I didn't know you and Stella would get together so soon."

Charlie lifted his putter and sighted along it as if it were a weapon. It was pointed at Sam's chest. "If you're thinking of moving away or something, Sam, I might remind you of how juries usually sympathize with a man who does in his wife's lover. I'll not have everything spoiled just when my game has hit the seventies."

"However," he smiled and slapped Sam on the shoulder. "You're a good friend. Sam, and I owe a lot to you. If you behave yourself, who knows. I might even arrange now and then to give you a Saturday off."

—Larry Powell

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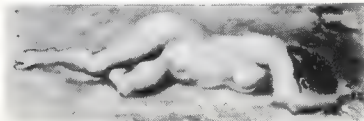
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Jumping Joe Savoldi

(Continued from page 24)

top U. S. intelligence specialists began to develop the details and set the machinery in motion. One was Marine Colonel William Eddy, the World War I winner of the Navy Cross who'd left his job as president of Hobart College to go into O.S.S. and mastermind the spy rings that prepared for the North African invasion. He knew the situation in the Mediterranean very well. Working with him was Captain Ellis Zacharias, an assistant director of O.N.I. and senior expert on Japanese affairs.

The actual mission was to be carried out by a special O.S.S. unit assembled just for this urgent job. It included a CBS radio announcer, an All-American football player from the University of Pennsylvania, a veteran of the Spanish Republican (anti-Franco) Army who was a skilled radio operator, a professional wrestler, and Lieutenant Henry Ringling North, USNR, with a lot of useful circus experience. It was led—and sometimes pushed, cursed and bemoaned—by Commander John Shaheen.

Much of the difficulty endured by Shaheen came from the honest, sincere and impossible character of the wrestler whose job was to serve as Mr. Marcello Girosi's personal bodyguard. He was an incredible one man gang named Jumping Joe Savoldi, nationally prominent as a devastating Notre Dame fullback and internationally known as professional wrestling's most proficient drop-kicker. In an agency heavily populated with Wall Street lawyers, bright young Vassar girls, courtly scholars, European born aristocrats and assorted "white shoe" collegians, Savoldi was something awesome, powerful and different. In reporting how he personally wrecked the entire University of Wisconsin line in a bone-shattering display of brute force in the 1929 game, the United Press described the beefy battering ram as a rugged runner who "wore a size eighteen collar and was built like an ox." In another gridiron contest, a Michigan tackle called him a "bull"—after he regained consciousness.

After Savoldi left Notre Dame in his senior year, he played commercially for the Chicago Bears. Later he became a wrestler and won many matches and numerous fans. He was one of the roughest in the business, and was banished from the ring more than once. He was still known by his gridiron nick-name of "Jumping Joe", but that wasn't what O.S.S. security officers called him on that awful morning in June 1943 when the Girosi mission prepared to fly overseas from Washington National Airport. They'd carefully briefed everyone on the urgency of maintaining absolute secrecy. In an effort to avoid attracting attention to the group as a unit, they'd ar-

ranged for Savoldi and Girosi to proceed to the air field in one car while the rest of the special detachment traveled in separate vehicles. The security experts hadn't fully understood the pure simple nature of the muscular bodyguard.

When the rest of the unit reached the airport, they were astounded to see their special plane surrounded by a cheering throng. Jumping Joe Savoldi stood in the center bowing massively as he'd done at Madison Square Garden in New York City when he wrestled champion Jim Londos. The burly muscle-man whom many sports writers had called Knute Rockne's most brutal fullback was grinning proudly and clapping his big hands above his head in the traditional gesture of the arena. Every spectator obviously knew who he was, and they speculated noisily on where he was flying and why. The only silent citizen there was "body" Girosi who waited solemnly and patiently on the edge of the mob for somebody to "guard" him.

It was a security officer's nightmare, and a most promising start for a plainly hazardous operation. Savoldi couldn't quite understand what all the excitement and fury were about, but he recovered his client and helped him board the aircraft.

Commander Shaheen and Captain Edward Hayes, the Navy liaison man for the project, were waiting in Algiers with no notion that the secrecy of the long-shot operation had already been shredded by the same destructive force that sundered the Wisconsin forward wall. Fortunately for their mental health and faith in eventual Allied victory, they didn't know that at every air base from Washington to Algiers affable Jumping Joe Savoldi was cheerfully autographing Short Snorter bills for enthusiastic soldiers and posing for pictures in his famous wrestler's crouch.

The top secret mission left a trail that should have been child's play for either Admiral Canaris' Abwehr or Himmler's AMT VI, the *Sicherheitsdienst Ausland* (Foreign Intelligence Branch of the Main Security Office, the RSHA later commanded by Walter Schellenberg). Even if no Axis operative learned of the team en route to North Africa, there were still hundreds of German and Italian stay-behind agents who'd been left to report just such U.S. and British intelligence projects. Fighting in Tunisia was over, and the Sicilian invasion hadn't begun. Generals Mark Clark, George Patton and Bernard Montgomery (British 8th Army) were preparing to strike on July 10th. There was a great amount of almost constant military activity that indicated to Axis spies that something large was imminent, but it was impossible to determine exactly what this might

be. Back in Berlin, Canaris and Himmler were both telling Hitler that Benito Mussolini was a fool to doubt the veracity of the letters found on the body of Major William Montagu of the Royal Marines near the Spanish port of Huelva on April 30th. "Montagu" achieved post-war notoriety when the British Naval Intelligence officer who'd invented him revealed the saga of "The Man who Never Was." The documents that the corpse carried were as false as the "major", both designed to trick the German High Command into believing that the next Allied amphibious assault would be in the Eastern Mediterranean. It appears to have succeeded.

Into this confusing maelstrom of thoroughly professional espionage and counter-espionage flew Jumping Joe Savoldi, his uneasy charge and his earnest but inexperienced associates. They were lodged in a mountain hide-out outside of Algiers.

"This inaccessible eyrie," Lt. Colonel Corey Ford and Major Alastair MacBain reported in their brisk volume titled "Cloak and Dagger", "was perched on a peak 6,000 feet above Algiers—surrounded by a high iron fence and safe from prying eyes. Here Girosi applied himself diligently to acquiring the technique of a secret emissary—German intelligence and counter-intelligence, identification of Axis units, proper procedure in case of apprehension by the Gestapo—while his conscientious bodyguard shadowed him day and night, tiptoeing behind him ponderously from room to room, sleeping in the adjoining bed and waking him several times a night to ask him if he were still there."

Girosi was a successful businessman used to very different treatment, but he was reluctant to argue with the man who was (a) chosen by O.S.S. to protect him (b) famous as the inventor of the flying drop kick.

While Mr. Girosi was studying diligently how to master the cloak and dagger techniques under these trying conditions, O.S.S. was hurrying ahead with preparations to deliver a letter from him to his nautical brother, Admiral Girosi. The note declared that the President of the United States had promised that the Allies would welcome Italy as a co-belligerent if she switched sides, and assured the naval officer that the details of this change could be discussed at a secret meeting of the brothers. Time and place of the rendezvous would be chosen by the admiral. To allay any suspicion that the letter was a Gestapo trick, the N.Y. executive signed it with the nickname of the family nurse who'd raised both boys.

It was an excellent message. The problem was how to deliver it.

Their first effort to smuggle it via an O.S.S. agent in France never got off the ground, for he reported that the Gestapo had already seized three of his couriers. Their second plan to sneak an operative through the Wehr-

macht lines in Sicily collapsed when the Germans made it clear that they weren't taking any Italians with them when they fell back to The Boot across the Straits of Messina. The third scheme was the most interesting of all. A young Italian member of the Underground would carry the letter to Rome inside the binding of a book. He was an ex-Fascist, a second rate boxer and an ardent fan of Hollywood glamour girl Loretta Young. He was willing to risk torture and death if O.S.S. would promise him a date with Miss Young, all of whose films he'd memorized. It was one of those grave moments when considerations of national interest must prevail over personal honor. Fully aware that they couldn't commit her without consulting her agent (who hadn't been cleared to discuss such classified missions), the O.S.S. men boldly agreed to the bizarre deal.

A U.S. Navy patrol-torpedo boat of Squadron 15 carried the romantic courier from recently liberated Palermo in Sicily to a lonely spot off the Toe of Italy. He said that he'd meet them at a rendezvous near Terracina in precisely two weeks. This left the dashing young O.S.S. lieutenants, Burke and North, with several PT boats and an empty fortnight. True to the adventurous traditions of General Donovan and the Ringling Brothers, they thundered into the harbor of the island of Stromboli and bluffed the astonished German garrison into surrendering without a shot. When the two weeks were up, the O.S.S. men returned in their PT boat to the rendezvous. The messenger didn't. They guessed that he'd been captured by the OVRA, Mussolini's secret police. They were right.

Undaunted by this minor setback, they started work on a new scheme. Before it was perfected, U.S., British and Canadian troops invaded the tip of the Boot of Italy on September 3, 1943. O.S.S. learned that another daring landing was scheduled further up the coast at Salerno on September 9th. This end-run was to be code-named AVALANCHE, and Shaheen promptly decided that his unit could use it to move Girosi closer to Rome. The last plan was to put the New York businessman and his escorts ashore with the British infantry at Salerno, secretly infiltrate him through the German lines and smuggle him north to a meeting with his brother. It was a very optimistic idea, based on the premise of a rapid Allied advance and fluid battle lines.

Shaheen sent Lt. Burke back to the mountain hideout to collect Girosi and Savoldi. When Burke got there, he found Girosi nursing an ulcer and eyeing his bodyguard unhappily. Burke hurried them into his jeep and started driving down twisting steep roads towards the airport where they'd catch the transport for Sicily. Girosi groaned miserably as the vehicle raced down the mountain, but Burke began

to swear when they were stopped by an Arab guard who'd just lowered the gate at a railroad crossing. Savoldi didn't make a sound. He jumped out, grabbed the guard and hurled him 20 feet through the air. He raised the gate and hopped back on the jeep. They barely made the flight.

They proceeded by boat from Sicily, a trip that did little to calm the special envoy's digestive tract. After changing ships several times, they finally reached the beach in a small landing craft. Conditions were somewhat different than those anticipated in the O.S.S. plan. The Germans hadn't been pushed back very far at all, and they were scouring the shore with murderous artillery fire from dozens of cannon. Burning half-tracks and mangled corpses littered the entire area, eloquent testimony to the savagery of the Wehrmacht defence. Shaheen ordered Girosi and Savoldi to take cover in a large shell hole while he tried to secure a vehicle. They obeyed, and the commander set out to find some motor transport. He hiked about 150 yards when a battery of German 88 millimeter guns began blasting the beach behind him. Shells bracketed the hole where the secret emissary crouched. It looked as if those enemy guns had ended the mission right there in the sand.

Rising like a ghost, Jumping Joe Savoldi swatted the dust off his uniform nonchalantly and smiled his usual friendly grin. "He's okay," the burly wrestler announced as he nodded towards the half-stunned Girosi, "be-

cause I was protecting him good."

Shaheen and Burke looked at each other, realized that the bodyguard neither understood nor feared anything as abstract and impersonal as artillery. They shrugged, pulled the dusty presidential envoy from the shell hole and resumed the search for a vehicle. They succeeded in borrowing a British Army truck, but they didn't get very far. The Allied advance—and the Girosi mission—were both halted by a solid wall of German mortar fire two miles beyond Salerno. The coastal road to Naples was under constant bombardment, so Shaheen reluctantly turned his team back to Salerno itself where they "checked in" at the smashed gutted Hotel Diana. Savoldi surveyed the shattered furniture in the ruined lobby with open scorn, for in the worst tank-towns where he'd wrestled he'd stayed at better hostelry than this abandoned establishment. Despite the inferior facilities, the shell-blasted roof and lack of running water, Savoldi insisted on clearing the plaster off the register and signing in properly. *Somebody* had to maintain the standards—even in wartime.

The others signed the register with equal solemnity, scavenged mattresses from empty rooms and set up light house-keeping in a public room that still had half of its ceiling intact. *Somebody* had to get some food for the group, and Savoldi went because he spoke the best Italian. Within 10 minutes, he was back with a slab of salted fish and an armful of not-quite-



ripe tomatoes. As the O.S.S. group consumed these items, they complimented the former fullback on his proficiency as a forager.

Savoldi beamed under this approval, and he was still glowing as they finished their K-ration coffee and lit cigarettes. So was half of Salerno, for massed German artillery pounded the waterfront without respite and ignited scores of fires. The Americans listened, speculated on the outcome of the battle and finally fell asleep. Long before dawn, they were jolted into consciousness by a series of ripping bursts that could only be Wehrmacht machine-pistols. An enemy patrol carrying the rapid-firing Schmeissers had crept back into the city to shoot up the streets in a blitz raid.

Savoldi sat up, glanced over to see that Girosi hadn't been hit, grunted and fell asleep again promptly. When he got up the next morning, he heard the crackle of small arms again. Dozens of German snipers had infiltrated before dawn, they were jolted into conally taking pot-shots at anyone who ventured out into the streets. Only a man who was heroic or naive would step outdoors with these sharpshooters covering the rooftops. Savoldi, who had a bit of both qualities, volunteered to reach British Naval H.Q. three blocks away to find out whether the beach-head had expanded sufficiently for the O.S.S. unit to try to infiltrate the enemy lines. Since his main responsibility was still the safety of the special envoy, Jumping Joe decided to take Girosi out into the sniper-infested streets with him.

The little New York businessman showed no fear, so off they went in the hot September sun. The strange "Mutt and Jeff" pair worked their way cautiously up the street, hugging the sides of buildings and sprinting across intersections to minimize the target for German sharpshooters. The enemy resumed shelling, dumping the first salvo into a square only half a block ahead. In the words of the Jersey machine-gunner in "A Walk in the Sun", it was a "stinking situation". As Girosi began to realize this, the wooden shutters on a second floor window across the Street flew open to reveal a large middle-aged woman in a red kimono and a terrible state of mind.

In a shrill abusive voice, she began to explain the impossibility of operating a first-class brothel in a community where a mob of trigger-happy soldiers had blasted the water supply, electric power lines and laundries. Her staff was talented, dedicated and

anti-Nazi, but working conditions in the shell-swept town were certain to reduce the level of hospitality that could be offered to the liberating Allied forces. Girosi stared up at the madam as if she were demented to be screaming out such odd complaints while shrapnel rained all around her, but Savoldi listened carefully and nodded at regular intervals. When she ran out of breath, the wrestler answered her in fluent Italian with a promise that he'd "personally" command a halt to the artillery duel and order immediate repairs to all public services.

Girosi was stunned, and a little awed too. The madam was delighted. She was so completely convinced by Savoldi's assurances that she excused herself for a moment to get some small token of appreciation for him. Jumping Joe smiled at his own mastery with women, remembering how he'd had three pretty young wives in a single four year period (1929-1933). When the brothel queen reappeared, it was Girosi's turn to smile and Savoldi's place to be surprised. She dropped to the bodyguard a small white card on which she'd inscribed her gratitude—in the form of a season pass.

Savoldi thanked her politely, dodged into a doorway to escape an .88's airburst and hustled Girosi on to British Naval Headquarters. There they learned that the Allied assault was stalled and the Germans were about to explode a major counter-attack. The prospects of reaching Naples overland were less than promising. When they reported all this back at the Hotel Diana, the O.S.S. team decided to depart from Salerno immediately by boat to try another landing somewhere further down the shoreline.

Artillery fire was increasing constantly as they made their way to the beach where they arranged to hitchhike out to the fleet on a landing craft unloading ammunition. The vessel carried them well out towards the entrance of the port before the British skipper had to swerve suddenly to avoid an entire squadron of Luftwaffe bombers. As the landing craft raced back towards the sand, German batteries up on the hills ringing the beach-head turned their attention to the slow flat-bottomed boat. The artillerymen on the high ridges had perfect visibility, plenty of experience and the excellent .88 millimeter cannon that caused Allied troops so much trouble in both Africa and Europe. The shells splashed closer and closer.

The British LCM swerved in towards the long stone jetty, stopped at the tip of it just long enough for the O.S.S. team to jump ashore. They sprinted for the shelter of a row of six-foot square cement blocks. Just as they reached them, they remembered that they'd left their clothing and other gear back in the landing craft. Savoldi turned, opened his mouth to shout to the British crew. At that instant, a German shell blew the LCM in half and sank it. Jumping Joe

nodded thoughtfully and closed his mouth.

Under continuing enemy bombardment, they ran, crawled, dodged and panted their way back to British Naval H.Q. where they eventually negotiated for a midnight ride on a launch leaving Salerno. They reached a Royal Navy cruiser out beyond the range of the lethal 88s, slept soundly despite the endless gun duel between the warship's turrets and the German batteries ashore. A radio message was sent requesting a U.S. PT-boat to evacuate the O.S.S. team from this hopeless situation, and the American torpedo craft picked them up less than 24 hours later. They weren't a very cheerful group as they sailed away from Salerno, for Girosi was still a long way from his brother. The mission seemed to be a complete failure.

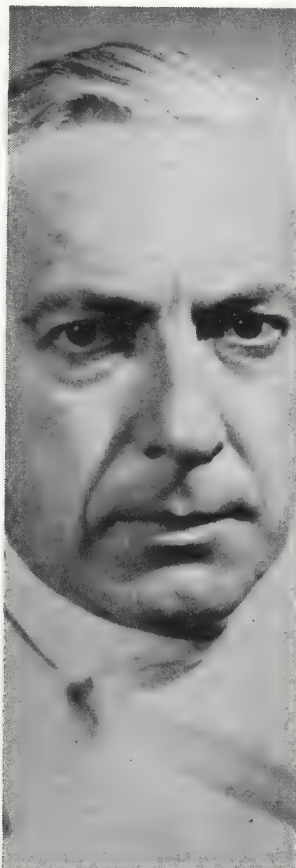
This gloom was dispelled when the PT-boat reached its base, for there the O.S.S. unit received the most astonishing news. The Italian Fleet was surrendering. During the preceding 36 hours, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and other craft had appeared outside Allied ports with large white flags atop their masts. Later, the strangely assorted intelligence group learned that they had succeeded after all. Their peculiar courier with the letter and the Loretta Young complex had fallen into the hands of the OVRA as feared, but the secret police had shrewdly passed on the letter to Admiral Girosi. Like all secret police everywhere, they were hard-boiled realists (who could see that the days of fascist rule in Italy were numbered) and they wanted to protect their own futures. If the Allies won, it obviously wouldn't hurt to have co-operated with O.S.S. in regard to the letter. Admiral Girosi had submitted the U.S. proposal to the High Command of the Italian Navy, which accepted the plan and ordered its many powerful vessels to surrender.

Despite its lack of experience and its naive planning, the O.S.S. mission to steal the Italian Navy had been a complete success. Commander Shaheen's unit recuperated from its adventures in a lavish villa on recently liberated Capri before taking on a whole series of new assignments to secure models of various secret, radical and important weapons developed by technicians and engineers of the Italian Navy. These devices included a radio-controlled aerial torpedo and a fast midget submarine.

The records of the O.S.S. contain a number of detailed reports on the extraordinary Girosi mission, documents treating almost every aspect of the unlikely operation. One question, however must forever remain unanswered. It is apparently still classified as SECRET. To this day, nobody will say whether the young Italian pugilist-courier who carried the letter that eventually reached Admiral Girosi ever got his date with Loretta Young.

Bluebook
NOW MONTHLY!
NEXT ISSUE ON SALE
DECEMBER 26

Let's take the bunk out of BALDNESS!



First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do not follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head — the back of the head, the side of the head — places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called alopecia areata, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of alopecia areata but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

At any rate, the chances are 98 to 1 that you do not have alopecia areata.

NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BALDNESS

Now we can clear the air. Up to this time no one has discovered how to grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are already bald, make up your mind that you are going to stay that way. Or if you are losing your hair from male pattern baldness, which is the predominant cause of hair loss, there is nothing you can do to stop the march of baldness. So, quit worrying about it—enjoy yourself.

But you may be losing your hair to a scalp disease called seborrhea. The symptoms of scalp seborrhea are easily recognizable—itchy scalp, scales and dandruff. Not every case of seborrhea

tion to the hair follicles. (3) By its antiseptic action, it kills on contact hair-destroying bacteria. (4) By its keratolytic action, it dissolves dried sebum and and ugly dandruff, tends to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft.

A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, vital, and alive. Head scales and dandruff disappear. Scalp itch stops. Hair loss due to seborrhea stops. Alophene, in short, is an amazingly effective treatment.

Today there is no excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of scalp seborrhea. After years of research and experimentation, we can say this about Alophene. We know of no other treatment, used at home or in professional salons, that can surpass Alophene in combating seborrhea and stopping the hair loss it causes.

ALOPHENE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore, we offer you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Try Alophene in your own home. In only a few days your hair must look healthier, more attractive, and alive. Your dandruff must be gone. Your irritating scalp itch must stop. Your hair loss due to seborrhea must stop. If your hair loss is of the predominant male pattern type, which neither our product nor anything else will help, you lose nothing. We will send you a full and immediate refund.

You must be delighted with the results. You must be completely satisfied with the rapid improvement in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to help increase the life expectancy of your hair at our risk.

So don't delay. Nothing — not even Alophene can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon below. Give yourself this chance to enjoy stronger, healthier hair again.

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23 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Note to Doctors

Doctors and hospitals engaged in clinical work on scalp disorders are invited to write for professional literature and samples of the new Alophene Formula Series.

hair loss, very dry or oily scalp, head scales and dandruff. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness but doctors know that men and women who have it usually lose their hair.

Today there is something you can do to control this hair-destroying disease.

The development of the amazing new scalp medicine called Alophene may mean that thousands of men and women can now increase the life expectancy of their hair. Alophene has two special formulas, which work together to control scalp seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes.

HOW ALOPHENE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Alophene works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretion of your sebaceous glands, to control excessive dryness or oiliness. (2) By its rubificient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutri-

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☐ Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name

Address

City Zone State

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

One Man in Three Needs Dangerous Sex

Continued from Page 27

protection.

And here's another switch:

The man who preys exclusively on married women. Unlike John T —, who tried it once, with calamitous results, the married woman gambler will play his roulette game over and over—even if beaten up a dozen times by outraged husbands.

A psychologist at the New York Neurological Institute analyzed the married woman chaser this way:

"Oddly enough, no matter how many times he 'loses' the gamble and absorbs his thrashing, he feels he hasn't lost at all! He takes pride in the fact that he CAN seduce married women. Each conquest, therefore is a win. And isn't it proof of his deadly charm and his sizzling virility? And even if he loses—through discovery by the husband—he's still had his extra thrill of getting another man's wife through a calculated risk. He also proves to himself that he will never be trapped into marriage, which he dreads."

Normal or neurotic, though, the game of sex roulette ultimately ends in catastrophe. Sooner or later you pull that trigger once too often and reach the lethal bullet that says *finis* to it all.

The more a man conditions himself to dangerous sexual escapades, the less he is capable of normal sex response. This is truly the one-bullet-in-the-chamber waiting for him.

On this point writes Dr. Eustace Chessier, noted British sexologist:

"There are some who like to try everything once. They are the deliberate experimenters, the people who fear that they miss some pleasant situation. They seek to ensure that no form of sexual activity, normal or abnormal, escapes them. *These are a danger to themselves and to others.*"

Such dangers are no gamble. They are mantraps—emotionally and physically.

"Impotence is almost a sure thing. It may hit in a year, or in a few years, but it will hit," the Neurological Institute psychologist adds. "Or latent homosexuality may begin to stir. Normal sex attitudes cannot too long withstand this kind of abuse."

Doctors and psychoanalysts emphasize that this kind of impotence is not of physical origin but a loss of *performance* which means the victim is sexually inhibited. It takes energy to be sexually aroused. The fundamental source of this energy is *psychic*. Very often it's the man suffering with the battle-fatigue of sex roulette who finds himself unable to call on that energy for a normal sexual relationship—with his own wife, for instance.

It's not that you are that ONE in every three men who drifts into the orbit of sexual misconduct, but rather

ask yourself this one:

Which of these three kinds of sex-powered men fits YOUR sex pattern behavior?

- You don't sleep around at all, if you are married. Of course, like millions of other healthy males, you are aroused by the sight or fleeting touch (like dancing) of another female. Your wife might be in the same room. But there's no keeping the hungry eye off a bare shoulder, the forbidden fruit of that blonde's 36-inch inside that low-slung evening dress. Even better if you can swing this alluring package around the dance floor and snuggle into those warm curves.

There it ends, of course, if you are one of the "don'ts" on sexual promiscuity. It's likely that you'll sublimate these desires, if married, by seeking relief in the arms of your own wife when the two of you get in bed later that night.

- Carry this sort of behavior over to the emotional area where a man WANTS to bed any dame who arouses him and *is afraid*. If you belong to this category it signals trouble ahead. On the other hand this "fear" of women (not due to homosexual tendencies) is a price thousands of men pay for a prudish upbringing—and the price does not have to be paid if a trained sexologist is told the truth by the "girl-fearing" man.

The famed Kinsey report found that American males aged 55 or less, are often seized by this fear out of mental conflict. It has its roots in sex doubts, shyness, sex guilt instilled in childhood and the "fear of humiliation" because, somewhere in the past, a woman resisted advances and the experience is never forgotten.

According to several authorities, about seven of every 10 American males have suffered one time or another with "fear of getting caught." Or, more important, (six out of 10) "fear of rejection."

What are some of the manifestations of this fear?

- In the extreme: John R—, a 36-year-old unmarried salesman, seemed outwardly normal—except for his rather odd indifference to women. His friends, especially women, knew he was not "queer."

But when John R— finally got around to visit an intelligent and compassionate analyst he finally blurted out that he had "substitutes" for the sexual intercourse he wanted with certain women (and could possess) but was fearful to do so.

John's "substitutes" were possessing woman's clothing, which he bought in a local department store, and then sprinkled with exotic perfume in the secrecy of his own room.

Blurted the anguished John R—:

"It's got so bad lately, doctor, that

I went out and bought a sexy-looking bathing suit. Bright red with white stripes at the hem just above the top of a woman's thighs. This suit was an exact duplicate worn by a girl in my office. We had been on a beach picnic together and even when she went up into the dunes with me at nightfall and let me do almost *anything* to her, I got scared and backed off. I was afraid of the consequences. Like getting involved with her—because I had no money for an affair. And I didn't want to marry her.

"So I bought the bathing suit. Ridiculous as it may sound it was something of a substitute for her."

To the analyst, who understood this behavior as the *beginning* of fetishism (obtaining sexual gratification from an object related to a woman's body), it was clear that John had some deep inner conflict, far deeper than a fear of "no money" or "don't want to marry her."

Unlike the first type of man who said "No!" because of principle, John was saying "No!" because of panic.

In his childhood he had been spanked and scolded about secretly hoarding photographs of nude women—a standard practice of thousands of male adolescents. But his mother, according to John, went one step further: she told him that all sex urges were "depraved" outside of marriage.

Instead of being taught "good conduct" for the sake of good conduct, John had been taught to fear the sexual act.

On this subject Dr. Louis E. Bisch, New York psychiatrist, writes:

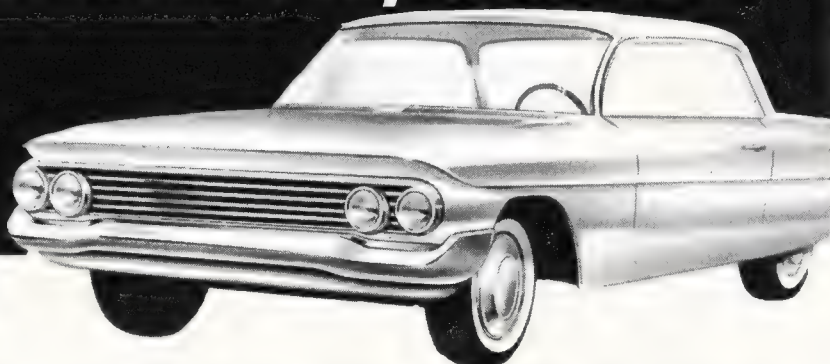
"The guilty and ashamed man is led to suspect, if not to believe, that others have noticed his fear, that others really do know. That is when the individual becomes a prey to suspicion, avoids social gatherings, blushes, observes himself in a mirror, becomes convinced that his eyes are telltale, develops self-consciousness, palpitation of the heart, digestive disturbances and all sorts of similar upsets. Guilt and shame (and fear) have finally joined hands in preparing the man for *inferiority*."

John R— was afraid, therefore, not because of voluntary scruples but because of a tremendous load of "sex guilt" which manifested itself as *fright*.

Once his tongue was loosened, John R— poured out the rest of the story. He had not been bothered by the moral argument which says that "spilling of the seed" is sinful, but rather by the dire warnings that self-abuse leads to blindness, brain fever, impotence, pimples, "hair on the hand" and other ridiculous sexual myths. Worse yet, John had acquired a *dread of being exposed to censure* if "somebody finds out" that he slept with a woman. This dread, according to many leading psychiatrists, afflicts many men—married or unmarried—and it's the only reason why they don't "play around." Thousands never fall prey to the fetish-type relief



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Smart dress, sport styles!
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styles, mocassins,
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30 kinds of work shoes!
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At last ... even in your spare time ... you can start a business that makes money fast ... so fast it can put you in a 1962 car of your choice in one short month! Here's how: At our expense, we'll set you up in a profitable Mason "Shoe Store" business. You need no previous experience ... don't invest a dime! James Kelly tried our offer and made \$93.55 in just one evening's friendly work! Yes, everyone wants exciting, Nationally Advertised Mason Shoes. That's why you pocket steady cash profits, enjoy easy repeat sales, *big* money ... *plus* monthly bonus checks and rich prizes!

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It's easy, because you run this "Store" from home. Just show the hundreds of Mason Shoe and Jacket styles to friends, relatives, people at work ... and take their orders! It's so **CONVENIENT** for your customers! You have no inventory ... no overhead expenses ... yet you keep 100% of the profit!

Mason Shoes SELL FAST!

You'll offer over 230 styles for men and women ... featuring foamy soft *air-cushion* innersoles ... every shoe so comfortable they almost sell themselves for dress, work, sport wear. You'll have no problem fitting people, because you draw on our stock of over 250,000 pairs ... sizes from 2½ to 15, widths from AAAA to EEEE. Your customers are delighted. Remember, Mason Shoes aren't sold by stores ... folks must buy these Nationally Advertised Shoes from you.

FREE SELLING KIT!

The moment we receive the coupon below, we'll rush your complete Business Outfit **FREE** and postpaid! You'll receive a powerful Outfit showing the full Mason line *in color*; a dramatic 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator; "how-to-make-money" Booklet; special measuring board; National ad reprints ... Good-Will Gifts ... *everything* you need to start making *big money* your very first hour!

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Stop *dreaming* about that new car ... now you can *own* it by rushing this coupon to us at once! Just 4 easy orders a day will easily *give* you enough profit *in one month* to make the down payment—and your profits in this exciting business should soon pay for the car and many other luxuries besides!

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Send my **FREE** Business Outfit Today! I want to start a profitable shoe business and earn up to \$480 a month ... and more, so I can start driving my own brand new 1962 car **SOON!**

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sought by John R—. They simply keep away from women out of the fear of "being caught."

The answer to John's "afraid phobia" was 100 percent curative because the analyst hit him with this startling rebuttal:

"Just remember this, John: that every important, highly-respected man in public life could step into YOUR shoes!"

"Presidents, senators, corporation tycoons, movie stars, generals and some of the world's greatest scientists have taken many women to bed well-knowing the risk and they've done it (and still do) without the slightest qualm!"

The analyst hastened to impress on John R— that he was NOT condoning this sort of thing. He wanted, above all, for John to rid himself of his fears.

"There's nothing very special about you, John," he went on, relentlessly. "The important point is for you to become *normally* sex-oriented. If you don't want to take a woman, make your choice out of practical or moral convictions—free of terror."

Lastly, are you "one out of three" kinds of sex behavior fitting the role of sex gambler? Are you the man who DOES when, or wherever, he get it?

In the laymans' language you are tagged the "sex athlete" and while some men relish this accolade, there's more here than meets the eye, particularly that come-hither eye.

Let us face it: the ability of a man to seduce other women besides his wife is often applauded by other men (secretly of course) as the unmistakable sign of intense sexual vigor.

Although thousands of respectable males publicly denounce the "tom-cating" fellow, the fact remains that *privately* many of these same thousands envy him. He "scores" with other dames. He's a "hot-shot with the babes" and he's surreptitiously admired for his daring and self-confidence.

Yet there is invariably some hidden motivation, or frustration, behind the bed-hopping of the sex athlete who is, of course, a sex gambler if already married and the father of children.

Consider the frisky activities of one Fred W—, married four years and the father of one child. Before he married Margaret, a warm-blooded and sexy-looking blonde, Fred had already made his reputation as a ladies' man. This was a polite way to express it. Fred had been a ladies' man with no holds barred. Before he was 25 some dozen women (married and unmarried) had enthusiastically gone to bed with him. Some of these affairs were strictly one-night stands. Others lasted up to six months.

In the fourth year of his marriage, Fred acquired a mistress—his first sign of the "old weakness" since his wedding night. His wife found out

about it. The marriage headed for the rocks. In a last-minute effort to avoid the catastrophic divorce (both husband and wife dearly loved their small daughter), a Chicago marriage counselor pulled an interesting switch: he privately interviewed Freds' mistress!

Her frank account of love-play with Fred was revealing: "Outside of liking him as a human being, I was crazy about how he made love," she told the counsellor, placidly.

"Sure, I knew he was a 'pro' at this sort of thing. But so what? Why, even his finger tips grazing my face can arouse me powerfully."

"Fred made me excited because he simply could not be crude in his love-play. With Fred it's much more than understanding female anatomy, it's just that he understands the needs of the female psyche."

Obvious question: why hadn't Fred's sexual talents pleased his wife?

In the words of the report of the marriage counselor:

"First of all, his wife had been a virgin. In my talks with her I soon learned that she had been sheltered, timid and thoroughly inexperienced concerning men. Even in matters of petting. Four years didn't make much difference in this emotional pattern, either."

"Fred had been 'around' so much that as a sex athlete he took too much for granted. No matter his skill in knowing how to stimulate a female, he overlooked the fact that there's a world of difference between arousing an *experienced* woman and a wife who was not only a virgin but brought up in an environment which made her fear *variations in love-making*."

"In this case, Fred's trouble was accepting that old saw 'women are all alike!' Surely, this was a grave error about his wife. No matter how gentle, or expert, he could be in love-making he simply overlooked the conviction in his wife that sex play was vulgar."

In a real sense, Fred could not be condemned for his mistakes with Margaret. In his private conversation with the counselor he put it this way:

"Look, on our wedding night I said to her, 'I wouldn't think of doing anything to hurt you, dear.'"

"She said it was up to me."

"Well, that's where I made my mistake. I treated her as I had other girls *who had been around*, and it simply boomeranged."

"In these past four years our sex life has been like a cat-and-mouse thing. So that's when I went out and got myself another woman!"

After several consultations with Margaret, who still loved her husband, the counselor succeeded in convincing her that her husband's sophisticated sex play was not "vulgar" and should be welcomed—with unbridled passion—because he loved her and had been respectful about her prudery. "Margaret, you're not frigid," he told her, "just scared by the things

that come naturally to a good sexual relationship!"

But a consensus among doctors and sexologists indicates a psychological "block" in many U.S. males who take pride in their Don Juanism. Their mistake is believing that continuous success with women is a sign of masculinity. Actually, in many instances, it is a *lack* of it.

Observes a well-known New York analyst:

"The truly virile male shouldn't have a need to keep bedding dozens of women to keep sexually vigorous. What his behavior adds up to is this: he has to reassure himself that he's sexy as hell. They sometimes forget that it's the near-impotent man who must turn to many women so that he can prove that he's still virile!"

A good number of men over 45, happily married and normal in every other respect, find themselves suddenly overcome by the chilling thought that they *MIGHT* be turning into weak-sexed males.

This emotional upheaval breaks through a man's self-control without warning. Although he has been faithful after 10 or 20 years of marriage, he begins to worry about the decreasing number of times he's been taking his wife to bed. The sight of her naked body no longer stirs wild passion and very often, he now remembers, she had to be the aggressor before he became aroused enough to make love.

Some women, embittered by the discovery that their husbands are having affairs with long-limbed chicks (many half the husband's age) talk contemptuously of their erring spouse as "in his foolish forties". One matron told a divorce lawyer:

"I want to get rid of him because he's turned into a wheezing old sex maniac!"

The "maniac" in question was a 46-year-old manufacturer sexually involved with his 22-year-old secretary. Before drawing up the preliminary papers on divorce, the wise lawyer managed to get the manufacturer, Herbert M—, to a psychiatrist's office. It was not too difficult. The lawyer was a family friend of many years and he wanted no part of such a legal hassle.

Herbert's sudden infidelity, it turned out, was a seduction-in-reverse. But he was ripe for the incident that took place in his private office after 7 p.m.

The secretary, Betty S—, admired her boss for a long time. As a matter of fact, Betty was one of thousands of younger women who find males of their own age "uninteresting" and very often downright bores. Betty was mature and intelligent. Furthermore, she was a vibrant and well-stacked female who longed for a sexual contact with a man that would be *totally* satisfying: physically and mentally.

Her method with Herbert was daring and simple. Many times she had

"You don't need a college diploma but you do need plenty of common sense and . . .

You've got to like people"

I guess I've given this same answer to thousands of men and women in the last 40 years. The question itself is worded in different ways . . . but it always has to do with whether an average person can learn my kind of professional work. They are interested because they want to do it as a new full-time occupation . . . or as a dignified spare-time way of making extra money . . . or (because my work is so fascinating) they want to learn it for self-development and for use as a hobby. No matter what your reason for accepting this that I offer you in the story below, your own life will become fuller and each new day will bring you the satisfactions and excitement of new adventure.

By M. N. Bunker

DO PEOPLE interest you? Does knowing what makes people tick intrigue you? Would you call yourself a student of human nature?

I am lucky enough to say this has been my life's work—the study of people, their likes and dislikes, their strengths and their weaknesses. If I had my life to live over again I'd get back into the same field. And if I couldn't do it for pay I'd do it as a hobby. That's how much I like the work I have done all my life.

I'm semi-retired now and look back with complete satisfaction. My life is full and I have made and saved more money than I shall ever need. But of far greater importance to me—I have shown many men and women an interesting way of helping themselves by helping others.

Is it Magic?

This occupation which I have followed all my life uses a practical science that, many people think, works like magic. True, it may work like magic but this is the kind of miracle that has its feet firmly on the ground—solid as a rock—based on sound logic and proved fact.

If you are mentally mature and if you are intelligent enough to be open minded (which is probably so or you would not have read this far into my message) I want to show you how you can turn your ability into cash . . . how you can achieve emotional well-being and a positive approach to living.

I don't have space here to tell you the whole story of my unique profession-business. And, in any case, I would like first to give you, without charge, a "free sample" of the science of grapho analysis.

Grapho analysis is the fast growing technique of reading character and personal traits from ordinary handwriting. Please note that this is *not* graphology and has nothing to do with fortune-telling.

Please be a Doubting Thomas

I hope you are now shaking your head and saying to yourself, "Sounds interesting, but just what can this ability to analyze handwriting do for me?" I want you to be a Doubting Thomas

because thinking people do best with grapho analysis.

Basically, this advanced method of getting significant meaning out of ordinary handwriting is a psychological tool. You can use it to understand people—your loved ones, your employees, your customers, your bosses. With this knowledge of grapho analysis you know how to handle people. You become a practical psychologist. Also, a study of your own handwriting will reveal many things about your own strengths and weaknesses that you never before understood very well, if at all.

This knowledge and ability makes you feel different about yourself. You'll feel an inner strength, an inner self-esteem to accompany your new-found understanding. You'll enjoy life more . . . your pleasant positive attitude will bring you confidence and success.

Remember, these inner personal benefits are something you get in *addition* to the money-making opportunities you have in grapho analysis. Many of our members start earning lecture fees (as much as \$50.00 an hour) even before they are through with their training. There is a demand for good grapho analysts to talk before luncheon clubs, civic, fraternal and church groups, conventions, and on radio and television.

Other members make good steady earnings teaching neighborhood study classes, doing counseling and solving family and marital problems. Yes, grapho analysis offers any intelligent



person an exciting new career, one in which you help people and earn good money doing it.

Send for FREE X-Ray View of Your Personality

Let me send you, without any charge, an analysis of your own handwriting. I want to send you this personal study *absolutely free* to acquaint you with this fascinating science of character analysis through handwriting.

Also, without any obligation on your part I will send you a copy of the Grapho Analyst Digest. You'll find in this big illustrated booklet many factual stories about men and women who have studied grapho analysis . . . and the unusually fine things that have happened to them since they learned how to analyze handwriting.

And that's not all. Also free, I want to send you a sample lesson in grapho analysis. You'll learn interesting handwriting rules you can use immediately. Rules that may save you from costly errors, both personal and business . . . rules that will help you *really* know people.

Absolutely No Charge for Any of This

Remember, this is all free. I want you to have it with no strings attached. Just handwrite your name and address in the coupon below. And address your envelope to me also in your own regular handwriting. This will give me enough of your handwriting to have your free analysis worked up. That's all there is to it . . . just fill in the coupon below and mail it to me today. There is absolutely *no charge* or obligation of any kind.

M. N. BUNKER, International Headquarters

Department BZ-203

325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

M. N. Bunker, International Headquarters

Dept. BZ-203, 325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

Please send me the free analysis of my handwriting together with a free copy of the Grapho Analyst Digest and a free sample lesson in grapho analysis. There is no obligation on my part and no charge now or ever.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Please *handwrite* in coupon but *print* your name clearly below in margin

worked late hours with her gentle and charming boss and she knew, instinctively, that he liked her. But he was a gentleman. Betty took care of that.

On the night in question, Herbert brewed coffee in the office percolator as he had done before as a "break" in their after-hours labor. Everybody had gone home. Betty and Herbert were alone in his office. When Herbert served Betty her cup she managed to upset it all over her brand-new dress. Without the slightest hesitation, she slipped out of the dress and hung it up on a rack. He did not try to resist his natural impulses. It was in this "situation" that Mrs. Herbert M—— found them when she unexpectedly dropped by the office after a dinner-date with a woman neighbor.

After talking with Herbert and his wife, the psychiatrist had a second private session with his wife and put it right on the line:

"You have overlooked the fact that Herbert did not deliberately seek out the opportunity to be unfaithful. Frankly—and this may shock you—it is unrealistic to expect a middle-aged husband to say *no* to an aggressive younger woman who behaves seductively toward him. Especially with all the emotional factors built into this man-and-wife problem.

"Because your long-standing marriage has become commonplace, the act of love has become commonplace. For a middle-aged fellow like Herbert here was a subconscious torment. He wondered if he was losing sexual power to excite himself, quickly.

"And then Betty took off her clothes and offered herself to him. What you forget, Mrs. M——, is that few men of your husband's age and sexual history have the will power to turn down such an invitation.

"Most men who say they would tell Betty to get back into her dress, knowing they still could get away with it, are damned liars!

In a recent study at the University of Michigan, sociologists majoring in "sex conflicts among urban groups" ran into a great deal of confusion among men and women about the relationship of sex and love.

Confidential interviews with women (married and unmarried), for example, revealed that girls between 19 and 26—the age bracket selected for the study—were bitter and contemptuous toward the male "sex athlete"—if he shared his sexual prowess with OTHER women.

A significant conclusion of this study:

"Many of the young women interviewed put themselves in this contradictory position: they believed in giving themselves to several males before 'marrying for love', either out of physical attraction or a combination of sex-and-friendship.

"On the other hand, 82 percent of these same girls would break off an affair with a man if he was frank enough to admit that he also went to bed with other females! They would

go on with a man, perhaps even *suspecting* he slept around, but they did not want to know it!"

The grim fact of the matter is (if it is grim) that men don't have to love or "like" a woman in order to fully enjoy sexual intercourse.

Long ago Freud proved that a man's sex drive operates independently of any affection he might have for a woman. For countless thousands of males satisfying a pent-up sexual need is no different than satisfying hunger or thirst.

"This is not as brutal as it sounds," a New York psychiatrist explained. "It is entirely possible for a male to have sex relations with a woman who bores him—or even a woman he does

not like. And he can take such a woman to bed again and again while being deeply in love with another woman—who might be his own wife!

"And take that 82 percent of the girls in the Michigan report who have a 'social code' about staying away from men who sleep around all the time.

"Ask a few more questions of these girls—especially the honest ones. Know something? Why there will be sex athletes among them, too. And that doesn't make them prostitutes or loose women, either. They're all for a couple hours of fun with assorted males—providing each lover whispers in the ear, "You, dear, are the one!"

Murder at the United Nations

Continued from Page 35

was found to the opposite effect in my handwriting it would be a fake."

As if he had a premonition of his violent end, this was Bang-Jensen's answer to the suicide theory. Even as he wrote it, the Soviet murder mill was grinding out preparations for his "suicide."

The MVD trap was baited in August, 1959.

On Friday, August 28, an Iron Curtain diplomat employed at the UN ran into Bang-Jensen "by chance" in a restaurant near CARE headquarters, 650 First Ave., Manhattan, a few blocks down the street from United Nations headquarters. As this restaurant is a favorite hangout of UN employees, especially those from the Soviet Union and its East Europe satellites, Bang-Jensen saw 'nothing unusual in the meeting.'

The man sat down at the table where Bang-Jensen was dining alone. He expressed sympathy with the Dane's stand on the witness list and said he was sorry Bang-Jensen had been fired.

"You underestimated the forces you were up against," he said.

Bang-Jensen later repeated this quote to his wife when he told her of the restaurant conversation. She remembered the words—and saw them again on her husband's "suicide" note.

The Iron Curtain diplomat told Bang-Jensen he knew of his earlier conversations with the murdered Soviet official.

"Everything he told you is true," he said. He added that he had proof that Soviet agents were entrenched in the UN Secretariat and the CIA. He said he would like to give this proof to American authorities, in exchange for political asylum.

"It would be difficult for me to go to the Americans with this information," he said. "Because I am an official of a communist country, they might not believe me. Besides, it would be very dangerous for me.

"You would be in a much better position to contact the American authorities and give them the proof of Soviet espionage."

He said he would provide names of Soviet agents in the Secretariat and CIA; copies of secret documents smuggled out of UN files and the American intelligence agency; copies of coded messages between the agents and their headquarters, and tapes of conversations spies recorded within the UN Committee on Hungary.

When Bang-Jensen returned home that night, he was very excited. He was convinced his new contact had been telling the truth. And he believed he soon would have evidence that Allen Dulles could not ignore.

On Sunday, August 30, he met the Iron Curtain national again. They made plans for gathering the evidence and presenting it to U.S. authorities without going through the State Department channels where Bang-Jensen's previous efforts to contact Dulles had bogged down in red tape.

Bang-Jensen told his wife and his psychiatrist about these meetings. But he did not name his UN informant, nor did he identify him by nationality. All he said was that the man was from "a communist-bloc country."

The second meeting disappointed Bang-Jensen because his contact failed to produce any concrete evidence. But the communist official assured him the proof soon would be in his hands.

Other clandestine meetings were held in September and October. Bang-Jensen's contact kept stringing him along, stalling for time while he tried to find out how much the Dane really knew about Red spies in the UN and CIA.

Though Bang-Jensen was a veteran student of international intrigue who had spent 20 years fighting both Nazis and Communists, he apparently did not realize that his Iron Curtain informant was working for the MVD. And when he finally found out, it

was too late.

On Monday, Nov. 23, 1959, the handsome ex-diplomat said goodbye to his wife and five children and left for his CARE job. It was 7:20 a.m. when he stepped out of his comfortable split-level home at 18 Old Farm Rd., Lake Success, Long Island, in a development not far from the original home of the United Nations.

A neighbor saw him walking along Old Farm Rd. and gave him a lift to the bus stop at Northern Blvd. in nearby Little Neck, New York City. It was his habit each weekday morning to board a bus at this stop and ride it to Flushing, Queens, where he changed to a subway. He would ride the subway to Grand Central Station and walk a few short blocks from there to his office.

On this particular morning, his usual bus was waiting at the Northern Blvd. stop when Bang-Jensen got out of his neighbor's car at 7:40 a.m. He thanked the neighbor and started walking towards the bus.

At 7:44, the bus left—without Bang-Jensen. The driver later told police he knew the diplomat by sight and was positive he was not a passenger that morning.

Federal investigators suspect Soviet agents tailed Bang-Jensen from his home to the bus stop, then intercepted him before he could board the bus. A car in which his Iron Curtain "contact" was riding with one or two other men pulled alongside the Dane. He was offered a lift to town.

Bang-Jensen entered the car and was driven to a New York apartment used by the MVD as an interrogation center and torture chamber. He was held prisoner there for two days. Then, when the MVD was through questioning him, he was shot in the head with his own pistol and dumped in Alley Pond Park.

Perhaps suspecting a Soviet trap, Bang-Jensen may have been carrying the gun for protection. OR MVD agents may have stolen it from his home or office in preparation for his "suicide." His wife had not seen it for more than a year before his death.

Not satisfied with the police verdict of suicide, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee conducted its own investigation. It found ample evidence pointing to murder.

Dr. Richard Grimes, Queens County medical examiner, told Senate investigators Bang-Jensen died between 24 and 32 hours before his body arrived at the morgue at noon on Thanksgiving Day. This would mean he was killed some time between 4 a.m. and noon on Wednesday, Nov. 25.

Investigators interviewed several residents of the Alley Pond Park neighborhood who were in the park—at the spot where Bang-Jensen's body was found—on Wednesday.

All these witnesses swore the body was not there on Wednesday.

George Hageman, 231-17 67th Ave., Bayside, Queens, gave the Committee this statement:

I DEMAND A RECOUNT



SOMEONE IS STEALING WIVES. The United States Census Bureau reports that 98,779 Alaskans are married. Of these, 52,958 are men and 45,821 are women, a clear deficit of 7,137 spouses.

What is behind this wholesale rustling? Has anyone notified the President, the Governor, the Army? Maybe you better forget the army. Enuff said.

At the rate Alaska is losing wives, it may have to be declared a disaster area. Imagine, going to the Red Cross to donate your wife instead of your blood. Something like that could catch on.

The first thing to do should be an interview with the 7,137 husbands. Have they tried to find their 7,137 missing wives. Here is a thought for you. Maybe they don't want them back. This would of course make things ever so much more simple. Eliminate a lot of paper work, it would. If husband A does not want wife B back, then paper C would not have to be made out.

And again, there is always the possibility that the wives aren't really missing at all. With the amount of clothing necessary in the northern regions, wives could have been counted as husbands. With dresses becoming a thing of the past, if it wasn't for Lana Turner inventing the sweater, the identification of the female of the species would be very difficult indeed.

I demand a recount. If wife rustling is this prevalent in these United States, I want to know about it. I want to know why some one hasn't rustled mine.

—Jack D. Fuller

"It was my habit to walk my dog twice a day—about 7 o'clock in the morning and about 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Usually we walked up and down the path in Alley Pond Park. The afternoon before Mr. Bang-Jensen's body was found in Alley Pond Park, I walked my dog down the path and back again. Because I am elderly, I walked slowly. I saw nothing. When I heard on the radio the following day that police thought the body had been there since Wednesday morning, I said: 'No, this isn't possible.' He was not there, because I would have seen him if he was. And if I had not seen him, my dog certainly would have."

Other persons who had walked along the bridle path Wednesday morning and afternoon and substantially the same thing. The body, therefore, must have been dumped in the park Wednesday night or Thursday morning, several hours after the murder.

New York police also goofed on several other important points. One of these was the "suicide" note. Though it was undoubtedly written in Bang-Jensen's handwriting, it was dated simply "November."

"Bang-Jensen, a precise man, made it a practice to date his letters precisely," the Senate Committee reported. "Mrs. Bang-Jensen can recall no other letter or note which Bang-Jensen dated simply with the name of the month, nor have we found one."

The note concluded with this sentence: "I underestimated the forces I was up against." The words were almost identical to those used by the Iron Curtain diplomat when he made his first contact with Bang-Jensen.

In the bottom corner of the note, was a seemingly meaningless inser-

tion—the numeral and letter 6A. Investigators believe this was written by Bang-Jensen in a desperate effort to leave some clue to his killers. The Iron Curtain national had told him of tape recordings made inside the UN Committee on Hungary. Presumably, these recordings were made in Vienna, where the Committee interviewed witnesses at 6A Wallnerstrasse.

The Senate Committee concluded: "It is possible that the mysterious '6A' may have been intended to point to the Vienna hearings of the UN Committee on Hungary."

Expressing the opinion that Bang-Jensen "was the victim of political murder dressed up as suicide," the Committee added: "There are too many solid arguments against suicide, too many unanswered questions, too many serious reasons for suspecting Soviet motivation."

A former MVD officer, Peter S. Deriabian, told the Senate group: "It is general knowledge among those who have worked in the ranks of the MVD, when it undertakes the liquidation of political opponents, has certain techniques for simulating suicide and other techniques for inducing suicide. A convincing 'suicide' may take a year or two to prepare. During this period, the subject's life is examined minutely to determine the methods most suitable to his personality and circumstances. Meanwhile, stories may be circulated in the press, if possible, and at the very least among his neighbors, that the subject is despondent. This prepares the ground for a plausible suicide story when the deed occurs."

Another witness, Gen. Bela Kiraly, head of the Hungarian Freedom Fighters Foundation, expressed the opinion that Bang-Jensen wrote his

"suicide" note while under the influence of drugs. The same thing happened to him, Gen. Kiraly said, while he was a prisoner of the MVD.

Kiraly swore the Reds possess drugs that will make anyone "tell everything that he knows, or write in a paper whatever those who dictate to him want him to write."

Jan Valtin, onetime Soviet agent and author of the book "Out of the Night," said: "Murder disguised as suicide is a procedure thoroughly familiar to every active agent of the Soviet secret police."

Here are a few other cases in with murder in the United States: was used by the Kremlin to get away with murder in the United States:

Gen. Walter Krivitsky, former chief of Soviet military intelligence in Western Europe, was found shot to death on Feb. 10, 1941, in his room at the Bellevue Hotel in Washington, D.C. Like Bang-Jensen, he left suicide notes. And he was killed with his own gun.

Krivitsky had exposed Soviet espionage activities in the United States and Canada. The MVD tried to assassinate him in Paris, but failed. At the time of his death, he was under subpoena to appear before a New York State legislative committee with additional evidence of Red espionage.

On Oct. 4, 1948, Walter Marvin Smith, a key witness in the perjury trial of suspected Communist agent Alger Hiss, died after falling five stories down a circular stairwell in the Department of Justice building, Washington. Police said he was despondent because of the ill health of his stepdaughter."

On Dec. 20, 1948, State Department official Lawrence Duggan, member of the Red underground in the U.S. government, plunged to his death from the window of a New York office building. He wore one overshoe. The other was found in the office from which he had dropped.

On June 12, 1949, U.S. Government employee Morton E. Kent, suspected of dealing with Kremlin agents, was found dead on a rocky island in a river near Washington. His throat had been cut. A cheap kitchen knife lay near the body.

On Sept. 4, 1951, pro-Communist writer Louis Adamic was found dead in his farmhouse at Rigelsville, N.J., a rifle across his knees and a bullet through his brain. The body was discovered at 4 a.m. by workers who saw flames rising from the house. Firemen found evidence of arson.

All of the above deaths were listed as suicides. But all of them were carefully-planned Red murders.

Says the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee:

Simulated or induced suicides are very real phenomena. Local police chiefs would be well advised to call in the FBI immediately in any case of apparent suicide where there is reason for believing that the Kremlin stood to benefit from the death of the deceased.



Give Me One Evening And I'll Give You A Push-Button Memory

Yes! Here at last is your chance to gain the super-powered, file-cabinet memory you've always dreamed about... so easily and so quickly that you'll be astounded... AND ACTUALLY DO IT WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

Let me explain! I don't care how poor you may think your memory is now! I believe that you have a memory 10 TO 20 TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU REALIZE TODAY! I believe that your memory is working at a tiny fraction of its true power today—because you simply don't know the right way to feed it facts! Because you don't know the right way to take names and faces and anything else you want to remember—and burn them into your memory so vividly that you can never forget them!

Yes! Remembering is a trick! Powerful memories can be made to order—you don't have to be born with them! The secret of a super-powered, hair-trigger memory is as simple as tying your shoelace! I can teach it to you in a single evening! And I'm willing to prove it to you without your risking a penny! Here's how!

Would You Invest Three Hours of Your Time to Transform Your Memory?

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside only one evening. Give this book your uninterrupted attention. And then get ready for one of the most thrilling accomplishments of your entire life!

Take this book and turn to page 39. Read eight short pages—no more! And then put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you. And then—get ready to test your new, AUTOMATIC MEMORY!

What you are going to do, in that very first evening, is this: without referring to the book, you are going to sit down, and you are going to write—not five, not ten, but TWENTY important facts that you have never been able to memorize before! If you are a business man, they may be customers' orders that you have received... if you are a salesman, they may be twenty different products in your line... if you are a student, they may be the twenty parts of your homework... if you are a housewife, they may be the twenty items on your shopping list that you have to keep tomorrow!

In any case, you are simply going to glance over that list again for a few moments. You are going to perform a simple mental trick on each one of these facts—that will burn that fact into your mind, permanently and automatically! And then you are going to put that list away. You're going to bed without thinking of it again.

And the next morning, when you are going to amuse your family and friends! When you go down to business, you'll attend to every one of those orders—automatically—without referring to your memo pad! For perhaps the first time in your life, you'll be able to plan ahead your entire day—automatically, in your own mind—without being a slave to reminders, or notes, or other "paper crutches"!

Yes! And you'll amaze your friends by remembering every product in your line—backwards and forwards—in the exact or-

der that you memorized them! You'll keep every single appointment on time—because one appointment will automatically flash into your mind after another—at the precise moment you need them—exactly as though you pushed a mental button!

All this—in a single evening! Here is a gift that will pay you dividends for as long as you live! A simple trick... a simple secret of burning facts into your memory that may change your entire life!

Suddenly, Whole New Worlds of Self-Confidence Open Up for You!

But this is just the beginning of the "miracles" you can perform with your memory! This secret is just one of the over 50 MEMORY INTENSIFIERS contained in this book! You have seen men and women use these exact same methods on television to astound you! But you never knew how incredibly simple they were—once you learned the inside secret!

For instance—REMEMBERING NAMES AND FACES! How many times have you been embarrassed, because you couldn't remember the name of the person you were talking to—or introduce him to a friend?—as little as one short week after you receive this book, how would you like to walk into a room full of TWENTY new people... meet each one of them only once... and then remember the names—automatically—for as long as you live!

Yes! These names and faces are filed in the storehouse of your memory—permanently! Whenever you meet these people on the street... whenever you bump into them at the club... or whenever they drop in unexpectedly at your home... the instant you see their face, their name pops into your mind automatically! There is no hesitation, no embarrassment! By the time you can reach out to shake their hands, your memory has delivered all the important facts you need to please them!

Think of the advantage in business—when you can call every customer by his first name—and then ask for his wife and children. Instantly, by their names, you can speak their language! You'll make when you ask him about the state of his business, about his hobbies, when you even repeat—almost word for word—the last conversation you had with him! Think of becoming a celebrity at your club—as the member who "knows everyone"... who can be depended upon to avoid mistakes, to win new friends for the organization, to get things done!

But this is still just the beginning! This book teaches you how to remember exactly what you hear and read! It gives you the confidence you need to make an important point at a business conference... to back up your opinion in discussions... becomes a leader in conversation, with dozens of interesting facts at your fingertips!

This book teaches you how to memorize a speech, or a sales presentation—in minutes! It teaches you how to remember every card played when you relax at night! It can improve your gin, or poker, or bridge game by



MEET HARRY LORAYNE "The human being with the most phenomenal memory in the world!" Harry Lorayne has lectured in front of thousands of Americans! Rotarians, Elks, Masons, Chamber of Commerce groups have all called on this amazing man to prove the business and social power of a strong, reliable memory! Lorayne's memory is so strong that he can remember the names, faces, addresses and occupations of over 700 different people in a single evening—after meeting each one of them only once!

And yet, a few short years ago, this man's memory was no better than yours! This man trained his own memory—he built the most fabulous memory in the world from scratch! And now he gives you the very same secrets he discovered and perfected himself! Memory Builders that work overnight! Secrets that can change your entire life in a single week—OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK!

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Floating Women's Barracks

Continued from page 30

little fun with some tear gas."

"And . . ." growled Captain D'Onofrio.

"Nylon, sir, is soluble in tear gas, or at least the gas used. Their stockings disappeared, and so did their . . . panties."

"They did, eh?" said the Captain. He looked at the requisition. "How do you explain the figure '329' panties if you had a thousand women standing on that goddam deck — which shows what this goddam Navy is coming to—did you make a personal survey?"

"Not exactly, sir," said Wright. "I was forced to go on hearsay. 329 of the girls had their panties evaporate on them—I mean off them. A couple of hundred of them were wearing cotton panties, which survived. The rest were . . . er . . . nude."

"Nude?" bellowed the Captain.

"I mean, nude under their skirts, sir," said Wright.

The Captain looked at him for a long, glowing moment.

"Get out of here," he said to the young officer. "Get out of here, and, if possible, get your mind out of the women's underwear department, and let's get on with this goddam war."

Wright saluted, and bolted out . . . thus missing the shadow of the grin which crossed the Captain's face for just the flicker of a second.

Believe it or not, this was the prelude to one of the most fantastic, improbable, and fuddle-up snafus ever to take place in that entire war. (*The names of the officers involved, and the ship designation, have been changed, for obvious protection.*)

The next thing that happened to Lt. Commander Wright was even more uncomfortable. He was called into Captain D'Onofrio's headquarters the next day, and found the Captain speechless—perhaps for the first time in a long, voluble, and profane career—with rage.

The Captain just beckoned to him—a follow-me kind of beckon. They walked up the long hall to Vice-Admiral Bullard's office. The Admiral was the skipper of the whole show, air, sea, and undersea, at the base. He was small, peppery, and one of the greatest men in the Service.

Wright stood at attention in front of the Admiral's desk. The Captain flung himself into a chair without being asked. They both looked coldly at the Lt. Commander.

"Son," said Admiral Bullard, "one of the pleasantest duties that I had to perform this morning was ordering your command to sea immediately. But I wanted to explain before you leave—I trust never to appear before me in any form whatsoever—another action I have found it necessary to take, purely for the good of the service. You have, I believe, an Ensign Ryder under your command?"

"Yessir."

The Admiral obviously made an effort to control his voice before speaking.

"Last night, Commander," said Bullard. "Ensign Ryder saw fit to climb into an upper window of the barracks where you have billeted those females of yours. Many of the girls are quartered, dormitory style, over there. But a few have separate rooms. Ensign Ryder apparently was familiar with these arrangements since he went through a window of a room occupied by a single young woman. I do not mean unmarried, but solitary. Ensign Ryder denies that he had in mind attacking the young woman, or doing anything violent. In that, I believe him—since he is young, attractive, and very well set up, and undoubtedly had convinced himself that the girl would welcome him. His good looks have been modified considerably, however, since he went through the window. She broke a tennis racket over his head, fractured his arm, and threw him out of the window, causing multiple contusions and lacerations, but not breaking his neck, which he so richly deserved having done. Now, Commander, I'm telling you alone—Captain D'Onofrio is not listening, he has assured me in advance—what I'm going to do, and then you're to forget it. That's an order."

The Admiral's voice quivered at this point, but he continued.

"I am giving Ensign Ryder a discharge from the Navy because of his disabilities, and God help me, the only way I can hush up this blasted—pardon me. The only way I can see to protect the honor of the Navy in this unfortunate situation is to award him The Purple Heart for injuries sustained in that submarine action of last week. You do recall, do you not, Commander, the circumstances of that action, and his part in it?"

Wright nodded, numbly.

"Good," said Admiral Bullard. "Dismissed."

Wright headed straight for the officer's club, where he ordered two double scotches, straight, and drank them down like water.

"Why? Why?" he kept muttering to himself. "Why did it have to happen to me?"

His first job in the Navy had been writing the exact words of commendations—a double irritant for a man who had a sincere desire for combat, and put in for duty at sea whenever he got the chance. He had finally made it, after a year of trying, when he was assigned to a ship—but she turned out to be the Ambrose Lightship, anchored eternally in New York's lower harbor, where the Navigator (for that was his job) could hardly be called the busiest officer on board. He got sea pay, but he was able to go home on the subway, week-ends, to

visit his family. It was better than writing commendations, but not much.

After that he had sailed on a couple of LST's, took a trick on an AKA, and finally gained what he wanted—Executive Officer on APA-564.

By now he was a little gun-shy about reading his orders. There always seemed to be some kind of a joker in them. And this was no exception.

He was ordered to take the APA from Norfolk, to Marseilles, France, with proper regard for combat dangers en route. There would be two destroyers as an escort. His own ship had a few five-inchers and a battery of 40-millimeters and could take care of herself pretty well for a transport. And, ordinarily, at such a point, a young Lt. Commander, Exec. at last—even if under an Annapolis Commander as skipper—and orders to take to sea, would be jumping for joy.

But Jeff Wright was not jumping—only jumpy.

He was well aware that he would be the butt of more jokes in the Navy than General MacArthur. His position was somewhat like the sultan in those famous cartoons, surrounded by his harem, suspicious of his eunuchs, and problems, problems, problems.

And now in the middle of a war, with his dream fulfilled to be aboard a combat bottom, that particular bottom was the butt of many a wardroom jest, and his beautiful APA re-christened and known from fleet units in Australia to Alaska as the U.S.S. *Lollipop*.

And with good cause, he reflected bitterly. The high command (higher even than the Navy brass) in its infinite wisdom, had seen fit to assent to a wild scheme (rumor had it that the idea originated in #10 Downing Street) involving the training of 1,000 fighting females for sabotage work. The deal was to pick a special contingent of British, French, Australian, and American girls who were athletic and temperamentally interested in danger and conflict, then train them intensively in the arts of behind-the-lines deception and destruction. Theoretically, they would stand a better chance of escaping detection—and thus surviving—because of their sex. And theoretically, that same weapon of sex might be more useful in contriving a way out of a tight fix than anything a man might be able to produce. So the girls were picked for attractiveness as well as hardihood.

Jeff Wright had to admit that the boys topside had picked some beauts. With only a skeleton crew of a few hundred sailors to get his ship across the Atlantic, and discipline his area as "exec," he knew that the girls were going to prove a worse hazard than any enemy he might meet.

And he was right.

To start it all off, it now turned out that the girl Ensign Ryder had become so enamored of that he won the Purple Heart for it, was not only a girl, but the second-in-command of the troupe and her name was Audrey

Bonney of the Marine Corps. He had met her at a cocktail party on the base, and he had to confess that this was some dame. She was the large economy size, but the package was perfect. She had liked him, too, and showed it by a handclasp that nearly cemented the fingers on his right hand together permanently.

With a sigh, Jeff ordered another drink. Tomorrow they would embark.

Word had got around about the *U.S.S. Lollipop* and its cargo, and Admiral Bullard, watching from the window of his office, with its clear view of the harbor, permitted himself a low whistle at the sight.

The 1000 girls were in a special, rather nondescript clothes—something between the Wave and the Wac regular uniform, except that they were wearing slacks. An old dog like Bullard decided he had never seen so many well-founded bottoms in any fleet he had ever sailed with. And they seemed to be in total agreement with him about 8,000 sailors at the base, a regiment or two of soldiers from nearby army bases, and officers enough to win a war—as well as leave their posts, unmanned, to watch the embarkation.

The girls were enjoying themselves uninhibitedly. Some of them were being seen off by actual friends, and the usual unembarrassed embraces of wartime, so silent and so deeply meaningful, were clinching the scene on all sides. Enterprising sailors stepped in to take care of girls they'd never seen before, who possibly might be feeling forlorn and overlooked, and certainly no language barriers stood in the way of quick rising passions, as the ship's officers tried in vain to break up the mass demonstration of youth's affection for youth, heading into the unknown. It was accomplished, finally, with the aid of a squad of regular Marines, the true M.P.'s of the Navy, who apologetically and shamefacedly nudged the girls over to the dockside, where they embarked in small boats for the *Lollipop*, riding at anchor in the bay. There wasn't a dry eye on the base, including Admiral Bullard's—his staff hadn't heard him laugh so loudly or so long since Captain D'Onofrio had jumped overboard to avoid being pulverized by a young pilot making an unauthorized landing on the carrier-flagship.

On board, Jeff checked in with his skipper, Commander Barker—a tired re-tread who had been in World War I—and they sent word to Major Bonney asking for a conference with her, and the first-in-command of the women's brigade, Lt. Colonel Hortense Weatherwax.

Commander Barker's look of habitual apprehension deepened as he saw Lt. Colonel Weatherwax. Audrey Bonney sailed in—Diana on the loose—and brought something fresh and vibrant with her into the cabin. But Colonel Weatherwax was, as they say, another dish of pasta. Colonel Weatherwax had square hands, with square, short fingers attached to

them. Her hands were attached to short, rectangular-looking arms, and they were attached to a short, square body. She had, however, a round head.

It was immediately clear that she disapproved of both Commander Barker and Jeff—the latter probably a bit more. It was really nothing personal: it was just that they were men.

"Welcome aboard," said Commander Barker, as they all solemnly shook hands.

"Thanks," said the Lt. Colonel. "The barracks are quite comfortable. My girls are used to not having rugs on the floor, or pictures on the wall. And the light is rather low-key, otherwise—well, there are compensations on board."

"I'm sorry, Mad—" said Barker, choking back the terrible word *madame*, which Weatherwax immediately inspired, . . . "both you and the Major may join us at meals in the wardroom! And, once we're under way, would you care to join me, say at 5:30 this afternoon, and watch a little target practice? The Admiral approves of having the boys keep their eyes in at all times."

"Certainly, Captain," cut in Audrey.

As the two women left, Commander Barker let his bloodhound-eyes roam over Jeff's face.

"It's your grief, from now on," he roared. "You're the Exec. Keep these crazy games in line or I'll have that Weatherwax creature court-martialled just on her looks."

They turned out to be no problem in the wardroom. Commander Weatherwax, who was Dean of a women's college in civilian life, was capable of a highly intelligent, if somewhat austere, flow of conversation. Audrey had been captain of her field-hockey team in college, and after that she'd won a few State tennis and golf championships. She had an easy way with men. And, of course, there was that terrific body of hers. When you didn't want to listen to her easy banter about sports, you could just stop listening and look at her. She told a couple of off color stories to the young officers and immediately put them at their ease.

That afternoon, at 528, Jeff went topside to the bridge and found Audrey already waiting for him. She was looking down at the quarterdeck and waving. Jeff followed her wave with his eyes and could feel them almost pop out.

There, waving and yoo-hooing at the Major, were most of her 1,000 charges. Those who weren't in bathing suits were in the briefest of bikinis. A few had removed their halters and were lying, face down, on the deck. It was a pretty scene, but all in all, it was not the war-like vista Jeff had anticipated when he volunteered for sea duty.

Audrey seemed to think that everything was just about right. And so did most of the crew. American sailors, in wartime, inevitably turn out to be Midwesterners who have rarely been near the ocean, and as soon

as they put to sea, they develop a habit of staring at the waves. It wears off after a while, but for a day or so, this kind of fixation makes for a Mack Sennett atmosphere, in which everyone goes around bumping into things.

The cargo on the *U.S.S. Lollipop* wasn't helping the boys much, either. The normal dreaminess was increased by the sight of all these mermaids on board, sometimes in dress verging on the non-existent, and the gunnery exercises showed a distinct lack of concentration.

"In fact," said Commander Barker, later, to Jeff, "I had to request that cruiser over there to recall its goddam drone plane, pulling the sleeve target, before we shot the plane down. God knows we never came near the target."

Jeff also issued an Exec. order for the women to be allowed on deck to sunbathe at certain hours only.

But his worries were just beginning.

The cruise-like atmosphere aboard the ship was impossible to escape. Jeff was obliged to patrol the decks at night with Audrey Bonney. She was charming to talk to and sensational in her uniform. On the second night they found two girls fighting (it turned out they were both in love—with the same girl!) it was Audrey who convinced him that the brig would solve nothing and these girls were, after all, going out on a dangerous job—and they'd be consorting with the enemy to get information—and this "strange" lovemaking was not uncommon in Europe.

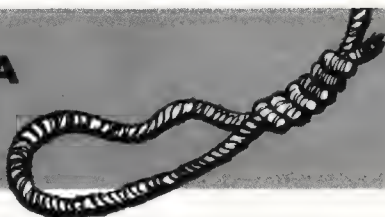
By the third night he and Audrey were friendly though no pass had been made by him. They had a dozen cases of "consorting with members of the opposite sex—in lifeboats". These the Captain would see.

On the fourth night the sea was rough and the ship rolled. Audrey accidentally fell against him. He could feel every line of her as she pressed against him—and these were not the lines of duty, of that he was fully aware. They were leaning against the mounting of one of the five-inchers, and Jeff was just beginning to wonder if the gun wasn't about to go off just out of sheer proximity to this kind of pressure. She playfully kissed him and bit him on the ear. He held on to her and she kissed him again. Then they heard a loud thump.

He and Audrey parted, then he strolled over to check the noise. It came from the interior of a lifeboat. Feeling very much like a counselor in a summer camp, investigating forbidden territory after "taps", he lifted the tarp covering the boat. Huddled figures within. Four of them, visible as just two jumbled masses, bodies indistinguishable.

Jeff wasn't surprised. But he was unhappy to have to go through the whole thing again. This time he could not ignore the fact that this was beyond his jurisdiction, it was the cap-

DEATH OF A HANGMAN



"MAESTRO OF THE GALLOWS" they called him. John Ellis, England's most expert hangman, executed a staggering 549 people in 23 years. Each hanging was a classic, unequaled in precision and perfection.

Yet this iron-nerved expert, this cold, calm master of the death-dealing noose, often used to cringe at the thought of having to wring the neck of one of his chickens. In the backyard of his home at Rochdale, Lancashire, he kept hens for thirty years, and never once killed any with his own hands.

His neighbor had to do it for him, while Ellis turned his back to blot out the distressing scene.

Ellis was the hangman who sent to their doom some of the most notorious murderers of this century. He also executed scores whose trials never even reached the headlines.

Doctor Crippen, Seddon, Major Armstrong, Brides-in-the-Bath Smith, and Sir Roger Casement (who was hanged for high treason during the 1914-18 war) were among the many who violently disappeared from society after Ellis garlanded them with his deadly noose.

During the Sinn Fein trouble in Ireland, he carried out no fewer than six executions before breakfast one morning at Dublin. He hanged two at six o'clock, two at seven o'clock and two at eight o'clock.

"It's a case of work before pleasure," he remarked to the Warden of Dublin Gaol as he finally sat down. His breakfast consisted of a bowl of porridge, a large plate of eggs, sausages and bacon, and six pieces of toast liberally plastered with marmalade.

John Ellis wasn't always a hangman. After leaving school at the age of fourteen he worked for seven years in a cotton mill, then joined his father's barbering business.

One day while waiting for customers he applied to Strangeways Gaol, Manchester, for the post of executioner.

"It's just for a lark," he told his father.

One thousand two hundred other ambitious characters applied for the post too, but evidently there was something extra special about John's application. Much to his surprise they sent for him and he was interviewed by the Governor of the gaol.

When the Governor asked him why he wanted to become a hangman, John replied, "Because hanging is a profession, and I've always wanted to be a professional man. It gives one dignity."

He was accepted for a week's training at Newgate Prison, London, where he spent eight hours a day practicing his chosen profession. He used a genuine gallows and a dummy whose weight could be varied.

John practiced pinioning his artificial victim, tying the noose and placing it round the dummy's neck, and calculating the correct drop according to weight.

At the test which followed this brief apprenticeship he hanged six dummy victims of different weights in six minutes flat. His calmness and swift precision so impressed the Prison Board that his name was immediately placed on the official list of public executioners, and assistants.

A week later he was given his first taste of a real hanging. They appointed him to assist George Billington Jun., in executing Richard Anson and John Brash, a man of 60 and a boy of 18, for the murder of the boy's father at Newcastle.

The double hanging went without a hitch, and Billington penned a letter of appreciation on Ellis' behalf, stating that he had never had an assistant who worked so swiftly yet so painstakingly.

(Continued on page 88)

tain's problem.

The girls didn't even bother to stop and one even called out endearing words to Jeff. "Forget the whole thing," Audrey said. She covered the scene with the tarp and the two walked away, Jeff shaking his head.

The decks, completely under blackout and with no moon showing, the watch could not see Jeff and Audrey on their rounds. Audrey kept talking, finally she let out a small cry and Jeff reached for her. Her arms suddenly went around him and she was kissing him passionately. "Don't report them, darling, don't."

He couldn't reply if he wanted to. Her hands wandered over him, clinging to him. He gripped her arms and said this couldn't continue. "In my cabin at midnight," she whispered.

There were no other untoward scenes during their tour. When they parted Jeff went back to his quarters and began searching through his manual. He found very little to cover the situation and even this was extremely vague.

Pacing back and forth, he finally admitted to himself that he was a fool, that it was the skipper's problem and that he should throw it into his lap. He did just that.

The skipper was aghast and said nothing for ten minutes while he thought about it. Then he stood up and began to pace just as Jeff had done earlier. "Jeff, it's up to you to stop it. I'm not an old bastard who's against love—but this is unnatural. Personally, I don't care if these girls were all cannibals. But this is a U.S. Navy ship on sea duty, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let those dames turn this ship into a mermaid's fairyland. So bear down on them. Discipline where you have to."

"Do I bring them up on formal charges?"

"Anything but that. A dozen court-martials will tie us up on land for a year. Do it only if you have to, then go the limit."

Jeff saluted and walked out. He looked at his watch, it was almost midnight. He went directly to Audrey's cabin. There he told her exactly what he had done and why.

At first she was angry, then a second thought seemed to cross her mind. She suddenly began to undress. Jeff watched the Amazon in khaki suddenly become a statuesque woman with firm curves and clean lines. She invited him over and soon they were making love.

It was close to five in the morning when Jeff returned to his quarters. At ten he had a meeting with Audrey, this time on official business.

For the next two nights they had no occasion to be alone. It was as though she deliberately avoided him. He did see her in the company of two of the girls and they seemed to be ones he had spoken to about their flagrant behavior.

The ship was, strangely enough, without disciplinary problems for an-

other day and the APA ploughed through fairly rough seas at 12 knots, zig-zagging a course through the sub-sighted areas in order to avoid trouble.

On the following night trouble broke loose with a capital T. He found two girls in an embrace. He walked over to them and told them to break it up. They refused. He grabbed one and pulled her away. The other one hit him in the face. He slapped her back. She came at him with a Karate chop, but he was hep to it and kicked her in the shins before the blow landed on him harmlessly. Then he grabbed each one by the arm and marched them to the Exec. office.

The commotion was not without its witnesses. By the time he arrived Audrey was following them into the room. "You may as well be present while I read the charges."

"There won't be any charges," said Audrey.

"But there must. You can't run a ship without discipline."

"Bring them up on charges and I'll sign a complaint against you."

Suddenly it dawned on him. She had trapped him into a situation and was now using him.

"Blackmail!" he said.

"Common sense," replied Audrey.

There was a long silence, except for the hard breathing of one man and the anxious look of three women trying to figure out which way he would turn. It was Audrey who spoke first. "Don't be a fool, Jeff. These women are just—well, women. They come from different backgrounds than we do. They are strange—by our way of thinking—but it's *normal* for them. Anyway, for the kind of work they volunteered for, it takes a certain kind of masculine woman—a little daring, not afraid of the conventional code. These are the kind of women we recruited and the kind we need for this Bitch brigade of ours. You're creating a monster if you make issue of this."

"I'm on the rack if I don't report it and on the rack if I do," he said quietly.

"These girls have been trained physically and emotionally and know how to use their wits. You're not equipped to fight all of them."

Jeff breathed hard and said, "charge dismissed. But remember one thing. I can be discharged from the Navy, but the book (he held up the manual for them and then lied)—the book allows the Captain or the Exec. officer to flog personnel caught performing unnatural sex acts."

The frightened girls ran off. The first one, a French girl, Adele le Clerc almost tripped. Her friend, Barbara Woolley caught her.

For the next two hours Jeff smoked three packs of cigarettes and wore a rut in his quarters. He had been neatly whipsawed into an unbearable situation which could only get worse not better. His best bet was to confess all to the Captain and let him

decide.

"This ship's a floating brothel," he roared. Half the ship's personnel making time in the engine room and the stores room. Two of the girls were caught accepting money. The chief engineer caught them when he followed a line of fifteen seamen into the pantry where the girls had set up shop."

There was a long pause and the old man looked at Jeff. "You, Mister, consider yourself under open arrest. You will continue your duties until further notice, but I'll hold off bringing charges against you until we reach port."

Jeff's heart sank. He saluted and walked out. On the way down he found two other girls making love. "Oh, no," he groaned. He took their names and sent for Audrey.

Swiftly he told her of his talk with the Captain and that all other incidents would be dealt with severely. The first to be court martialed would be the girls whose name he took.

Audrey cursed him and walked out.

Jeff called a court of inquiry, to be attended by the Captain, Major Audrey Bonney, and Lt. Colonel Weatherwax. The two girls were to be made an example of. They looked young and scared. He felt terribly sorry for them, but he got through the inquiry well enough. They admitted to have been caught *in flagrante delicto*. "Yes," said the girls "we knew the consequences."

Jeff concluded the inquiry without passing sentence. He confined the girls to their quarters, and left the matter of guilt to be discussed further with the other officers.

Colonel Weatherwax proved to be surprisingly calm about the whole matter. She asked to speak to Jeff alone.

"These kids are not bad," she told Jeff. "Homosexuality, fiddle-faddle. These kids of mine are heading into combat just as surely as you are. A lot of them are going to be killed. They know that. They want to get all they can out of life with a fling—one that might literally be their last. Don't hit them with the homosexual charge."

"Barker wants me to throw the book at them," Jeff said miserably. "He's afraid we'll lose control of the ship entirely if I don't."

"Barker is an old fool," said the Colonel. "He's made out of papier maché and stuffed with confetti."

The square woman was turning out to be no square, after all, thought Jeff. But he set about preparing the papers.

Colonel Weatherwax asked him point blank, "Will you bring in a verdict of guilty and 'break' the girls publicly?"

"I have no other choice," said Jeff.

"In that case," said Colonel Weatherwax, coldly, "I must make an additional report in the matter. Here are the names of six other girls caught last night indulging in Les-

bian practices. Add them to your charges."

Jeff stared at her.

He wasn't sure whether Colonel Weatherwax made a slight motion with her head, or not, but at any rate a girl who had been lingering at some distance came up to them and saluted.

"Sir," said the girl to Jeff, "I ask your leave to turn myself in."

"What in the world for?" asked Jeff.

"Homosexuality, sir," said the girl, with a bright smile. "Indulging in immoral conduct. Lesbian practices."

"Well—" began Jeff, "I—"

Five other girls now stepped up and saluted.

"Sir," said a little blonde package, speaking for them all. "We've decided to confess."

"I know," said Jeff, wearily. "You're all Lesbians."

"Yes, sir."

Within the next five hours, he had the names of nearly seven hundred girls who freely, if falsely, professed to Lesbian practices while on board the ship, and asked for court-martial proceedings to be put through against them.

There was only one way to stop it. Make a truce with Audrey. Under no conceivable conditions could he press charges against all these women. But it was Audrey who gave him the biggest shock of his life.

"I'm confessing to the same charge," she said. "Most of the girls, of course, are trying to break down this inquiry. But I—I actually am one. I went through that whole bit with you to get something on you and help out the girls. I'm sorry—but all's fair in love and war."

Jeff felt the blow in the pit of his stomach. He was in love with her—yes, deep down inside he knew it, but stoically he said nothing and walked out. He didn't see her uncross her fingers and notice the tear that dropped from her eye.

For a fleeting moment he thought of jumping into the freezing Atlantic. The luminescent waves rolled over and over in an endless chain and he held the rail and watched hypnotically as the wake streamed out, arcing as the ship continued to go through evasive action, changing course continually in an effort to outwit any possible undersea craft.

Suddenly the whole situation became crystal clear. He turned and headed for the Captain's cabin.

"Captain we are in for five more days of this female terror. I think I know a way out."

About one a.m. a bell changed throughout the ship. The loudspeaker roared. "This the Captain talking. One of the destroyers ahead has sighted a periscope. Everybody must wear their life preservers at all times. We'll have a drill now. Go quietly to your lifeboats."

They remained on deck for two hours, then were dismissed. At four

a.m. depth charges boomed off the stern of the ship. Everyone was awake. Again the loudspeaker ordered them to their lifeboats.

Ahead of them the destroyers were smoking and setting a course pattern that would sweep anything out of their path. Accidentally over the speaker came the announcement of the Exec. officer telling the captain there was a sighting, 1000 yards dead astern.

Signal lamps blinked as one destroyer ploughed through at top speed toward the sighting.

And for five days the girls and sailors wore their life jackets and were unable to bathe, change clothes or do anything—but talk about their present danger.

They arrived at Marseille without further incident.

A Brigadier General was on hand to greet them. He came aboard ship to speak to the Captain. Jeff was with the skipper.

"I have orders here," said the general, "transferring your special combat troops to my command for special duty. I take it, they're marines."

"Some of them."

"Good," said the general. "We need a tough body of men. Tough job to be done, Commander. We've got 10,000 prisoners of war in that port right now. They're getting hard to handle, and we're short of regular troops."

"Come along to the 'barracks,' General," said Jeff. "I want to show you the 'boys.'"

When they got to the troop quarters, the general stared, reddened and nearly fell through the deck. He took out the orders from his pocket and re-read them. There was no indication at all that the troops would be women.

Lt. Col. Weatherwax and Audrey saluted smartly as the General recovered his composure. They all marched down to the ward room where the General read them their orders. They were to take over the guard duty of the POW's thus relieving the combat trained troops, now doing that duty, to return to the front where the break-through at the Battle of the Bulge required all trained and able-bodied men to move into the breach.

Jeff and the Captain watched them all depart. After they took on supplies, Jeff supervised the wounded GI's who were to be brought back to the States.

When they lifted anchor, moving toward the convoy that waited for them, the Captain told Jeff he was off his arrest. "Any man smart enough to figure out how to stop those outrageous women deserves a command of his own."

Jeff saluted smartly returned to his quarters, his mind on Audrey and the recent situation. He shrugged and put himself to the task at hand.

Months later he learned what happened to Audrey, Weatherwax and the girls. The girls, led by Audrey, took over the POW's in terrific style. The POW's raised a little hell at first, but

three hundred broken heads later, plus two corpses of a couple of Nazi's who didn't believe a woman could stop them, peace was restored all around and the revolt never came off.

Jeff and Barker eventually returned to Norfolk, and made peace with D'Onofrio and the Admiral. Jeff later learned that some of the girls went on to their special mission, led by Audrey, dropping behind the Nazi lines, where first reports indicated that operation Lollipop was going to be a whopping success.

Three weeks later, the APA went out again, this time to the Pacific. There were Army troops aboard this time, a quiet lot.

"Not like our girls," said Jeff, heaving a sigh.

"There'll never be another batch quite like them, Jeff," said the Captain.

"I think I'll have another go at that

drink," said the Admiral to Jeff. "But I'm glad to hear the story at last. This old salt couldn't go into retirement without hearing the true story of that Lollipop cruise. I read your report very carefully, Jeff. I never yet knew a tour of duty of that duration without even one misdemeanor. I knew you were covering up something, but I didn't know what."

"Well," said Jeff. "I couldn't court-martial a thousand girls for immorality. Besides, I had proof to the contrary."

"Proof?" asked the Admiral.

"Yes," said Jeff, laughing. "From the men. The crew signed a petition asking for the release of the girls. They had proof, so they claimed, that virtually none of them were Lesbians. There was a lot of personal research going on, on that ship."

Admiral Bullard just shook his head.

Legless Human Fish

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inevitable cigar stuck in his mouth.

He was off to a slow start, getting the feel of the enemy — the current. After 12 hours in the water he had covered only six miles of the long long journey. The next day a dense fog enveloped the river and the lead rowboat lost him. For two hours Charles Jimmy churned the murky water like a ship without a rudder wondering if he were moving in the right direction. When the blanket of fog lifted he was on course and immediately called for a cigar.

"I feel lost without one," he mentioned to those aboard the supply boat.

The handicapped swimmer, moving steadily toward his goal, man-

aged his sleeping by floating on his back during the day. The water temperature, he felt, was conducive to better swimming at night. At one point, feeling conversational, he talked of trying the Key West to Havana swim, if he were successful in this venture.

Saturday dawned and Jimmy was far from his objective, running well behind his watery schedule. If his faithful followers expected him to be hauled from the river, they were surprised when he dismissed his tardiness by saying, "Even trains are late, you know."

On Sunday he made it, pulling himself to dry land in New York harbor. Throwing away his wet cigar he called for a fresh one. Asked what his plans were, the panting Jimmy said, "I may grab a little sleep and then I want to see Broadway."

—Sam Balter and Cy Rice

The Day It Rained Blood

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and I'll never forget the way he looked after they finished, so I figure they were about half way through the beating when I got back. My first reaction was to get my shaky old bones out of there fast.

For years I've watched punks come and go in this racket and managed to keep my fat belly and grey hair intact, and I had no urge to break my streak of luck at the toes of Freddie Cotton's boots. His idea of indoor sport was completely out of line as far as I'm concerned.

These two hard customers weren't really interested in me, though. Harry Scaffi was their meat, and they handled him like a side of beef. The little one, Joey Kay, stopped pounding on Harry when I walked in and shoved

me into a chair.

The other one, Freddie Cotton, said only two words, "Stay there!" and I was glued down. I couldn't have gotten off that chair if the office was on fire. I knew from watching him in operation for years that everything he said had an 'Or else!' riding on its tail, daring you not to listen. I listened. Ever since it began I've been working for the Drivers and Helpers, not only for Harry Scaffi but for the hood before him and the gorilla before that one. I can recognize menace when it shows up. Freddie Cotton was menace with a capital 'M'.

So I sat and watched poor old Harry lose his job.

Don't get me wrong when I talk about gorillas and thugs running our

union. It's a hard racket, trucking and shipping, and the men who make their living at it are hard men. They understand an operator like Harry, and as long as he delivered the goods they didn't care how he did it. If Harry rode around in a big fat Cadillac while they owned five-year-old junkboxes, at least they could afford the junkboxes. Before the union they walked when they had someplace to go. Harry had his, they had theirs, everybody was happy.

But Harry was losing all he had while I watched. I don't know for sure that Harry wasn't breathing when they carried him out, but if he was, he stopped soon after. The next day's paper had a small article on the fifth page about a small-time union leader who fell from the roof while tending his pigeons. Ten stories is a pretty long drop, and I suppose a man gets a little mashed from a dive like that. Nobody came to question the new paint job at union headquarters, anyhow.

As they lugged Harry out the door, Freddie Cotton took another couple of years off what was left of my life by asking, "Coming along for the ride, pop?"

I managed a feeble, "Not if I got a choice!"

"Then stay there!" he said. And I did. For two solid hours I sat and waited, afraid to get up to go to the john, that's how scared I was. That 'Or else!' had climbed off the tailgate of Freddie's words and plunked itself down in my lap like an over-the-road trailer truck.

When they came back, smiling and joking, I had made my peace with God and was ready for the end of a long, exciting life. What the hell! You can't live forever.

Freddie sat down behind poor old Harry's desk and looked over the business he had inherited. He opened all the drawers and fingered the papers and junk inside until he got to the bottom where Harry kept a bottle. "Just what we need for a celebration," he said to Kay, then noticed me shaking in the chair he'd nailed me to.

"I'll be damned!" he laughed. "We forgot all about old split-skull here!"

Twenty years since the accident and I still shrivel when somebody makes a big thing of my scar! That's why I wear a hat all the time and look like I'm hunting for something in the gutter when I walk. From the middle of my skull, down over my forehead, through my right eyebrow and ending at the base of my jaw; like a grapefruit broken open and held together with a zipper.

Before Marty Rosen started to organize a bunch of cutthroat drivers into a solid union, back in the old days, I had been his helper on a truck carrying fruit for Consolidated Shippers. We overloaded as usual, and flipped across a potato field in Jersey when the truck couldn't make a turn. Marty broke a leg but managed to get

me out before the fire worked its way up to the cab, and he crawled two miles to get help. If it wasn't for Marty I wouldn't be alive today.

As it was, I spent the next ten months in the hospital, and nobody knew whether I'd live for the first half of that time. But I did; and in the meantime Marty got the Drivers and Helpers Union rolling. He used me as an example to the holdouts, ranted about the evils of overloading and banged away at the other abuses we lived with, finally getting most of the roughnecks in town signed up. When I got out of the hospital, with all the bills paid by Marty, there was a job waiting for me at headquarters. And nobody ever mentioned my scar in front of me from then on.

Until this ugly bastard sat behind the desk that once belonged to Marty Rosen and called me 'split-skull'!

But I'm an old man now. The closer I get to it, the less I want to die, and especially for something I can't change. The scar's there; I see it every morning when I shave and I see it in the faces of people who stare at me when I forget to turn away. Does calling it ugly make it any uglier? And does anybody really expect me to stand up to a couple of killers who had just kicked Harry Scaffi to death in front of my eyes? I sat and waited for them to begin working me over, too.

"You been here forever, ain't you, pop?" he said, and I nodded my head 'yes'. My tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth and barely enough air was moving through my throat to breathe, much less talk! Then he floored me with: "Come here and have a drink."

A smashed skull I expected; but a drink?

Saying 'no' to Freddie Cotton was out of the question, so I had a drink. Usually I can't stand the stuff, but I needed that one. When I was sure I could use my legs again, I staggered to the desk and took the shot he poured, felt it start to burn its way down my throat, and heard him say: "You like the life you're living, pop? You want to go on living it, I mean?"

What was left in my mouth sprayed out again and I braced myself for the pain I expected from behind where Joey Kay stood. The only thing I could think of was whether they'd kill me quick, or like Harry Scaffi, slow and painful. But nothing happened, so I looked at Freddie for another word. "Did you see anything happen here today, pop?" he asked. "Where did you spend your time, up to now?"

I grabbed the straw floating by and gulped, "I ain't been near this office since yesterday, Mister Cotton. So help me, I spent the whole day at the Turkish Baths! I got two people saw me there, my brother-in-law who's the attendant, and my cousin Louis who's the cashier. I even got a receipt to prove it!" And the way I was sweating no proof was necessary.

"You know all about the inside of

this racket," he said, and the capital-M menace rolled across the desk between us thick enough to see. "Maybe I need someone for odds and ends now that old Harry's gone. He didn't want a flunky's job. How do you feel about it?"

Two answers I had. One meant I'd join Harry wherever he was. So I said: "Mister Cotton, I been here since Marty Rosen left a yard-wide trail of blood through the streets getting this local rolling, a long way back. I seen Business Agents come and go and I ain't seen a thing. I know a little about the inside of the operation, but not enough to ever want to run it. The only thing I run is errands. If you got any use for me, I'm yours!"

And I meant it the way it sounded. Life is tough enough without figuring the rights and wrongs. If Freddie Cotton wanted me for what I knew about the operation of the union, he wanted me alive. That's the way I like to be: alive. So I kept my job again, and just changed bosses. What the hell; a buck's a buck nowadays. Where else could I get a job with this beauty mark on my face?

Freddie looked at me so hard he must have seen my liver, and said, "Okay, pop, you got a job. Same salary, same work. But shoot your mouth off once and you got nothing. No salary, no job, no life, no anything at all. Remember good because there won't be no warning. I'll just open that zipper in your skull all the way down to your belly button and watch your guts fall out!"

He didn't smile or relax. I think he was a little disappointed at being cheated out of giving me a going over. We understood each other all the way; he was boss and I was scared to death.

So from then on I worked for Freddie Cotton and Joey Kay. The job wasn't any different from when the other mugs owned the union, only management changed. More really hard-looking guys showed up at headquarters. More drivers and helpers signed up with us for one reason or another. More money rolled into the treasury. More skulls were cracked after union meetings when some ignorant loudmouth forgot to keep quiet.

And there were less laughs. Harry Scaffi had been a rough character, but he enjoyed himself a little. Cotton was interested in controlling New York's shipping and nothing else. I got the impression watching him operate that there was nothing left in the world to laugh about, until I remembered the smile on his face when he and Joey Kay had given Harry the short end of the stick. He enjoyed violence, mostly for business reasons, but a little for its own sake, too.

I never crossed Freddie in the time I worked for him. I never liked him, not for a minute, but I knew my job and didn't bother worrying about whether anyone except me was getting

hurt. After all, the members got more money in the contracts he handled for them. Maybe not as much as they might have with Harry negotiating, and maybe a little extra found its way into the roll Freddie carried with him all the time. And they got a welfare fund they never had before to take care of hospital expenses and life insurance.

Of course, some of the premiums got lost on the way to the insurance company, and some of the commissions went to agents who were always being nice to Freddie. But who got hurt, I ask. The drivers and helpers got more dough to bring home and a little protection against sickness.

They got their. Who cared if Freddie got his? Me, I still got my eighty-five fifty a week and a tenner once in a while for kicks. Where else could an errand boy do so well? I didn't ask any questions. Unions are necessary for the workers, they tell me.

It wasn't as easy as picking apples off trees, either. When a case of sugar falls off a truck and smashes open in the streets the rats come from miles around to get in on the party, and this racket had its ups and downs, too. Freddie really let loose one time when another union tried to take over with a high-class organizing and name-calling drive. He picked a day when shipping was heaviest and the truckmen would be missed most at their jobs and called a mass membership meeting at the Garden.

Everybody knew what was going on, and some of our members had even signed up with the new outfit, so they showed up almost a hundred percent to find out what Freddie intended doing about the threat to his racket. He didn't disappoint them, either.

"Men," he yelled, standing up on the platform in his expensive black suit and silk tie, "since you elected me Business Agent of the Independent Drivers and Helpers Union you been moving ahead. You never had it so good!"

Somewhere in the audience a wise character groaned and slob sitting around him laughed, but the rest of the men listened carefully. They had elected Freddie, sort of, and he was their leader. When Harry walked off the roof and Freddie's name showed up as the only candidate on the ballot in the election that was held soon after, whether they put an X on it, or not didn't count. He was the official Business Agent and had the last word on who worked the city's trucks.

"You got a bigger raise than anybody else ever got for you!" he continued. "You got a welfare fund to take care of expenses if you get sick, and your family gets a bundle if you die. We got the best contract this local ever had!"

"Now I hear the bosses and trucking companies have asked a new union to come in and try to take away the protection you all enjoy. We fought for what we got—are we going

to lay down now and let them walk all over us!"

Nobody laughed any more at what Freddie was saying. He could be as menacing to a crowded hall as he was to a private enemy. Nobody doubted that Freddie meant business.

"One of the papers in this city has been shooting off its mouth about how I'm supposed to be stealing the treasury blind and walking off with all the welfare funds. About how nobody ever sees the books and dues records except Freddie Cotton. About how I got the truck drivers in this city under my thumb!"

"Do any of you out there believe that garbage? You all know that any time one of our members has a legitimate reason to see our books all he has to do is come up to headquarters and ask. We never refused an honest request yet!" (I almost laughed out loud. Freddie Cotton wouldn't have recognized an honest request if it hit him in the nose!)

"Men, I called this meeting because a real threat is facing us. We got to ask ourselves whether we want to throw away the progress you all enjoy under the present union administration, without interference from a bunch of phony union leaders sitting far away with no idea of the problems we have here in New York. We got to decide whether we're ahead of the game the way we stand today!"

"If the answer is that things aren't on the up and up, and you don't think you're getting yours, then hook up with the new bunch of stooges and finks. But if you feel that this union is out for your benefit, then you've got to say so, out loud, and beat these Johnny-come-latelies to the punch. Now, once and for all, do we stand together?"

I was sitting in the back while Freddie was talking, waiting for the signal to his hand-picked crew. When he made that 'Do we stand together' pitch, they stood up and started yelling: "We're with you, Freddie!" and "You can count on us, Freddie!"

Some of the troublemakers inside the union who wanted to sell us out to the new organization tried to get the floor, but it was hopeless. One of the boys was near each of them, and every time an attempt was made to turn the temper of the crowd against Freddie, he was out-yelled and almost trampled. There was more than one quick case of cramps in that hall, making someone who was about to speak head suddenly for the toilet.

Of course the men voted unanimously to stick with Freddie. They were all familiar with his brand of corruption; why take a chance on a new bunch of crooks? They also knew what would happen if they raised their hands on the wrong side of an open vote at the meeting.

Maybe I didn't mention it, but Freddie Cotton was no newcomer to their lives. Before he took complete control he had been one of Harry Scaffi's lieutenants, an 'organizer' sort of, and

together with Joey Kay and a few other strong-arms had made things jump in the garages and terminals where most of the members worked. More than one truck driver saw the light through the preaching of Cotton and Kay, and more than one freight handler found himself a job in another line when he lost the use of his arms or legs.

Harry Scaffi had kept control of his racket through agents like Cotton, and ran he risk of his crack salesmen opening up in competition. I guess he wasn't too surprised when Freddie turned on him in the end. After all, hadn't he done the same to old 'Boom-Boom' Fitz when Fitz grew careless? Harry Scaffi had been one of Fitz's hired hands while he was learning the union trade, doing the same sort of work Cotton and Kay did. Until he felt he was big enough and 'Boom-Boom' was tired enough. I had worked for Fitz too, and Harry kept me on when I came in one day and found him in Fitz's chair, as though Fitz had never existed. The poor old guy had just disappeared. Absconded with fifty thousand dollars from the union treasury, the story went.

So Harry Scaffi owned a new business and bought a fifty thousand dollar home besides.

Now Freddie Cotton was the boss. Let me explain the kind of operation he controlled. The business was called a union and dealt in goods and services. He sold people like other men sell apples and bananas, and the guys he dealt in had as much to say about it as if they were packed in crates. He shopped around, finding the right market, peddling his stock to the highest bidder like any other legitimate businessman.

Sometimes, when a customer—a boss shipper—wouldn't pay the price he asked, Freddie refused to deal with him. This made the shipper very unhappy because the only substitutes he could find weren't too durable. They broke arms and legs and things in mysterious accidents and were pretty undependable. Let's say that Freddie had sort of a monopoly of this particular merchandise. Some people might ask how the men felt; the drivers who's lives he was buying and selling. Well, they could always take themselves off the market and go to work as ditch-diggers. Unless they sounded off too loud about their troubles; then they didn't have a thing to worry about—Workmen's Compensation took care of the accidents they had on the job.

It was a rough life only if you wanted it rough. And the pay wasn't too bad.

Don't think Freddie spent all his time leaning on the drivers. He also dealt with the bosses. Freddie looked on the Shippers and Truckers as sort of a private game preserve. Some of the animals he stocked for hunting and others for the fun of raising. He had a couple of favorites who could always depend on his cooperation

when the chips were down. He drank with them and sat in their boxes at the stadium, and they felt free to contribute to his private charities whenever they wanted. Friends of the family, you could say.

The difficult bosses were treated other ways. Their refrigerated trucks had the nasty habit of breaking down when they were loaded with really delicate perishables. Their drivers developed measles and other dangerous diseases when important shipments were overdue. And accidents were always happening to scab drivers and bosses alike.

It's a rough life, but only if you make it that way. The Shippers did all right when they weren't too greedy, the drivers and helpers got a decent salary, and Freddie and his boys got theirs, too. Why should I knock the system?

But Freddie wasn't happy in the old ways, like Harry Scaff before him and old Fitz before Harry. He wanted to run the whole industry. "Joey," I once heard him say to his partner, "take a bunch of stupid truckmen who don't know which way is up and you can do what you want to them without a kick. They'll cut each other's hearts out for two bits, and who makes the profit? The Truckers and Shippers, that's who! But take those same truckmen and tie them up in a bundle; hold them together one way or another, and you got a weapon. A club big enough to beat anybody over the head with. And I got that club in my hand.

"Sometimes I see one of the slobs feels he's tied up too tight. All of a sudden he don't like getting a hundred bucks a week and a vacation; all of a sudden he feels it's more important to stand on a street corner and holler copper than to leave his welfare to someone who can handle it. A man like that not only hurts himself, he hurts all the rest of the drivers. If these punks don't stick together they're dirt. So I hold them together whatever way I can. If a couple of busted skulls means the club gets tighter and harder then that's the way it's got to be. This is a business, tougher than any other kind, and only people like me can run it right!"

He probably meant what he was saying, too, except I still saw Harry Scaff's blood on the walls. But I kept my mouth shut. Keep your nose out and your eyes down, that's the way I feel about things. I didn't get to be a fat old man by looking under people's halos. What the hell! These vegetables he was selling were big enough to take care of themselves. It's no skin off my nose.

So Freddie got bigger and bigger. His car got longer, his suits cost more, he moved uptown and stopped carrying a gun. What did he need it for, anyhow? Joey Kay and his hoods were there when somebody got too noisy. The bosses he dealt with were happy to cut troublemakers off the payroll when Freddie gave the word.

The way I see it, Freddie had the whole world knocked up, and things were getting better all the time.

I had no complaints. My own cut had climbed up to a hundred a week, I didn't use the subways any more to carry Freddie's messages around town, and the coffee I brought up from the diner didn't get any hotter. Where could I get a better job?

The drivers and helpers were satisfied, too. They brought home more money than ever before and didn't care whose pocket it came out of. So what if the price of goods in the city went way up because everybody's slice was getting bigger and bigger? Tough on the yokels, they figured, and who could blame them. Enough was finding its way into their pockets to keep them quiet. We were one big happy family and Poppa was taking care of everything.

Except once in a while when a new troublemaker hit town and tried to reform things. One of these characters, Duffy his name was, made a pitch in that direction. Poor Duffy!

The boob got up at one of the meetings Freddie called every six months or so, and made a crack about, "Let's have an accountant go over the books so the membership can feel it's getting the protection it deserves from its leaders!"

It wouldn't have been so bad if he shut up after his little speech and came down to headquarters for an inside job. Freddie always took care of the boys who showed talent. He knew there wasn't much chance to bottle up brains when I showed up, so why not use it for the benefit of the organization. But this cookie Duffy was too smart. When he finished and sat down another troublemaker got up and said: "That's right! How's about giving the membership a square shake on the dues and welfare funds? I second Duffy's motion!"

I don't know where these dopes got their ideas about how Freddie Cotton ran his union, but motions and seconds by the general membership weren't encouraged. When Freddie wanted a motion made, he had one of the boys make it. Not just any loudmouth who had a mind to could get up at a meeting and starting spouting official. Besides, the one who seconded Duffy's speech hadn't been on the good side of Freddie for a long time. He was a grumbler and moaner, and to top it off, Duffy's assistant on a truck. It smelled like a fix, and when fixes were made in the Drivers and Helpers Union, Freddie Cotton made them. Not some small-time reformer who didn't give a hoot for the welfare of the members.

So Freddie rapped his gavel and sent everybody home. Everybody except Duffy and his friend, that is. When these two bright boys started out, they found Joey Kay and a couple of his hoods waiting for them.

Freddie was sitting at his desk with the books spread out in front of him when they got there. "Duffy," he

said, "there's ways to do things and ways not to. You want to look at the books, you say so. To me; not to a bunch of slobs that don't know how to control themselves at a union meeting. My job is to keep the boys happy; you ain't making it any easier."

Duffy had to be a hero. "What about the books, Cotton?" he asked. "Don't you think the members got a right to have them kept honest?"

Freddie smiled and I almost ran out of the office. I knew what made him happy.

"Take a look at these accounts, Duffy," he said. "Look real close. These are the books you want to see. Not the phony ones to give the income tax people, but the originals. Every penny that comes into this office, clean or dirty, and every penny that goes out is listed here. Look it over!"

Duffy almost flipped. The last thing he expected to see was Freddie's private books, so he ran around the desk to get an eyeful. That's not all he got, either. He got a headfull and a bellyfull, too. And his friend took his lumps where he stood.

The next day the union sent a condolence note and Duffy's insurance to his widow. Somehow he got into an accident with his truck and rolled off a cliff in the Bronx, and he and his assistant were smashed up pretty bad. Freddie went to the funeral with Joey Kay and a delegation from the Executive Committee and made a nice speech about how good a member Duffy was, always thinking about the welfare of his fellow union members. And how it was too bad that just at the point when a career as an active union man was opening for him, he'd been killed in such a terrible accident. Nobody could see the body. They sealed the casket to spare Duffy's family.

Duffy's assistant had no family, so his funeral was fast and simple. They put him in a box and shoveled dirt over it. So much for troublemakers and motion-seconders.

Now remember that I'm not telling you all this to make myself out an angel. I got my salary for work I did, not for strong-arm stuff. These were hard men and I knew it, but what could I do? It wasn't my business if some smart-aleck didn't know enough to keep his mouth shut. I didn't kill anybody. I didn't lean on anybody. I didn't have a Cadillac. You can't blame me for something that isn't my fault. I was just making a buck the only way I could, and stay alive. Do I have to take the rap because things are the way they are?

Everything went smooth for a while after Duffy and his pal left us. Another contract came up and after a month of threats and yelling the drivers and helpers got a two dollar raise and fifty cents in the welfare fund. Everybody was satisfied. The Truckers saved a half dollar of the three fifty they were willing to give when negotiations began; Freddie

bought a little place in Florida with the other half dollar; the Executive Committee got its piece, and even I bought a new suit.

Nobody really got hurt on that one unless you count the wise young character who operated the elevator in the building where negotiations were being held. He walked in one day while Freddie and the Trucker representative were bargaining and heard them discussing how the mellon would be split. Freddie was willing to let the thing drop with a warning for him to keep his mouth shut, and the Trucker knew enough of Freddie's methods to go along. But this punk kid made the mistake of telling Freddie that if he wasn't included in the arrangements, he'd spill to the whole world what kind of deals were being made between labor and management in the trucking industry.

Freddie let him talk, enjoying the show. "I got friends in the newspaper business who'll pay plenty for what I know," he said. "And if you don't want me blowing the whistle all over town, you'd better cough up!"

I shivered listening to this corpse make his proposition to a smiling Freddie Cotton, and almost passed out when Freddie agreed with him and promised to pay hush money. But when Freddie said he'd be back that night with the cash, I knew what would happen. There was enough in the roll he carried to pay off three such chiselers on the spot.

They dragged me along for laughs and met the sucker in his elevator at one in the morning, in this big office building after all the cleaning women were finished and had gone home.

"Let me run it," Freddie asked, and the operator said, "Sure. Have some fun."

So Freddie Cotton ran the elevator up to the twenty-second floor and opened the door. "Out, small-time!" he barked and rammed his fist into the kid's ear. Joey Kay, grabbing him as he fell, dragged the poor slob out by his hair and dropped him on the marble floor; the 'clunk' his head made when it hit bounced back and forth off the hard walls of the empty hallway and I almost threw up.

He didn't die then from a busted skull. He didn't even pass out. But he started to scream and didn't stop until it was all over. Nobody had to hold him down; he just lay there and screamed, the sound of it driving me almost bugs. Freddie bent over him, made sure the kid was listening, and said loud enough for me to hear, "Did you live a little, punk? Was it fun having Freddie Cotton by the short hairs? Too bad you can't learn from your own mistake!" And he began to laugh! God, I'll never forget that sound!

He reached into the elevator and pushed the button for the ground floor, and we all watched it disappear. After a while we heard the car come to an automatic stop when it

hit bottom. "Watch close and learn a lesson pop!" he said to me, and I backed up to the wall away from the open hole of the elevator shaft.

"Alley-oop, Joey!" he yelled, and together they picked the wide-eyed kid off the floor and flung his twisting body down into the shaft. I heard his screams all the way down, and the crash his body made when it hit the top of the elevator almost twenty stories away is still shaking my bones!

I got home somehow that night and didn't sleep too well for a month.

It wore off, though. It's not too hard to manage to stay alive when there's no way out except to keep quiet and forget what you've seen. What else could I do?

So things slowed down in the office and Freddie started to relax a little. He spent some time at the beach in his new house, letting Joey Kay handle what little had to be done while he was gone. His voice lost some of its hard edge. He even considered retiring after his current five-year term of office expired. "What the hell," he said, "I got it made. Why shouldn't I enjoy life a little!" But if you knew Freddie Cotton you also knew he'd never get out so easy.

My job didn't change so that you'd notice, but who's complaining? I never overworked anyhow. I still got coffee and delivered messages and handled odds and ends that weren't too important. I think Freddie kept me around so he could look at my frightened face whenever he wanted to feel like a big man.

So when I left the office this morning to check with the shop steward over at Master Shipper's garage about dues coming in late, I was still as happy as could be expected under the circumstances. I got the information Freddie wanted and started back to headquarters when it began to rain. Real buckets. I grabbed a cab and shot over to Twenty-third Street, getting back at least an hour before they figured I would, and went up in the elevator.

When I got to the door I could see people inside through the frosted glass, moving a little too fast to suit me. I opened the door slow and careful to see what was going on and peeked in. Joey Kay looked up from what he was doing and fixed me with a stare that turned me into jelly. "Get inside fast, and sit down!" he said; and there it was again. Like I said before, I can recognize menace when it shows up, and Joey Kay was menace with a capital 'M'.

So I sat down and watched Freddie Cotton lose his job.

He was even bloodier than the last owner of the business had been, and the feeling that I was living through an old bad dream finally became too much for me. I stood up while they were finishing their work on poor old Freddie and got the hell out of there.

I ran all the way here and I don't know how if Joey Kay and his hoods chased me or not. I mean, a buck's a

buck, but how long can my luck hold out? It's a hard racket and all that, and nobody really gets hurt, but I think I'm too old to take any more changes in management. One of the new owners might decide he doesn't need me any more, and getting fired from the Drivers and Helpers Union is a pretty rugged experience I've discovered. Especially when you've seen as much as I have.

Yes, I'll sign the statement when you get it typed up. And if you hurry you might even find Freddie before he falls down the stairs or has an automobile accident or one of those other things that break a man up so. He couldn't possibly get any more broken than he is already, but I don't think they've had time to fix an excuse.

And if you don't mind, I'd rather not have any bail set. It's raining blood again and I don't have an umbrella.

Death of a Hangman

Continued from Page 82

After that Ellis became well and truly launched into his chosen profession. He hanged murderers by the score, and thought nothing of sailing across to Canada twice a year to dispose of the killers the Dominion had collected in the interval.

"Trained hangmen are hard to find," he told reporters. "Like a doctor, I am duty-bound to dispense my services wherever they are most urgently needed."

For over 23 years John continued to minister to the urgent needs of his fellow-humans in his own drastic manner, and never once did he show any evidence that he was losing his iron-willed calmness and self-control.

Until that terrible morning of January 9, 1923 when it was his duty to hang Mrs. Edith Thompson, given the death penalty along with her lover, Frederick Bywaters, for the murder of her husband, Percy Thompson.

Ellis had attended Mrs. Thompson's trial. He had heard her plaintive cry: "I am innocent! Oh, God, I am innocent!" as she collapsed in the dock when the death sentence was passed upon her.

She continued to protest her innocence in Holloway Gaol while awaiting her appointment with hangman Ellis, and on the morning set for the execution she was distraught with terror.

They had to carry her from the death cell to the gallows, and when Ellis tried to place the noose around her neck she fainted and collapsed at his feet. It took ten minutes to revive her, and by that time iron-man John's hands were shaking as he

tightened the noose round her neck the second time.

He had to support her with one hand and operate the lever which opened the trap with the other.

After it was all over Ellis was so white-faced he looked as though he had seen his own ghost. Instead of partaking of his usual hearty post-hanging breakfast, he walked straight out of the prison without even collecting his fee.

Soon afterwards, on March 6, 1924, he sent a letter of resignation to the Prison Commissioners at the Home Office, and added: "If at any time in the future you should find any need for my services in an *advisory* capacity, I shall be glad to render any aid that lies in my power."

The unnerving experience of hanging Mrs. Thompson had shaken John Ellis seriously. It had also caused his mental balance to wobble.

At 1 o'clock in the morning of August 14, he took a loaded revolver from a drawer in his living-room and pointed the muzzle at his own throat. He pulled the trigger, but his aim was so shaky the bullet merely plowed through his neck.

He recovered, and was charged at Rochdale Police Court with attempted suicide. Magistrate Henry Osgood gave him a lecture.

"I am sorry to see you here, Ellis," he said. "I have known you for a long time. If your aim had been as true as some of the hanging drops you have given, it would have been a bad job for you. Your life has been given back to you, and I hope you will make good use of it, and lead a good life in atonement."

Ellis tried, but he missed the money he had been able to earn while executing his 549 victims. He decided that he might be able to earn a fast buck by going on the stage and hamming up his grisly experiences as an executioner.

For two months he played the role of a hangman in a melodrama called "the life and adventures of Charles Peace." It was John's job to "hang" Mr. Peace twice nightly, and because he performed this duty with his old speed, efficiency and realism, the show was well patronized.

In fact Ellis's stage hangings were too realistic. Soon women's organizations and anti-hanging groups were denouncing him, and John had to retire from the stage. He sold all his props with the exception of the scaffold, and gave the proceeds to a poor children's fund.

Later he toured fairgrounds up and down the country with his scaffold, and gave hanging exhibitions.

But the memory of Edith Thompson, and perhaps that of a few more of his reluctant real-life victims, continued to haunt him.

On the evening of September 20, 1932, he walked into the kitchen of his house, where his wife was sewing. He removed his collar and tie, picked up a cut-throat razor, then rushed

at Mrs. Ellis, shouting, "I will cut your head off, first!"

Mrs. Ellis screamed and ran out of the house. Ellis bounded up the stairs to his daughter's room, still flourishing the razor. "If I can't cut your mother's head off," he yelled at her, "I'll have to cut yours off!"

She dodged the razor as he lunged at her, then pushed past him down the stairs. She escaped into the street.

Minutes later police entered Ellis's home. They found the King of 20th century hangmen lying dead on his hearthrug in a pool of blood. He had cut his own throat.

Over a thousand people attended the funeral of John Ellis, maestro of the gallows. He was buried beneath a mountain of fragrant flowers. ●

In 1 or 2 Minutes

Continued from page 38

only one way I could ram a lot of dirty snickers down a lot of equally dirty mouths. So here I was, ready to test a theory. I stepped to the door, rang.

Mark swung open the door, greeted me just the way I'd expected.

"Hi, Herb. You're just in time for dinner."

I purposely timed my visit for three, when I knew they usually ate. I waved to Connie, busy setting the dining alcove table.

"No thanks," I said, and held up the persian lamb coat folded across my left arm. "A neighbor brought it over, wants to wear it tonight—after I fix a few worn spots. Okay to use the basement?"

"Sure," Mark said. "Need help?" His hobby—at least he called it a hobby—was restyling old fur coats into new, for which reason he fixed up a miniature shop.

"I'll manage, thanks. Just a few damages."

"Have a drink first," Tom invited. "What'll it be?"

"Maybe later."

The kid shrugged. "As you say." He was nineteen, tall and handsome, the way most boys are today; cocky and too arrogant, the way too many also turn out. I figured any two of his friends could have agreed to pull what seemed like a pretty safe bit of hi-jacking.

My gaze roved to the well-fixed living room. Nice home, all right. Long bar. Brocaded carpeting. Steinway. Everything was so rich, they were willing to do more than outsmart the next guy; they were ready to rob to keep living at a high-income rate. I had to sell my home and car, trim other expenses to stay abreast of a sharply-sliced income. But I didn't envy them.

Marx pushed a hall switch lever and the finished basement lit up. I walked down a flight of steps, left

the fur coat on the nailing board. Just one large cutters' table, two sewing machines, neither of which had been used recently.

I hung up my hat and coat, began to make the repairs I supposedly came to make.

When I thought that they were all seated at the dinner table, I drew a gun, a searchlight and a hand grenade I had tied to the legs of my pants.

If I was outwitted, socked first, I might not leave the house alive, but I'd learned something sixteen years ago. In a sense, this might be a brief encore of Anzio.

Cautiously, I began to cover every inch of the cement floor before I found a skillfully-hidden trap door. When I pried it loose, I looked into a dark, cavern-like chamber. There they were—fur coats.

I descended a make-shift ladder. Naturally, I couldn't be sure the coats, hanging on three iron bars wedged between two walls, were part of the loot, but I was ready to give odds.

Dizzy with excitement, I began to hurry up when the trap door moved back into place.

I stepped down quickly, wondering if they'd come down after me, or wait till I tried coming up again?

Then the light went out, leaving the tomb just that, a tomb. I was like someone under water, blacking out, going down, down . . . but not quite for the third time.

My heart drum-hammered so heavily, I could hear the thumping. Sweat made a permanent coating on my face. But I could think.

Just the other day I said to Milly, my wife, "Mark was a sandhog, so it strikes me as somewhat natural that he should think of burying the loot underground."

"Could well be."

"Being a furrier, it would arouse no suspicion for him to be seen holding coats."

"Tell the police."

"I want the satisfaction of first look."

What Milly didn't know was that I planned to go into this prepared. More ways than one. If I had to blast, I would. For extra protection I also said, "If I'm not out in three-quarters of an hour, Milly, come after me . . . with a cop or two."

It was death-still and dark, but I could see the radium-treated stems of my wrist watch. Soon I no longer had to study the dials. The outer bell rang, loudly enough for me to catch it underground. In two or three minutes I'd blast. ●

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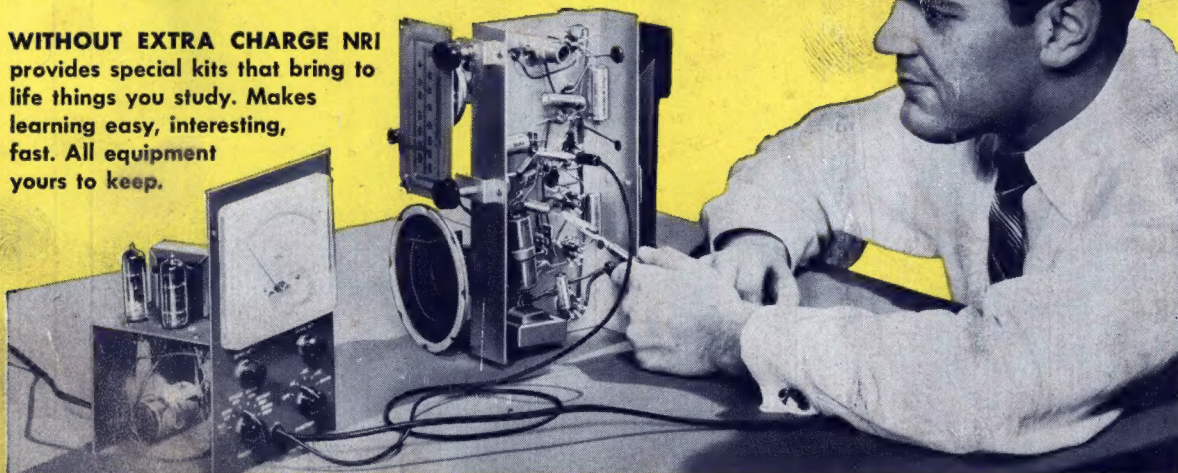
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